

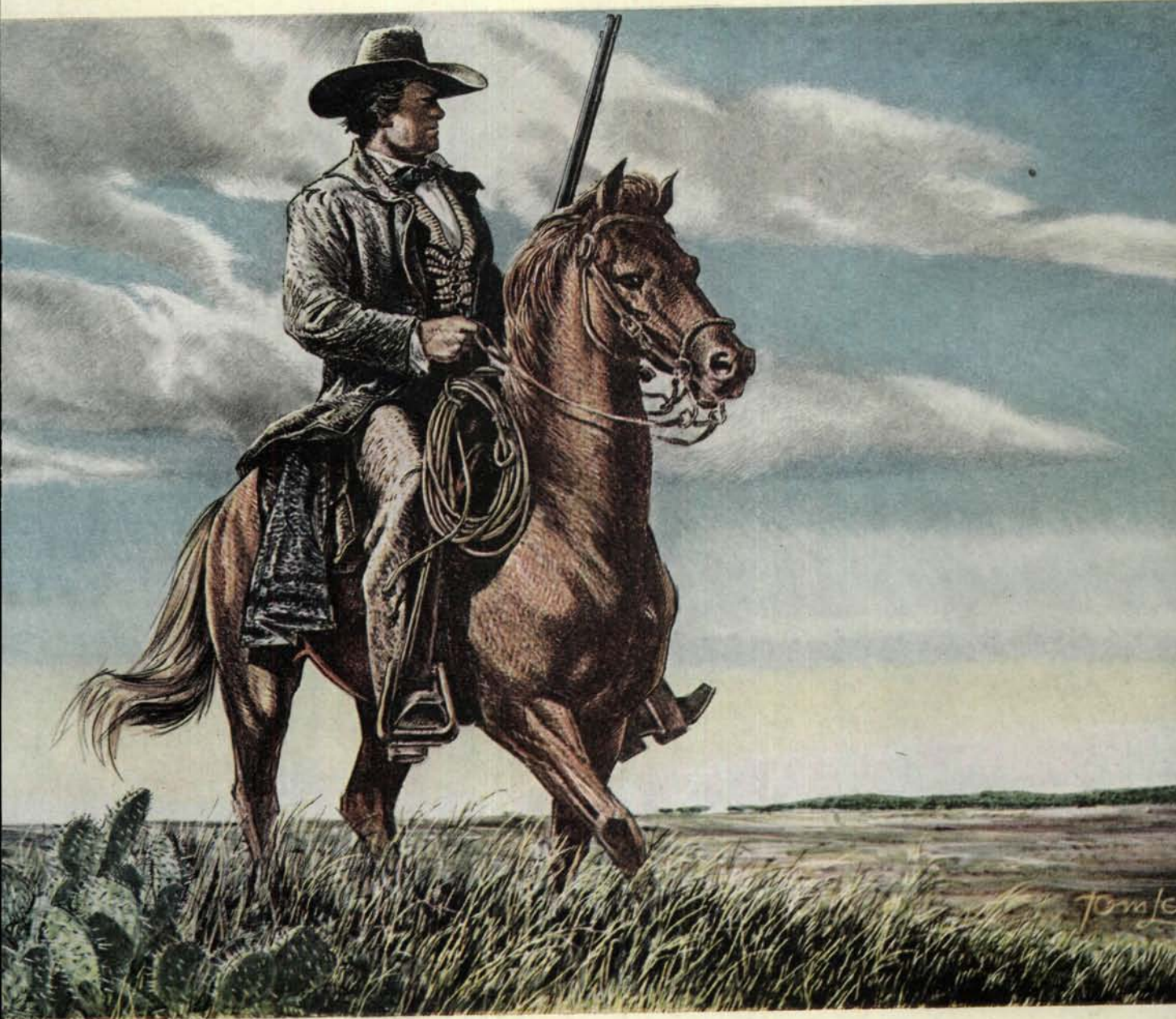
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CAPTAIN KING of TEXAS

The Man Who Made the King Ranch

by **TOM LEA**

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Ninety-nine years of continuous publication

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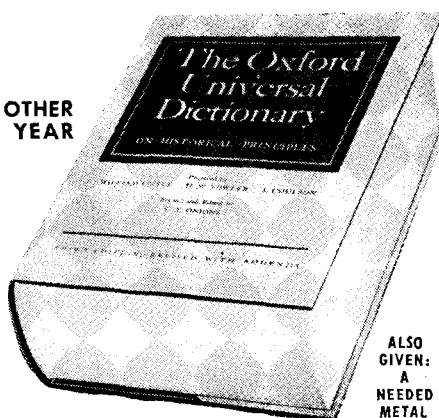
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

Science and Industry

AUTOMOTIVE engineers disagree sharply on just what is the best kind of suspension system. Hence they are keeping a sharp eye on the performance of the novel air springs of the 1957 Cadillac Eldorado Brougham. Cadillac claims that this pneumatic suspension system, the first used on passenger cars, offers a lot of advantages including notably superior riding qualities under every sort of condition. With Packard and Chrysler backing the rival torsion-bar suspension system, an engineering battle is on.

The principle of the Eldorado air-spring system is simple. When a bump pushes the wheel up against the car, the shock is absorbed by a cushion of compressed air, instead of by bending strips of steel, as with conventional leaf springs, or by twisting a steel rod, as in the torsion-bar type. The idea itself is not new: a patent was granted for improved air springs as far back as 1847; they were developed experimentally for motor vehicles in the mid-thirties and have been used successfully in recent years on buses, truck trailers, and experimental trains.

The Eldorado has a suspension system for each wheel. When a wheel jounces, a piston pushes against air in a domed chamber. The chamber is connected to an air reservoir and pump, which adjusts the pressure to meet varying conditions.

If there should be a slight air leak, or changing temperature should reduce the pressure, the pump will raise the pressure again. If the car is not exactly level, or if a heavy load pushes the body down on the springs, the system automatically adjusts the air pressure to level the chassis or bring it up to the proper height. A built-in time delay keeps the pump system from constantly reacting to each bump.

When the car doors are opened, this time delay is cut out, so that the height adjustment is made instantly as people enter or leave the car.

Leveling and constant height are of course particularly important for truck trailers that carry a wide range of loads. Cadillac claims that the device has several advantages for passenger cars as well. For one thing, it gives full travel to the suspension system even under the heaviest load, so that you don't "hit bottom" on a bad bump. At the same time, because the distance from wheel to frame is constant, engineers can design the underpinning of the car for best performance, instead of having to compromise to achieve average performance under a variety of loads.

Riding on air

Cadillac's engineers declare that the air cushion improves the ride by dampening the spring motion and at the same time reducing the strain on shock absorbers. And since air offers gradually increasing resistance as it is compressed, the air cushion gives a soft ride over the little bumps of a smooth road and resists major shocks. This effect is increased by the ingenious design of the piston and air dome, which increases the area under pressure as the piston moves upward.

Critics of air suspension center their doubts on such points as the difficulty of preventing leaks, the tendency of the air in the system to change volume, the cost of the equipment, and the space required for the pump-reservoir systems.

Torsion-bar advocates say that their system can be adapted to do everything air suspension does and provide some additional advantages as well.

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The Atlantic Report on Science & Industry



If the next few years see air springs adapted for moderately priced cars, the average car owner will have plenty of opportunity to judge for himself which system comes closest to giving him that magic-carpet ride he's been waiting for.

Power nailers

Drilling and sawing have long since been taken over by power tools. Until recently, however, nailing still had to be done the way it had been done for millennia — banging away by hand with a hammer. The expense of the 50 to 100 thousand nails used in an average house is not in the nails themselves but in the man-hours it takes to drive them — at something over \$3 an hour on the average.

Now, however, two new power nailers claim to reduce that cost considerably. Both work with compressed air. In both the nails are carried in hoppers and are automatically fed through a hose to the nose of the machine when it is pushed down against the spot where the nail is to be driven.

Nail-A-Matic, made by United Shoe Machinery, is an oscillating hammer that hits the nail head 70 times per second. It handles nails from 2d to 16d, drives them flush or countersunk, or leaves them extended. The Morgan Nail Driver, made by Morgan Machine Company, is a single-blow nailer that drives up to sixty 4d to 8d nails a minute. Nose adapters permit nail driving at almost any angle. These are no tools for the do-it-yourself shoppers, however. They cost about \$1000 apiece.

Isotope prospecting

Variations in the relative frequency of two kinds of oxygen atoms may make possible a new type of prospecting for valuable ores. Experts say that the method, developed by California Institute of Technology geologists and geochemists, may prove to be one of the most significant contributions to prospecting of the past fifty years. At the same time the new technique will help scientists learn how the earth's crust was formed.

Today, most surface ores in the United States are already being worked, and discovery of underground ores is pretty much a matter of luck. Instead of gradually tapering off, a deposit ends with a sharp boundary, so there are no scattered traces to lead to the main body of ore.

There is one clue, but until the development of this new technique it wasn't particularly helpful. The ore was deposited millions of years ago when hot fluids forced themselves into previously existing

rock formations. The heat of this process changed the chemical composition of the surrounding rock. Unfortunately this changed area, called an alteration halo, is uniform in chemical composition and texture throughout, so there is no way to tell in what direction the ore deposit lies. Since the alteration halo can be from 10 to 1000 times the size of the deposit, finding the ore was pretty much like finding a needle in a haystack.

Now, scientists have found a clue locked in the halo rocks. Uniform in every other way, the rocks vary in one thing. The oxygen in rocks is composed of several different oxygen isotopes — that is to say, oxygen atoms that are chemically alike but differ in the number of neutrons in the atomic nucleus. In ordinary rock, the isotopes are scattered in uniform proportions. In the halo rocks, however, the heat has altered this isotope ratio. As you approach the ore deposit, the ratio between oxygen¹⁸ — an oxygen atom with ten neutrons — and oxygen¹⁶ — with eight neutrons — changes in direct proportion to the distance from the ore mass. By checking this isotope gradient, the prospector can tell whether he's getting hotter or colder.

To discover this isotope difference, the Caltech scientists used a special mass spectrometer originally developed at the University of Chicago. Mass spectrometers work by ionizing atoms, passing them through a magnetic field, and then measuring the amount the field deflects them. Since this depends on the mass of the atom, it is possible in this way to detect very small differences in atomic mass and thus to distinguish one isotope from another. The device used at Caltech was so precise that it could detect the addition of a single unit of oxygen¹⁸ in 2 million units of ordinary oxygen.

Oxygen isotope ratios are also expected to reveal much about how the earth's crusts were formed, since they will give clues to the temperature of the rocks millions of years ago. They are already proving useful in determining what the temperatures were many years ago in Arctic and Antarctic regions. It is believed that the ratio of O¹⁸ to O¹⁶ in the oxygen in rain or snow is directly proportional to the temperature at the time the rain or snow falls. Scientists digging into the Greenland Ice Sheet use the isotope ratios to determine annual variation of temperatures and to identify the layer of snow accumulated each year.

Tunnel to nowhere

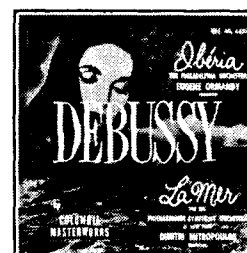
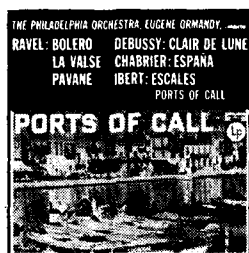
The problem of how to get rid of atomic debris is forcing engineers to devise all sorts of expen-

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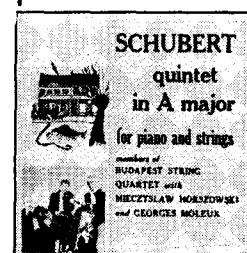
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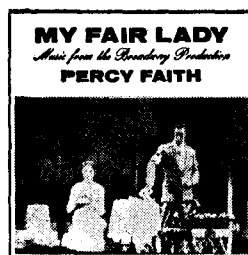
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How many stocks should you own?

Judging by some of the mail we've seen recently, a surprising number of investors could do with a good answer to that one.

Like one man, for example, who sent in a portfolio of 31 different stocks worth less than \$20,000 all told.

He owned six shares of one stock, eight shares of another, fourteen of a third—and so on up to a maximum holding of forty-three shares in one issue.

How any individual can give all the attention he should to that many different companies—is beyond us.

Or why he should want to—when the same amount of money invested in half as many stocks might really increase his income, give him a much better chance of achieving his investment objectives, besides.

If you own stocks, or want to, we suggest that a rough rule of thumb that makes sense is to acquire at least \$500 worth of one stock before buying a second. That no one stock should represent much more than five per cent of your total investment—no one industry much more than ten.

As we said, that's just a rough rule of thumb.

But if you feel that you may be over-diversified yourself, if you'd like to know just how many stocks we think *you* should own—and which ones they are—simply ask.

Our Research Department will be happy to analyze your situation—do all that it can to help you consolidate your holdings to your best advantage.

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sive expedients. Under the Hanford atomic plant at Richland, Washington, for example, there is a tunnel 500 feet long that contains what may well be the shortest full-scale railroad in the world.

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The magic duplicator

Closed-circuit television and electrostatic printing have been teamed up to produce an office duplicator for the age of automation. No preliminary work is required—no need to make a plate or stencil, type a sheet, or set type—you just stick the original into the machine. Not only can one original be copied simultaneously on any number of printers, but the printers can be scattered miles from the original and from one another. Each of the printers spins out three copies a second.

The device consists of a transmitter and receiver-printers. The transmitter's pick-up unit works in principle very much like a TV camera. A tiny spot of light, only .006 inch in diameter, sweeps across the copy 5100 times a second—fast enough to cover three 8 by 11½ inch sheets in that time.

The light reflected by the scanning beam is picked up by phototubes, which emit an electron flow proportional to the amount of light reflected. Thus the flow varies sharply according to whether the beam is hitting dark ink or light paper. This electronic signal is transmitted to the printer unit.

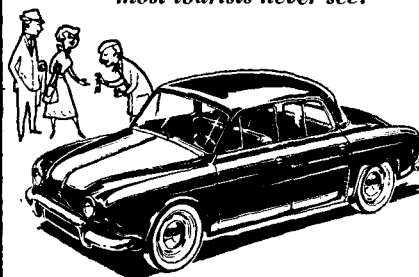
The printers can be next to the transmitter or anywhere along a closed TV circuit. At each receiver the signal is amplified and applied to the grid of a cathode-ray tube. The grid receives a greater positive charge at each point where the scanning beam has hit a dark spot—part of a letter or line on the original. These

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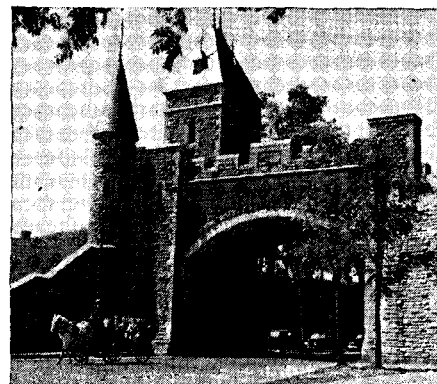


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The United Nations

THE United Nations was brave and firm in dealing with the Suez-Palestine crisis. Its failure to take effective action on the simultaneous Hungarian crisis, or even to make convincing gestures, is a paradox that merits careful study. Although the revival of the Kashmir question attracted much less attention, the handling of it by the United Nations also showed distinct caution.

Senator Knowland of California, who was best known theretofore for his efforts in behalf of the Chiang Kai-shek regime on Formosa, came to the defense of Israel when the crisis over Israel's final withdrawal from Egyptian territory arose in February. He could see no reason why Israel should be subjected to economic sanctions when the United Nations had failed to impose such punishment upon the Soviet Union, which had defied General Assembly resolutions and suppressed the Hungarian revolt. He objected also that the Security Council had done nothing when India, instead of allowing a plebiscite, annexed the Indian-occupied part of Kashmir. Many Americans agree with Knowland, all the more so because of Egypt's previous violations of United Nations decisions.

Leaving aside the question whether Israel or Egypt was more to blame for the border incidents which have threatened the continuance of the armistice settlement of 1949, there is no doubt about Egypt's refusal to comply with the Security Council resolution of 1951 on the Suez Canal. This resolution rejected the Egyptian argument that, in the absence of an Israeli-Egyptian peace treaty, Egypt had the right, as a belligerent, to deny the use of the canal to Israeli ships.

Egypt took this position before Colonel Nasser came to power, while the Universal Suez Canal Company was still operating the canal and while Britain still maintained a garrison in the canal zone. The failure of the United States, along with Britain and France, to do anything to enforce the resolution of 1951 was clearly one of the basic reasons for the nationalization of the canal and the Israeli and British-French attacks on Egypt last autumn. And Egypt's continuing claim to belligerent rights was the principal reason for Israel's belief that a

withdrawal from the Gulf of Aqaba area would be followed by the restoration of the Egyptian blockade. The problem is, as President Eisenhower pointed out, whether two wrongs make a right.

The rejection by Egypt of the Security Council resolution of 1951 and of the half-dozen Assembly resolutions of 1956 and 1957 calling for complete and unconditional withdrawal, the Soviet Union's violation of Hungary, India's annexation of the more valuable part of Kashmir — all these actions are reprehensible. Why does not the United Nations act with uniform sternness toward all of those responsible? In particular, why does not the United States, as the leading member of the United Nations, insist upon "equal justice under law"?

The fear of war

Insofar as effective action is concerned, it was obvious from the start of the Hungarian tragedy that neither the United Nations nor the United States was going to do anything besides talk. It is all very well to say that the United Nations should administer the same treatment to one of the two superpowers that it does to the tiny state of Israel. But the kind of pressure that would have been needed to bring the Kremlin to terms would almost certainly have risked a third world war.

The military power of India, of course, is not to be compared with that of the Soviet Union. But practical considerations also played their part in the failure of the Security Council to do anything more than pass another resolution calling for a plebiscite in Kashmir. If fully applied, economic sanctions would hurt India and might even compel Nehru to give way. But the Soviet bloc and the Asian-African countries, with a few exceptions, would not carry them out. And if the United States had supported such a move, there would have been a very real danger of throwing all the Asian and Arab neutralists into the Soviet camp.

Actually, however, no such action against either the Soviet Union or India was ever discussed — for the simple reason that there would have been no chance of getting it approved by either the Security Council or the General Assembly.



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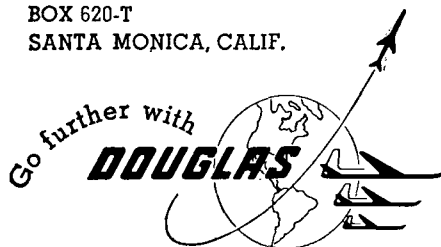
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The Soviet veto in the Security Council, of course, is nothing new, and in fact has dominated the United Nations ever since the Iranian crisis eleven years ago. What is new is the use of that veto to block action in disputes to which neither the Soviet Union nor any of its satellites is a party. In 1948 and 1949 the relatively successful handling of the small wars in Palestine, Indonesia, and Kashmir was made possible by the willingness of the Soviet Union to go along with the majority.

Since 1954, however, when the Soviet Union vetoed the reaffirmation of the 1951 Suez resolution, its veto, or the threat of a veto, has prevented the Security Council from taking any decision contrary to the wishes of the Arab states.

The Asian-African bloc

The Soviet Union, together with the Asian-African bloc, now holds a similar veto in the General Assembly. This is a direct result of the deal sponsored by Canada in December, 1955, under which the principle of universality of membership — with the exception of the divided governments of Germany, Korea, and Viet Nam — was formally accepted. Sixteen applicants, including all the European states except Switzerland (which does not want to join) and the two Germanies, were then admitted. The all-important fact was that there are no more European or Latin-American states to bring in, while the number of newly independent countries in Asia and Africa is constantly increasing. With the further admission last fall of Japan, Morocco, Tunisia, and the Sudan, the Asian-African bloc rose to twenty-seven out of a total of eighty.

A few of its members, notably the Philippines, Thailand, and Pakistan, have such close ties with the United States that they break away from the bloc occasionally. But the Soviet bloc has now increased to nine, and in fact it can be counted as ten, since Yugoslavia usually votes on the Soviet side.

This means that the combined Asian-African and Soviet blocs can block Assembly resolutions on political disputes, which require a two-thirds majority. Within a year or so, when Malaya, the Gold Coast, and a few more countries achieve independ-



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ence and seats in the Assembly, the Asian-African bloc will have one third plus one of the votes, and will not need Soviet support.

The control of the Asian-African group is not quite as complete as the above figures indicate. For one thing, members absent or abstaining from the vote are not counted in calculating the two thirds; as in all United Nations blocs, some of the members resort to this device when faced with a particularly difficult voting problem. For another, its members do not all love one another, as witness the hostility between Pakistan and India, and between Iraq and the Syrian-Egyptian partnership. This prevents the group from functioning with military precision.

Moreover, the Soviet Union does not always vote with the Asian-African bloc, and vice versa; it abstained on the latest Kashmir resolution and has deep-seated objections to the use of the Assembly for enforcement action.

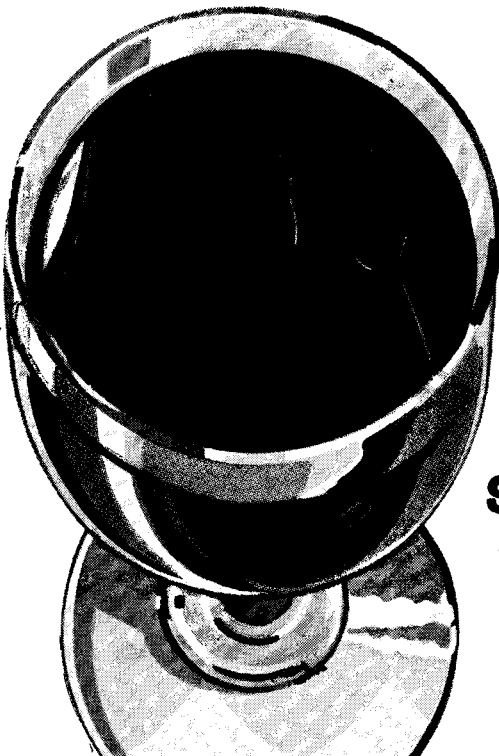
Opposition to the West

Nevertheless, the increasing power of the Asian-African bloc will have consequences as important as the breakdown of great-power coöperation had after the Charter was written at San Francisco. Already the United Nations is developing into an anticolonial forum. The anticolonial countries, with a few exceptions, call themselves neutralist, uncommitted to either the Soviet Union or the West. This was disturbing enough as long as it could be translated as meaning a plague on both sides. But the attitudes taken in recent years by Nehru and Nasser, in particular, seemed to indicate active opposition to the West.

The very existence of the hydrogen bomb is enough to compel the Asian-African countries to seek a compromise on any issue that could even remotely threaten a world war. Although they have gained political independence, their industrial backwardness prevents them from producing bombs in the immediate future at least. As a result they are weaker in the atomic age than they were when their countries were being overpowered by the superior rifles and Gatling guns of the Western colonial powers. To these neutralists must be added Sweden, Greece — which has

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quarreled with Britain and Turkey over Cyprus — and a number of Latin-American countries.

The net result is that the United Nations is no longer an effective instrument for collective security, and would not be even if it had strong military forces at its disposal. There would still remain the necessity of obtaining authorization to use the force. The Soviet veto in the Security Council and the Asian-African-Soviet veto in the General Assembly are both symptoms of the two basic facts about the United Nations today: the continued disunity among the great powers, and the dilution of the collective strength of the United Nations, which started out as a continuation of the wartime alliance against the Axis but has been transformed as a result of the membership deal.

The UN stops the fighting

Why, then, did the United Nations act with such speed and vigor in the Middle Eastern crisis? The series of Middle Eastern resolutions adopted by the Assembly in November and December, together with the reports in which the Secretary General outlined the action he planned to take under them, constitutes one of the most remarkable records of achievement in the history of any international organization.

Britain, France, and Israel were induced to stop fighting before they had achieved the objectives which led them to start their adventure. Britain and France, after some arguments about what would happen if they left, withdrew unconditionally, and Israel began to withdraw. A United Nations Emergency Force was quickly organized on entirely different lines from those laid down either in the Charter or in the "Uniting for Peace" resolution of 1950. And Mr. Hammarskjold, without even waiting for Assembly authorization, began making arrangements with Dutch and Danish private contractors for the removal of the ships Egypt had sunk in the canal.

All these actions were supported by overwhelming votes in the Assembly. Although some Western European delegations abstained, only Australia and New Zealand dared to join the British, the French, and the Israeli delegations in opposing any of them. Despite the increased size of the

Why does Chrissi's mother cry?



Chrissi, at eight, is a charming little lady, with pretty brown hair and sparkling eyes. She attends school faithfully and is adored by her family. Why, then, should Chrissi's mother cry?

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Asian-African and Soviet blocs, there was no difficulty in mobilizing the strength of the United Nations to restore the situation to where it was on October 28.

The reason, of course, was that the Asian-African bloc considered the attacks on Egypt a manifestation of colonialism of the old gunboat style. And the Soviet Union could hardly overlook such an opportunity to weaken the two most important members of NATO, the United States excepted. The majority was swelled by the votes of the Latin-American countries, which were inclined to be sympathetic with Israel but could not tolerate the interventions by Britain and France.

But the decisive factor, insofar as the Assembly majorities were concerned, was the attitude of the United States. There were, of course, other factors, including the Soviet threats — in language as cloudy as an Assembly resolution — to send “volunteers” to help Egypt and, perhaps, to launch rockets against Britain and France. But the determination of the United States to stop the attacks was the most important single reason.

If the United States had failed to react with such vigor, the British, French, and Israeli forces would certainly have taken the entire canal zone, and Colonel Nasser's downfall would have resulted from the military debacle. On the other hand, the name of all the Western powers, including the United States, would have been mud. For the time being, at least, the United States assuredly has strengthened its popularity in the Asian and African countries. How long this will last, once the United States starts to rebuild the Western Alliance, is a question.

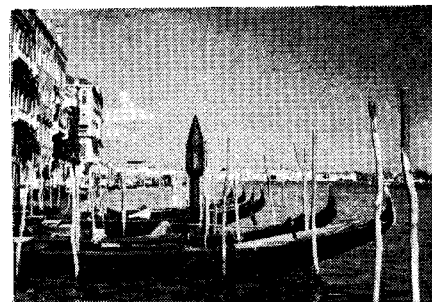
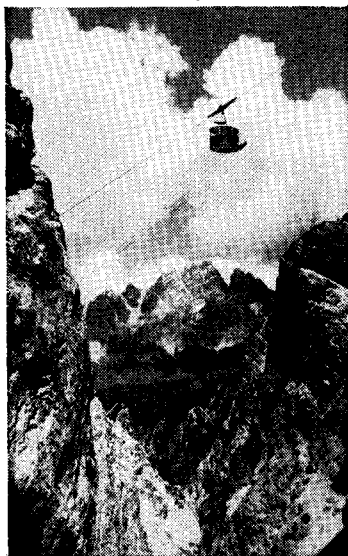
Perhaps the best explanation for the United States position is the simple fact that the United Nations Charter requires the peaceful settlement of all disputes. Resort to force is permitted only on the recommendation of the United Nations or under the right of collective and individual self-defense.

What is “aggression”?

According to the standards of the Charter, there was no doubt that Britain, France, and Israel had been guilty of aggression, even though the

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Assembly has never made that finding. The difficulty is that the Charter gives no definition of indirect aggression, nor have United Nations legal experts been able to agree on one. The Charter contains no provision against the use of guerrillas to harass an enemy, nor does it say what can be done if there is no way of redress by peaceful means against such unilateral actions as the nationalization of the canal company. It is all a question of who was the first to march troops across a frontier.

Egypt had used the Gaza Strip as the jump-off for guerrilla raids against Israel, and the Gulf of Aqaba area to stop ships bound for Elath, the isolated port which could give Israel access to the Eastern oceans. Israel demanded safeguards against the resumption of such hostile actions and refused to withdraw from either area until safeguards were established.

Israel stands firm

Egypt and the other Arab states continued to insist on unconditional withdrawal, but Israel feared that a mere restoration of the status quo ante would bring another crisis.

Mr. Hammarskjold called for a return to the "status juris," not the status quo ante — in other words, to the armistice settlement of 1949 as it was intended to work. Israel, however, considered Mr. Hammarskjold's plan inadequate, and the Secretary General later reported that his efforts to obtain a final Israeli withdrawal had been "frustrated."

As a result of the impasse, the United States decided to negotiate directly with Israel. But even the implied threat that the United States would otherwise support economic sanctions against Israel failed to overcome Israel's insistence upon specific guarantees.

Partly as a result of the intervention of Guy Mollet, the French Prime Minister, and his Foreign Minister, the Israelis firmly announced that they would withdraw on certain "assumptions" rather than on conditions. The speech by Mr. Lodge, who took the floor after Mrs. Meir, Israel's Foreign Minister, more or less repeated the assurances — or expressions of intent — previously given by Secretary Dulles. In addition, Mr.

Lodge endorsed the Hammarskjold doctrine that full compliance with the armistice would eliminate the ground for exercise of belligerent rights.

But Mr. Lodge's speech was hardly a model of clarity, and the same day Mr. Dulles called in the Washington ambassadors of nine Arab States and insisted that the United States had given no "guarantees" to Israel. But a letter from President Eisenhower, in which he promised David Ben Gurion that the United States would see that Israel's hope "proved not to be in vain," gave Israel at least minimum assurance and it finally decided to withdraw.

Israel's final withdrawal was, in fact, based on two considerations: a threat to fight Egypt again if a blockade of the Gulf of Aqaba were imposed or if the border raids started up again; and a general pledge of support from the United States on these issues.

In the final analysis it was clear that the chances of restoring stability and working out a permanent solution in the Middle East depended on the United States. It was doubtful that the United Nations would be able to take effective action, in view of the strength of the combined Asian-African and Soviet blocs in the General Assembly. The situation was all the more confused because of the ambiguous language in the various documents — the Assembly resolutions, the reports by the Secretary General, the statements by American and Egyptian officials. Certainly the United Nations had failed to give a definite answer to the fundamental questions: —

Would either the Assembly or Mr. Hammarskjold agree to have the United Nations Emergency Force stationed in the two trouble areas? Would Egypt permit the force to go there in the first place, and then to stay on long enough to carry out the objectives laid down by Mr. Hammarskjold and the United States?

These unanswered questions showed that Israel would take risks by withdrawing under such an indefinite agreement. But there would also have been risks if the United States had lost patience and given its support to economic sanctions.

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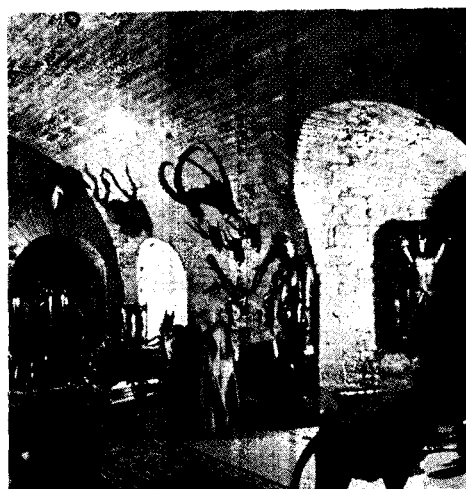


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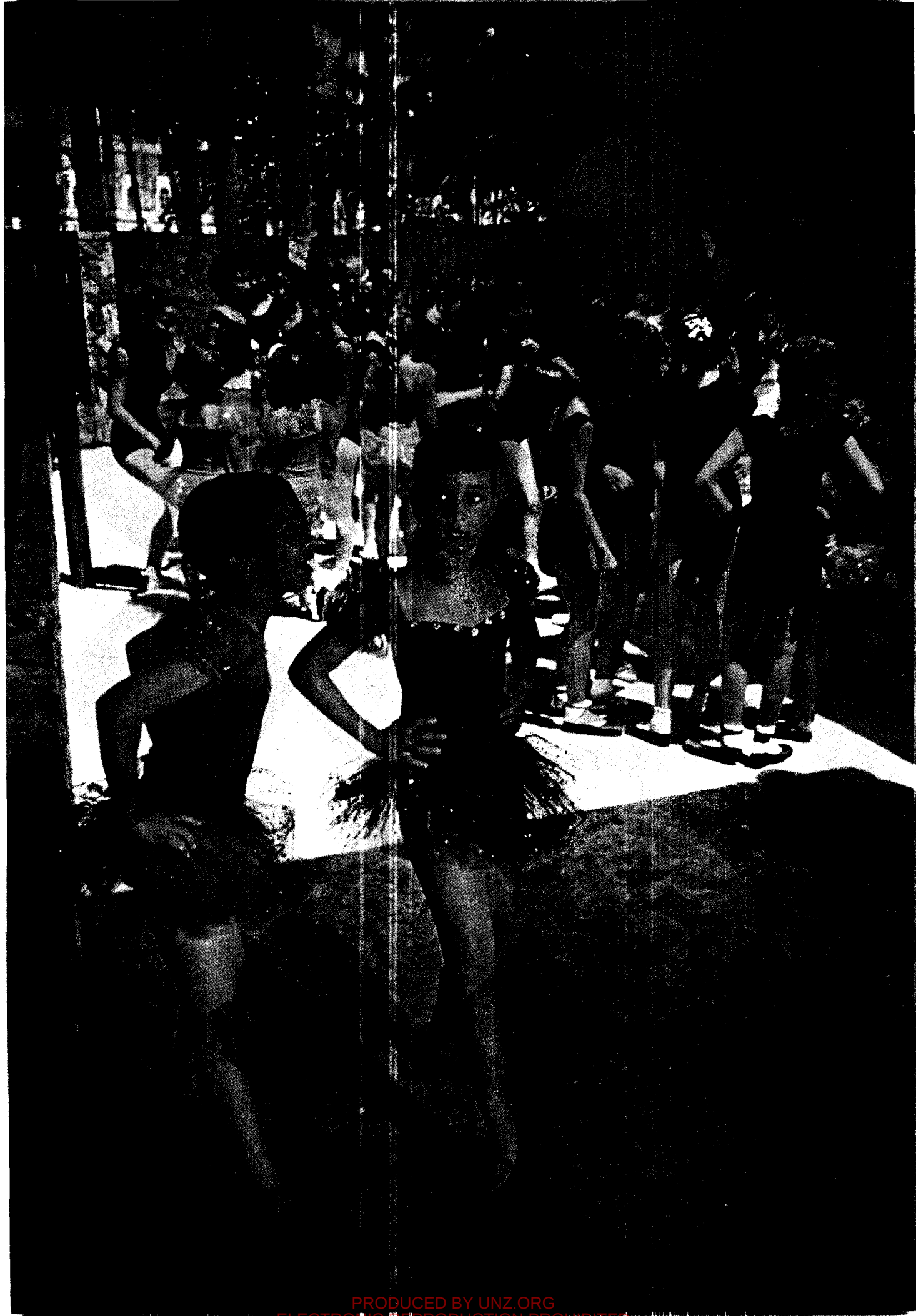
GENTLE MANNERS. These children have been competing at a Welsh Eisteddfod. Their gentle speech will impress you. They make those jaw-breaking Welsh names sound like music. A feat!



GREAT EVENTS. Guess where this is. Wrong. It's at the World's Pipe Band Contest in Northern Ireland! Most of the Highland Games take place in Scotland of course—in the fashionable Fall.

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Puerto Rico will surprise you

THIS IS Lotti Tischer's ballet school in San Juan, the old Spanish capital of Puerto Rico. In the sun, the warmth is friendly. In the shade, the breeze is champagne cool.

Lotti Tischer's is one of half-a-dozen such schools now thriving in this exciting new Commonwealth. Fifty or more pupils come here to learn their pirouettes and fouettés, their bourrées and their entrechats. Classes are conducted in Spanish and English. Fifteen of Lotti's students are daughters of executives from the U.S.A.

Many visitors are surprised to find such lively signs of cultural renaissance in Puerto Rico today. But when you look around at the new homes, the new schools, the new high-

ways—you begin to see why this land is so buoyant with hope.

The impetus comes from Operation Bootstrap, the industrial development program which is doing so much more than raising Puerto Rico's standard of living. It is giving *dignity* to man's labor. It is giving the old Spanish culture a richer leisure to express itself.

If your firm is considering the powerful incentives that Operation Bootstrap now offers to new industry, take time out for a personal reconnaissance. Your family will love the open-air life. And maybe your daughter will win a scholarship to Sadler's Wells; one of Lotti Tischer's Puerto Rican students did.

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◀ *Open-air ballet class in a residential section
of San Juan. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.*



Sweden

SWEDEN, which lies in the same latitudes as Alaska, is somewhat larger than the United Kingdom and about twice the size of the state of Minnesota. One thousand miles long from the north of Lapland, well within the Arctic Circle, to the small port of Ystad on the southern tip of Skåne, yet averaging only 150 miles in width between the Norwegian border and the Baltic Sea, Sweden, it is said in jest, is like some of its male inhabitants: long and gangling, all bone and no fat.

The fertile golden wheat-plains of Skåne in the south soon give way to the upland pasture and woodlands of central Sweden before the austere Nordic pattern of forests, rivers, lakes, and rock outcrop asserts itself. For every acre of arable land there are one of water and six of forest. The spine of mountains which forms the frontier with Norway is the only visible portion of the mass of rock which lies just below the surface soil of Sweden.

The industrious Swedes

From this seemingly unpromising material 7 million industrious Swedes have created an enviable prosperity which has given them the highest standard of living in Europe. The Swedes themselves are modest about their progress, though in conversation with visitors from abroad they do say, and with some pride, that there are no longer any poor people in Sweden.

The progressive Sweden of today is a complete contrast to the poverty-stricken Sweden of sixty to seventy years ago. During the half century prior to World War I about a million Swedes emigrated to America. In the 1880s, a decade of agricultural failure, no less than 347,000 left the old country, with a peak of some 100,000 in 1887-88. In most cases it was sheer desperation which drove the Swedes to America, and the great Swedish sculptor Carl Milles symbolically depicted this in a monument showing poor Swedes emigrating on the back of a whale.

Industrialization, which came late to Sweden because of the almost complete absence of coal deposits within the country, together with the commercial exploitation of forests and iron ore started

to change the picture at the turn of the century. But it is only in the last two decades that there has been a rapid shift in population. As late as 1938 more people were engaged in agriculture than in industry. Then a drift away from the land set in at an alarming rate, and the rapid influx of people into the cities and towns has brought about a housing shortage which will not be satisfactorily solved for years.

Today, out of the economically active population of more than 3 million, about 600,000 workers are engaged in agriculture. Nevertheless Swedish farms not only provide sufficient food to feed the country but even have a surplus for export. This has been accomplished through mechanization, which has improved agricultural productivity by approximately 30 per cent during the post-war decade; there are now 100,000 modern tractors in use, five times the pre-war number.

Oil shortage

The one snag in this seemingly perfect position is that Sweden must import all its fuel oil, except for 100,000 metric tons produced annually from the shale deposits at Kvarnatorp in the central section of the country. Last year the entire Swedish economy needed 8.6 million metric tons of oil, but was able to buy only 6 million tons as a result of the blocking of the Suez Canal. As Sweden had converted to oil for domestic purposes as well as industrial purposes, the hygiene-minded Swedes found themselves without hot water throughout the month of December.

The Swedish government has been obliged to ban weekend motoring indefinitely, and has sent 3500 men to join the UN forces in the Middle East. In these circumstances the Swedish lack of enthusiasm for power politics is quite understandable.

Sweden's lakes, waterfalls, and swift-flowing rivers provide a means of transport for the millions of logs felled in its forests and a source of hydroelectric power for its industries and homes. If this great potential could be fully utilized, Sweden would have enough electric power to dispense with imported fuels. By the end of 1954 only one third of

the potential had been harnessed. But at the present rate of development all available resources should be utilized by 1980.

Of Sweden's 970 hydroelectric power stations, the two largest are underground—Harsprånget on the Luleälven, a river in Lapland, with generators second in size to Grand Coulee in the U.S.A., and Kilforsen on the Fjällsjöälven. These two power stations could continue production in the midst of the heaviest air attack. British atomic scientists are now working with the Swedes so that atomic power will be readily available when Sweden runs out of waterfalls.

Bigger and better

Thanks to cheap hydroelectric power Sweden's modern, efficient industries are expanding and their productivity is steadily increasing. A decade after the end of World War II, Western Europe was producing 60 per cent more goods than before the war; whereas for Sweden the increase was 87 per cent. True, some countries can show greater expansion, but even before the war the output of Sweden's industries was relatively high.

Timber pulp, paper, and special quality steels are the traditional Swedish industries. Lately the engineering industry has expanded considerably, and its share of Sweden's exports has risen from a pre-war 15 per cent to almost 25 per cent. Sweden is the third largest European provider of ships, machinery, tools, and office equipment, ranking next to the United Kingdom and Germany; and its power plant and specialized machinery (as widely divergent as rock drills and dairy machinery) have helped to put post-war Europe on its feet.

Since the war, real national income has increased on an average $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent each year, and the rise in real wages for industrial workers has been approximately 70 per cent since 1939.

The improvement in individual living standards is reflected in a number of ways. Swedish homes are well equipped and well furnished, often in the tasteful but expensive modern Swedish style which has become highly fashionable in both England and America. Sweden leads Europe in

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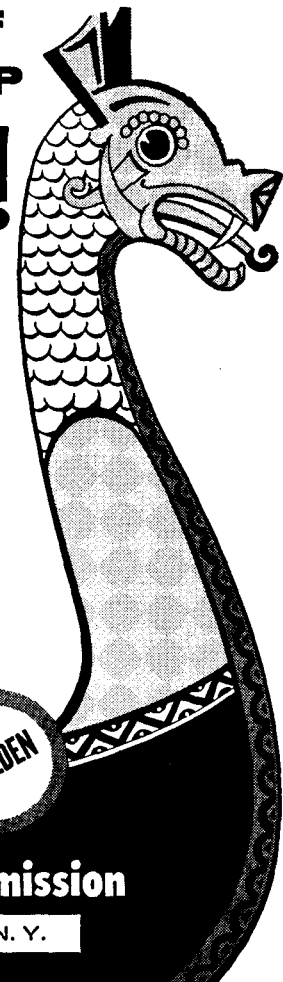
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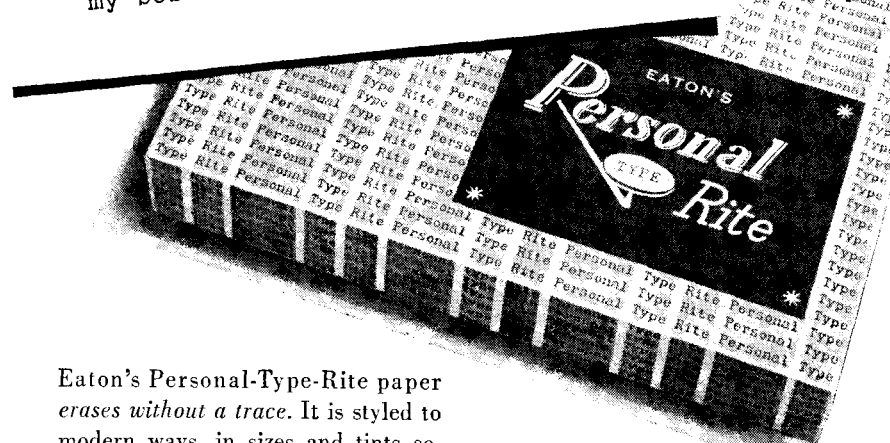
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Tell the children I miss them.
Love, *Bill*

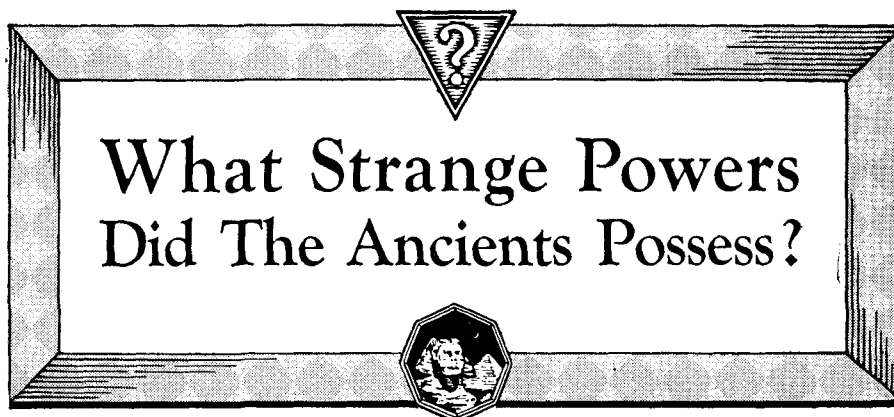
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Much has been written about the wise men of old. A popular fallacy has it that their secrets of personal power and successful living were lost to the world. Knowledge of nature's laws, accumulated through the ages, is never lost. At times the great truths possessed by the sages were hidden from unscrupulous men in high places, but never destroyed.

Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which “whispers” to you from within.

Fundamental Laws of Nature

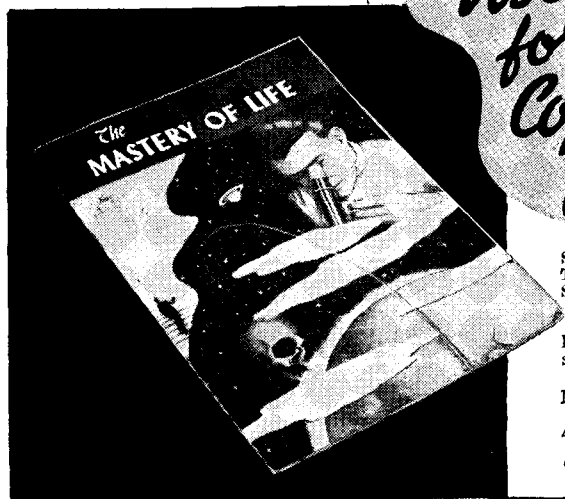
Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law of compensation is as fundamental

as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

You can learn to find and follow every basic law of life. You can begin at any time to discover a whole new world of interesting truths. You can start at once to awaken your inner powers of self-understanding and self-advancement. You can learn from one of the world's oldest institutions, first known in America in 1694. Enjoying the high regard of hundreds of leaders, thinkers and teachers, the organization is known as the Rosicrucian Order. Its complete name is the “Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis,” abbreviated by the initials “AMORC.” The teachings of the Order are not sold, for it is not a commercial organization, nor is it a religious sect. It is a non-profit fraternity, a brotherhood in the true sense.

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numbers per capita of cars, telephones, and radios, and Stockholm is reported to have more movie theaters in proportion to its population of three quarters of a million than any other city.

The welfare state

Political power is held by the Social Democrats headed by the Socialist intellectual Tage Erlander, who succeeded to the premiership when the well-loved Per Albin Hansson died in office in 1946. Per Hansson guided Sweden throughout the war, when one slip would have resulted in a Nazi invasion.

The Social Democrats regularly poll nearly half the total votes and have governed the country, either alone or in coalition, since 1932. They closely resemble the British Labor Party, and under their aegis the Swedish social welfare state has matured.

The development of social welfare in Sweden has been more gradual than has generally been supposed. It was only last year that the state began to pay citizens' doctors bills, and then not the full amount. The Swedish scheme does not even touch dental treatment—a provision which Aneurin Bevan wrote into the British Health Service eight years ago.

Perhaps because the Swedish welfare state is taken so much for granted, and undoubtedly because of the increasing number of technocrats swelling the middle class in Sweden, the Social Democrats have lost the absolute majority they had in the Riksdag in 1944 and have been obliged to form a coalition government with the bourgeois Farmers' Party.

For a number of complicated domestic reasons the Farmers' Party did rather badly in the general election and the Conservatives gained ten seats at its expense, but as the long-heralded Liberal Party revival once again failed to materialize and the Socialists maintained their position, the coalition still had a definite and workable majority.

The election result was forcefully summed up by the Stockholm correspondent of an English journal as follows: “Despite a lot of wishful thinking by the Swedish center and

right-wing parties, Swedish voters once again denied the mandate to govern the country to an untried, untrained, undisciplined, unwieldy and, as it turned out to be, unbelievable coalition of the Swedish Liberal Party and the Conservative Party, and have stuck to the strange but workable coalition of Social Democrats and bourgeois Farmers' Party."

How much private enterprise?

Although the Social Democrats have been in power for two decades, the vast bulk of the economy is in private hands. As in the rest of Europe, the post office, the telegraph, the telephone, and the railways are state industries, but they were made state industries by the Conservatives long before the Socialists ever became a force in Swedish politics, since this was accepted as the appropriate way of running these industries.

The present government's intention to nationalize Luossavaara-Kiirunavaara AB (popularly known as LKAB), the company which works the rich iron-ore deposits in Arctic Lapland, is a business as well as a political decision, and the government's right to act dates back to the financial agreement made with the company by a Conservative government in 1907.

Private enterprise produces 93 per cent of the total Swedish value of output and has the services of 91 per cent of the workers in paid employment, but it does not have the out-and-out, dominant position which private enterprise has in the United States. Sweden's economy is a Keynesian compromise with a strong Swedish accent. Control of investment without stifling initiative is its means; full employment is its end, leaving as large a scope for the individual as almost anyone could wish.

Furthermore, the powerful consumer coöperative movement Kooperativa Förbundet, which engages in extensive production, can curb the excesses of private enterprise should they arise. In one famous case the KF went into the production of rubber overshoes (a necessity in Sweden, where snow is on the ground for three to four months of the year) and brought the price down by two kronor (38¢) a pair. More recently the KF has established its own chocolate factory. Even the hint that the KF

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What happens after death?

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This instinctive hope, however, carries with it no conclusive proof that there is a life hereafter, and no obvious "blue-print" showing how to attain it. Because of this, many are bewildered—uncertain of the earthly way of life that will determine their eternal destiny.

Catholics, of course, do not claim that they alone are capable of having a greater knowledge of eternity than is available to any one else. But where some may be confused and uncertain, the Catholic finds certainty in his Church for that time when "the night cometh that no man can work."

You may hear it said that this is only a blind and superstitious faith . . . that Catholics are merely "whistling in the dark" . . . that the Catholic Church doesn't know any more about God's plan for our destiny than does any one else.

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that the way of life prescribed by Jesus Christ is God's own plan for our salvation. We believe further that Christ established the Catholic Church to perpetuate His teaching—and administer His Sacraments . . .

and that it has done so from the time of Peter down to this very moment.

It is often said that the faith placed in Christ by Catholics . . . and by other Christians, too . . . is unwarranted by facts and reason. A powerful answer to this will be found in our pamphlet: "The Way To Everlasting Life . . . The Catholic Church." Even though you may not be interested in the Catholic Faith, this pamphlet will help you better to understand God's plan for your life.

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might enter the field has been known to bring down the prices of certain commodities.

Despite the creeping inflation and the uncomfortably large deficit in the budget presented at the opening of the Riksdag in January, the Swedes have no real cause for alarm, for their internal economy is sound. Inflation is general throughout the world, and the Swedish krona has fared no worse than the American dollar or British sterling in recent years. Sweden's present boom looks more assured than the rest of Europe's, and there seems to be no foreseeable threat to the high Swedish standard of living except perhaps an American recession.

This makes Sweden a very attractive export market. The United States supplies 10 per cent of Sweden's imports but takes only 6 per cent of Swedish exports. European countries compete very keenly for the Swedish market, and Swedish buyers have become very choosy, as certain British auto manufacturers have been dismayed to discover. Despite Sweden's proximity to the U.S.S.R. and the Soviet bloc, 95 per cent of Sweden's trade is with the West, but after a steady decline in trade in recent years Eastern Europe's prospects of increasing its trade with Sweden are now considerably brighter.

Another indication of the high Swedish standard of living is the fact that Swedes spend 7 per cent of their income on foreign travel — the largest proportion in Europe. They are also bringing many tourists to Sweden. Svenska Turisttrafikförbundet, officially translated as the Swedish Tourist Traffic Association, has with the infinitesimal funds at its disposal done a remarkable job in bringing increasing numbers of foreign visitors to Sweden.

Stockholm is undoubtedly one of the world's most beautiful cities, and the Swedish countryside has a charm of its own; Sweden should thus prove attractive for the tourist willing to venture beyond the conventional routes. Since English is almost a second language to the Swedes, language difficulties are less than in some other European countries.

Sweden's neutrality

Defense expenditure amounts to \$425 million annually and accounts

for one quarter of the budget and 5 per cent of Swedish national income. Without this burden the Swedish standard of living would rise even higher. The Swedes are well aware that war is the one thing which would bring a sudden end to the present prosperity.

The Swedish attempt to negotiate a Scandinavian defense pact was torpedoed in 1949 by the U.S. refusal to supply armaments unless the countries joined NATO. (This requirement did bring Denmark and Norway into NATO, but was instrumental in enabling the Soviets to sign a fifty-year friendship pact with Finland.)

Except for one solitary newspaper and a certain section of military brass, the government's neutralist, alliance-free policy now commands the complete support of the nation. In a world divided by the struggle between two power blocs, Sweden, situated right between the blocs, is determined to go it alone.

Sweden's neutrality is no mere passive affair. The Royal Swedish Air Force, which ranks with China's as the world's fourth largest, is a remarkably efficient deterrent to any aggressor with its front-line strength of 1200 fighters and fighter bombers (Sweden has no heavy bombers), most of which — including the new "Lance," a heavy jet capable of breaking the sound barrier — are of Swedish design and production.

In the event of a war between the East and West power blocs, either side might consider invading the Scandinavian peninsula in order to protect its flanks. However, Sweden's chances of remaining neutral in such a struggle are better than might be supposed at first thought. Sweden has let it be known that it will meet any invasion, whether from the west or the east, with armed force. Though it cannot defend itself alone indefinitely, it could inflict sufficient damage to make any aggressor very seriously consider whether the attempt would be worth the cost.

Sweden is paying quite a high material price for the neutrality in which it so earnestly believes; and if Swedes are not bearing the cost cheerfully, at least it must be said that they are bearing it, and bearing it alone.

The great expansion of voluntary health insurance in recent years is part of a significant but little noticed social and economic transformation in the United States. The president of the Health Insurance Association of America tells how the insurance companies have pioneered in the development of sound principles and techniques of protecting millions of families and individuals against the high cost of ill health and loss of income.

HEALTH INSURANCE

and the American Public

By E. J. FAULKNER

President, Health Insurance Association of America

Since 1941—in a short span of sixteen years—the American people have witnessed some of the most phenomenal social and economic changes in the entire history of our country. In keeping with our democratic way of life these developments have found public favor only when they provided a service or product that was desired by most of us.

The financing of health care is an outstanding example of a social need which American business has been striving to meet through the development of voluntary health insurance. In 1941, voluntary health insurance was comparatively unknown to the majority of American people.

Today, voluntary hospital insurance alone protects 110 million Americans; 94 million have insurance against surgical expense; 58 million against general medical expense; and seven million are insured by the newest and broadest health protection available—major medical expense insurance introduced just six years ago. In addition, close to two-thirds of all gainfully employed civilians in this country participate in some plan enabling them to continue their income during a period of disability.

Considered in another light, the extraordinarily rapid growth of voluntary health insurance since 1941 shows that the number of people protected by hospital insurance has increased 600 per cent; surgical insurance 1,300 per cent; and general medical insurance 1,700 per cent. Since 1951, when major medical expense insurance was introduced, its volume of coverage has multiplied fifty times.

The Public Demand

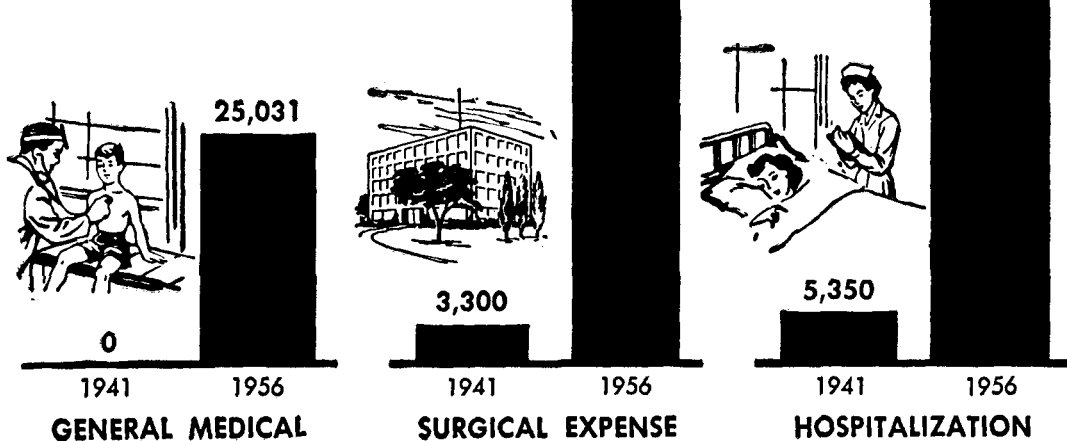
There are several good reasons for this amazing growth and expansion—all stemming from public interest and demand. The widespread distress of the depression years of the 'thirties taught us many bitterly learned lessons. Uppermost was the lesson which led us to think very practically about the ways a man could best protect himself and his family against the devastating effects of another such period in the future. And a major part of personal and family security depends on protection against accident and sickness.

Employers, too, began to recognize health insurance as a necessary, in fact, a primary part of any program for developing sounder, more stable relationships with their employees. Organized

INSURANCE COMPANY PLANS TO HELP PAY DOCTOR AND HOSPITAL BILLS

Public interest in Insurance Company Medical Expense Plans is illustrated by the increased number of people insured since 1941. (General Medical Expense Insurance first came into prominence in 1944.)

In millions



labor, particularly during the wartime period of wage-freeze, turned to fringe benefits, especially health insurance, as desirable bargaining objectives.

Another contributing influence was the increasing complexity of health care, which by 1941 included oftentimes expensive professional specialization, employment of new and expensive drugs and equipment, and not only the greater use but the increasing cost of hospital facilities. All such factors had the effect of directing public attention to the high cost of ill health. Hospitals themselves have always been concerned with the payment of their charges—and doctors, zealous to preserve the private practice of medicine, encouraged their patients to be insured.

No one group or organization can claim credit for fulfilling—or approaching fulfillment—of all the public's needs for protection against the cost of ill health. However, some indication of the part insurance companies of America played in serving the health insurance objectives of the public can be gained from the totals cited on health insurance coverage in 1956.

Of the 110 million who have hospital insurance, more than 60 million are insured by insurance companies. Included in the 94 million

with surgical insurance protection are more than 57 million covered by insurance companies. In the area of general medical expense insurance where 58 million people are protected, insurance companies underwrite more than 25 million Americans. Insurance companies pioneered the major medical or catastrophic type of coverage which insured practically all of the seven million people who had this form of medical care protection by mid-1956. Of the nearly 40 million persons protected against loss of income, more than 30 million are covered through insurance company plans.

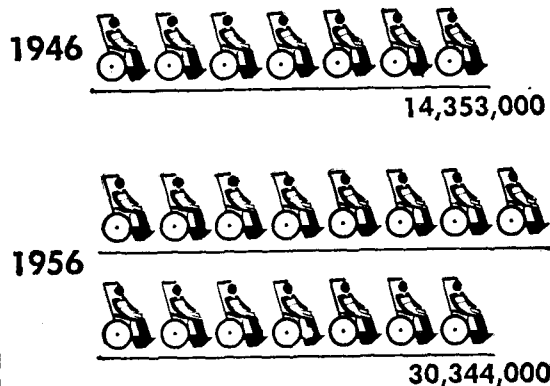
Flexible Planning

In providing for the public's interest, the role played by insurance companies in 1941 and today does not of necessity follow a prepared script. This, in general, accounts for the reason public acceptance has grown so rapidly. The type of health protection desired and needed by a family in Delavan, Illinois, may be entirely different from the protection required by a department store clerk in Atlanta, Georgia.

Consequently, there must be a great deal of flexibility in insurance planning if health protection is to meet the requirements of individual interests, personal circumstances, and local condi-

LOSS-OF-INCOME INSURANCE COVERAGE

Each symbol represents 2 million persons



tions. It is this flexibility plus energetic reliance on the American tradition of free competition that has enabled the 800 insurance companies in this country to vie with each other in planning and providing the most acceptable insurance protections to fit the public demand. Some indication of the success with which these principles have been carried out might be gathered from the figures just quoted.

Basic Insurance Principles

While individuals differ in the types of health protection desired, and personal circumstances vary as well as local conditions, certain basic insurance principles are still applicable to all the millions of people who want personal and family health insurance protection. Though it performs a significant service for both the individual and the community, voluntary health insurance is simply a practical device for pooling or sharing a risk. Through it, a person substitutes a small certain loss—the premium paid—for a large uncertain loss—the wages forfeited and the expenses incurred because of disability. When a large number of people are about equally subject to the same risk of loss, and the incidence of risk is fortuitous or beyond the control of the people to be insured, the insurance technique may be applied successfully.

Although much illness is subjective, and there are many problems of evaluating risk and substantiating loss by a person, family, or larger group, underwriters have pretty well perfected the process of insuring against most of the financial losses arising from disability. To the person insured, it means he can expect cash benefits in

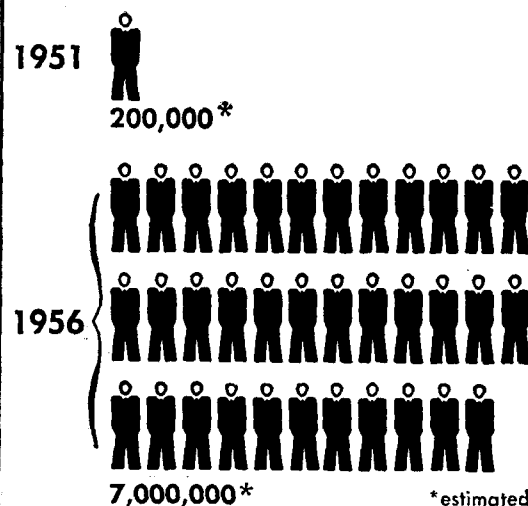
specified amounts for time lost from work because of illness or injury. Or his protection may take the form of cash benefits against expenses incurred because of necessary medical care during disability. In either or both events, the voluntary approach to health insurance gives the person the right to select what he desires. He can choose the amount and kind of benefits he wants to purchase within the broad limits of underwriting rules established to protect the whole body of people with whom he shares his risk.

To make this arrangement possible at a reasonable price for all within the group, another time-tested insurance principle is practiced. In health insurance a fundamental that is becoming more apparent is that only the serious or financially crippling losses should be insured. Losses that are routine, recurrent, and trifling are financed much more economically as a part of the regular family budget like food, shelter, and clothing. Nearly everyone loses a day or two a year because of a scratch or snuffle and will spend a few dollars at the drug store for his favorite nostrums—or will have a physical checkup and visit his doctor. By eliminating these inconsequential and seemingly inevitable small losses through a deductible provision (similar to those found in automobile collision insurance), the buyer's premium dollar is conserved to purchase more adequate coverage for the serious loss.

Another insurance principle of great importance to sound voluntary health insurance, and

PEOPLE WITH MAJOR MEDICAL PROTECTION

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understandably acceptable to the vast majority of insured, is that the person holding health insurance protection for himself and/or his family should have a financial interest in the loss by bearing a part of it himself. This is called "co-insurance."

The purpose of this principle is to discourage the possibility of utilizing unnecessary and extravagant services and care in gaining recovery, for, as a logical result of the risk-sharing principle, if no consideration were given to the extent and costs of unnecessary service and care, widespread adoption of a "shoot-the-works" attitude would mean increased premiums for the entire group sharing in the protection.

Broader Coverage for More People

These, then, are the basic principles used by insuring organizations to meet the public demand for such health insurance as it wants to select. As has been mentioned above, the broad fields of coverage designed to meet the demand include protection for hospitalization, general medical expense, surgical expense, and loss of income due to disability. And while great progress has been made in voluntary health insurance to serve the public interest, it has not yet reached every segment of the population. Those who cannot pay the relatively modest cost of insurance are beyond its reach. Happily, they are a sharply declining percentage of our growing population. Their care is now, as it always has been, a proper charge against the entire body politic and is best and most economically provided by direct assistance, locally administered through the established agencies of government.

Millions of Americans, many of them in the lower income brackets, are assisted in securing voluntary health insurance on a group basis through the contribution of their employers. Splendid advances are being made in the provision of insurance for the aged. Most insurance companies have raised the age limits for continuing the coverage of their policyholders and for the issuance of policies to new applicants at older ages. Increasingly, group contracts permit a continuation of coverage to retired employees

and their families while some policies provide "paid-up" benefits at retirement.

Many physically impaired persons can now buy health insurance with premiums adjusted according to the severity of the impairment. Substantial numbers of people in sub-standard health are insured at regular rates under group policies which do not require individual evidence of insurability. People living in rural areas are being reached much more effectively than ever before.

There is still a great deal to be done to fulfill the health insurance requirements of our population. Perhaps the most significant stride that has been made in recent years has been the all-encompassing health protection offered by major medical insurance. It, too, has been subject to many changes, additions, revisions, to fit public interests. In its present stage, it provides the major share of payment for substantially *all* the costs resulting from medical, surgical, hospital, drugs, appliances, and the "incidental" charges brought on by a big medical bill running into the hundreds or thousands of dollars. This is the plan which has the seal of approval of seven million people who have subscribed to it after its introduction six years ago.

Guides for the Future

Voluntary health insurance of the future will unquestionably be based on principles which have accounted for its spectacular growth in the past sixteen years. There will be public demands and increased interest—it will be up to the insuring organizations to continue answering and serving the public needs.

One thing is certain, the public's demands and the response made by insuring organizations clearly indicate voluntary health insurance is America's answer to the problem of financing health care costs on a "pick and choose" basis without regimentation of the individual, the subordination of the medical profession to the state, or the standardization of a health insurance panacea handed to the public in a "take-it-because-it's-good-for-you" package.

[Additional copies of "Health Insurance and the American Public" are available from the Health Insurance Institute, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York.]

ATLANTIC *Repartee*

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"Trouble at the UN"

SIR:

You may or may not know that I have been a member of the United States delegation to the Eleventh General Assembly of the United Nations. It was therefore with particular interest that I read on pages 12 and 14 of your January issue (Washington Report) a brief section headed "Trouble at the UN." May I say that a number of statements made in the article are shockingly at variance with the facts.

"Trouble at the UN" is itself a puzzling title. Out of twenty-one resolutions adopted by the General Assembly on the Hungarian and Egyptian questions, ten were introduced by the United States. All were adopted overwhelmingly. The *least* favorable vote was 50 to 8. The key vote on the Egyptian question was 64 to 5. That, I submit, is not a record of "trouble" for the United States.

Your title may be puzzling, but what follows it is to me nothing less than astonishing: "The United Nations representation has been a particularly soft spot in the American diplomatic machine. Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., although a man of ability, has been personally antagonistic to so many foreign diplomats as to jeopardize seriously his usefulness."

This assertion is one which I know to be wrong. Cabot Lodge is an outgoing and friendly person. He has been able to maintain cordial relations with most of the delegations, including many whose policies the United States has opposed. There is also great mutual respect and confidence between him and Secretary General Dag Hammarskjöld — and that is a

great asset for American diplomacy in this period. Those votes I just mentioned show how useful he is.

Your article refers to the United States having "cut the Anglo-American ties so abruptly that there was no discussion for many weeks."

I can find no basis for this. Neither Cabot Lodge nor his staff in any way shunned either the British or the French delegations, even at the moments of maximum strain. Mr. Lodge was host several times during the crucial period both to Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd and to Sir Pierson Dixon, as well as to Foreign Minister Pineau and his French lieutenants.

Finally, in the section immediately following, your article refers to the "seemingly incredible fact that the United States was voting with Russia against its two chief NATO allies." This statement is neither fair nor accurate. The resolutions on which Russia voted with the United States were introduced by the United States. In voting for them the Soviet Union was simply siding with the overwhelming UN majority. If Moscow, for once, sides *with* the United Nations Charter, must the rest of us then be *against* the Charter?

PAUL G. HOFFMAN
New York City

Living Costs

SIR:

In his article "Are Living Costs Out of Control?" (February *Atlantic*), the eminent Professor John Kenneth Galbraith is guilty of the same fundamental error as the stewards of our economic welfare in Washington. He endeavors to apply gold-dollar formulas to the paper-dollar problem. He

views what unquestionably would be an alarming rise in the price level, *if* our dollar still possessed fixed intrinsic or inherent value, as a reality instead of an illusion and as indicative of inflation which actually neither prevails nor threatens.

The learned doctor recognizes that each round of wage hikes has mainly the effect of further devaluation of what remains of what we still call a dollar. But he fails to follow through. He fails to recognize that wages, costs, prices, profits, and values in general are not increased one iota as a result of our being obliged to quote them in terms of ever larger numbers of ever smaller dollars.

Mild deflation, not inflation, prevails and has prevailed for a number of years, as evidenced by the fact that the economy is not operating at anywhere near the capacity rate. Even the essential requirement of full employment has not been fulfilled. Inflation can only begin when total effective demand begins to run ahead of total potential supply.

Because deflation already prevails, current measures designed to counteract inflation, which simply isn't there to counteract, amount to deliberate sabotage of our normal and always attainable level of productive activity and general prosperity. Of course rendering our shrinking dollar harder to earn and harder to borrow tends to increase its current purchasing power. Any kind of money, honest or dishonest, gold discs or pieces of paper, will buy more in hard times than in normal or boom times.

All our well-meaning Administration is accomplishing is temporarily to conceal or disguise the fact that

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LEWIS L. BAXTER
Ponte Vedra Beach, Fla.

SIR:

The article by Professor Galbraith seemed to me an exceptionally clear and lucid exposition of the causes of inflation and the measures which might be taken to attack it. While Professor Galbraith was commendably careful not to be didactic, the article suggested an indefinite period of inflation, which presents a rather gloomy outlook to anyone who is not a speculator, a promoter, or knowledgeable about money matters. He certainly says little with which one can disagree, but I should be interested in knowing whether he believes in the ultimate operation of the law of supply and demand.

Very roughly speaking, I believe the theory of the modern, New Deal — call it what you will — school of economy is that a depression can be overcome by large government borrowing, thus increasing purchasing power and demand. The corollary of this is that when supply is short and prices are rising, taxes should be increased and government debt reduced, thus lessening demand. But, as Professor Galbraith points out, this is almost a political impossibility; and secondly it is questionable whether the policy would work without being impossibly drastic. So it would seem that we have to wait for the operation of the normal laws of a capitalistic system.

In patting themselves on the back and taking credit for the abnormally long period of prosperity this country has enjoyed, it would appear that the politicians of both parties have overlooked the fact that ever since the Great Depression there has been a shortage of supply. The depression built up a great backlog of obsolescence and shortages, World War II added to it, and the Korean War continued it. During the years of peace, population growth has been at a high rate and technological advances have been extremely rapid, creating a very high level of demand. However, during these years there

has been a rapid increase in production facilities. I have no exact figures, but the increase in the steel, paper, and chemical industries, to mention only three basic products, has been prodigious.

According to Professor Galbraith, at the end of the year outlays for business investment were running at the rate of about \$64 billion a year. In the past, supply has always caught up with demand, and at this rate there seems to be no reason to believe that eventually this will not occur again. If and when it does, will not keen competition break the wage-profit-price spiral and possibly reverse its course?

THOMAS W. ASHWELL
New Canaan, Conn.

"The Cloud of Mistrust"

SIR:

I want to express my approval of the article entitled "The Cloud of Mistrust" by Edith Mirrielees in the February issue of the *Atlantic*.

I do not profess to be entirely acquainted with all of the Indian reservations, but the Indians on the Shoshone-Bannock Reservation at Fort Hall, Idaho, certainly have not been understood by the present Commissioner, and their plight is deplorable.

Everyone seems to sympathize with them, but no one is willing to do anything. When a publication such as yours gives space to articles on the matter, it is indeed encouraging.

B. W. DAVIS
Pocatello, Idaho

SIR:

I am a Hopi Indian, a graduate of U.C.L.A. I live on a reservation which was given to the Hopi Indians by the Executive Order dated December 16, 1882. Just lately, the reservation has been found to contain great amounts of oil, and Arizona's representatives in Washington have become aware of us.

We have always lived on this seemingly worthless land but now are being forced toward some unhappy end by the Department of the Interior, through the Bureau of Indian Affairs. A bill sponsored by Mr. Udall is pending in the House of Representatives. An identical bill sponsored by Mr. Goldwater is pending in the Senate. These bills, if passed, would take a great amount of land from the Hopi Indians. I would certainly appreciate it if your magazine can investi-



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gate this matter of the Hopi Indians and their problems and bring it forth to the public.

I still have faith in the average American. I was convinced of that faith when I went to school at U.C.L.A. I believe that the average American will want to help us, their Indian brothers, in this time of need. I pray that you will consider this letter seriously and I remain a fellow American of the Indian people.

CALEB HOLETSTEWAN JOHNSON
Oraibi, Ariz.

Polio Vaccine

SIR:

Certainly many readers of the *Atlantic* will welcome Dr. David D. Rutstein's article on the highly controversial topic of a vaccine for poliomyelitis. "How Good Is Polio Vaccine?" (February issue) stands among the few discussions that seek to present the subject in its true light rather than to push a particular bias.

One impression seems worth a correction. The word *antibody*, so loosely bandied about in the public press, refers to a specific type of molecule in the blood formed whenever an *antigen* has been introduced into the body. Since all agents which cause infectious diseases are antigens or contain antigens, there must always be antibodies. It is *not* true that immunity to the infection follows in each case, however. If it did, we should have a vaccine for each disease, but we have only a few and they are not perfect. Of hundreds of vaccines that have been tried, all have led to the formation of antibodies, but few have been successful immunizing agents.

MAX S. MARSHALL, M.D.
San Francisco, Calif.

I do not believe that the conclusions of the paper would have been changed by taking Dr. Marshall's criticism into account, but there should have been a sentence or two indicating that available methods for the measurement of antibodies do not always indicate actual resistance to infection. — DAVID D. RUTSTEIN, M.D.

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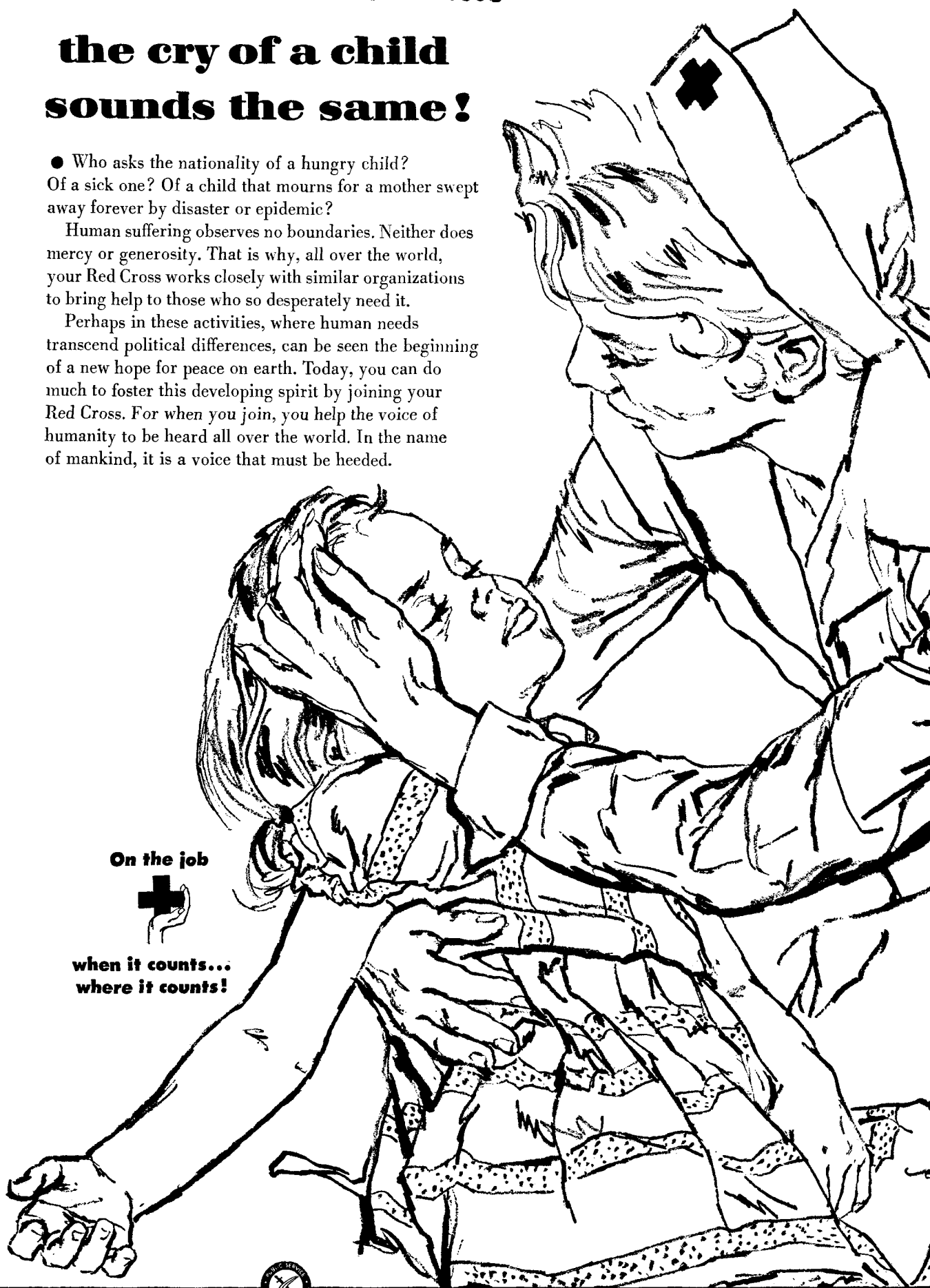
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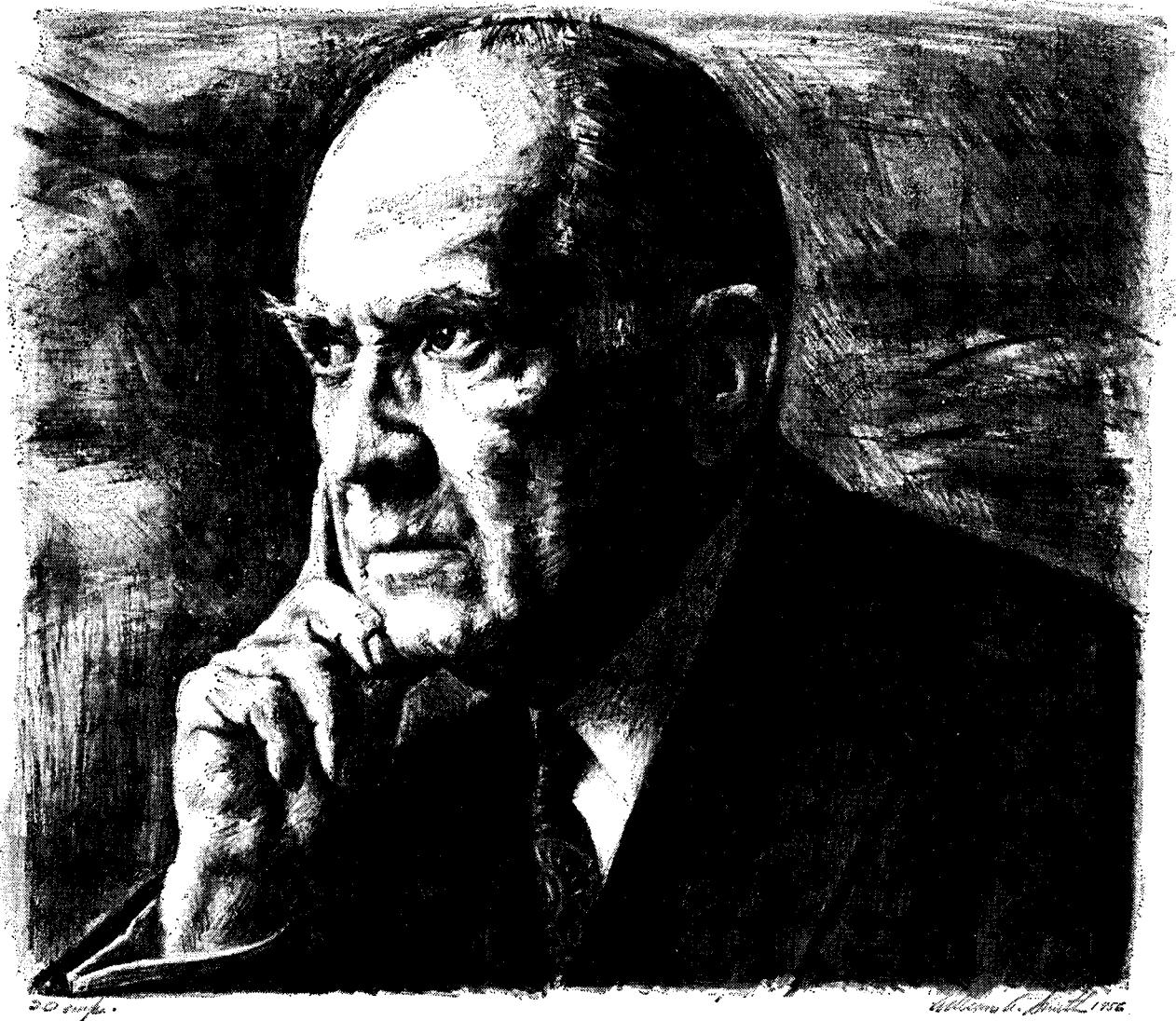
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*Writer and teacher, JOHN K. FAIRBANK traveled widely in China for seven years and lectured at Tsing Hua University, Peking, before coming to Harvard as Professor of History. During the war he served as Special Assistant to the American Ambassador in Chungking, and later as Director of the USIS in China. He is the author of *The United States and China, 1948*, and coauthor of *A Documentary History of Chinese Communism, 1952*, and *China's Response to the West, 1954*, all published by the Harvard University Press.*

CHINA: TIME FOR A POLICY

by JOHN K. FAIRBANK

OUR relations with China are stuck between two worlds. Beneath the legalism and defensiveness of our recent China policy lies a traditional American attitude: we seek self-determination and freedom of access among peoples within an international rule of law. Mixed in among Peking's Marxist pronouncements are echoes of the traditional Confucian world view: that the Chinese culture area is a political universe in which a centralized Chinese despotism stands supreme, surrounded by cultural-political vassals.

These two antithetic political traditions now confront each other across the Formosa Straits and mark the impasse in Chinese-American relations, which is created not only by today's conflict between the West and Communism but also by the long-term contrast between American and Chinese political institutions.

Our reaction to Chinese Communism is naturally surcharged with resentment. The Chinese people, whom we long befriended, have been ruthlessly mobilized against us. Peking has fabricated intricate lies like germ warfare and forced them upon tortured American fliers. It seems in character that Peking now supports the Russians in Hungary. Our national revulsion is evidenced in the unanimous resolution of the Eighty-fourth Congress against seating Red China in the UN. Yet revulsion is an attitude rather than a policy, and we need to discuss policy.

Our present posture toward China is righteous, isolated, and negative. The once consoling explanation that Communism won China only through a transpacific conspiracy no longer satisfies even the least thoughtful ultrapatriot. We now face an apparently high degree of compatibility between Soviet totalitarianism and old-style Chinese despotism. It is not excused by the fact that those who think they see it are, as is customary in these matters, accused of abetting it. Our problem is more profound than we like to acknowledge: Communism seems to be flourishing in China, and American ways are rejected. Neither collapse at Peking nor defection from Moscow seems likely. A new United States policy is needed to meet new problems in Asia. Waiting hopefully for the enemy to fall on his face is not a policy.

Inevitably, in the face of Communist tactics, our diplomacy has an air of frustration. Almost singlehandedly we support Chiang Kai-shek's claim to represent the Chinese one-quarter of mankind, though the chances of his regaining the mainland are so dim as to be invisible. We oppose Communist China's admission to the UN, though a majority in the General Assembly may defeat us next year in the name of recognizing fact as fact. Our defense of Taiwan seems to have no future, since Taipei has joined Peking in denouncing the un-Chinese idea of "Two Chinas"; neither side will contemplate an independent Republic of Taiwan. Our negoti-

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ations with Peking at Geneva have been stalled by the Communist refusal to renounce the use of force in the Taiwan area (Chou En-lai calls Taiwan "a domestic issue") or to release Americans improperly held.

Seeing this frustration, critics attack our China policy as petulant and sterile, which it well may be, and yet remarkably little is offered to improve it. American public discussion, notably during the 1956 election, has shied away from the real issues. Our commentators have not dwelt upon the remarkable successes of Chinese Communism in establishing its controls over such disparate things as prices, persons, and minds, mobilizing patriotic youth, collectivizing the rural economy, and pushing industrialization. For good or ill, these have been great achievements, refashioning the world's largest and most ancient society. In Asian eyes they outshine all the first steps and small bits of Chinese modernization with which Americans were associated during our century of treaty contact. Peking's offer last summer to admit American journalists bespeaks the Communist pride in these vast transformations and the desire to advertise them to the American public. Our refusal to accept such contacts and the information they might bring, as long as Communist China refuses to accept certain rudiments of international law, underlines our intransigence — indeed, it puts us in the dubious position of denying our own principle of freedom of the press in order to misuse the issue as an expedient form of diplomatic pressure.

If we examine our side of the impasse, two long-term principles have been evident in the American approach to China since 1785. First, *freedom of access* to the Chinese civilization as part of an international world order of trade, travel, and enterprise. This was expressed in treaty rights of commerce, missionary proselytism, and most-favored-nation treatment. Later it was embodied in the Open Door for trade (1899), which acquiesced in imperialist spheres of interest but demanded equal commercial access to all China.

Secondly, *national self-determination* on the part of the Chinese people. This was referred to in the Open Door notes of 1900 and often subsequently, as in the Nine-power Treaty of 1922 — usually as China's "political integrity," the same principle we are trying to apply to the states of the Middle East in 1957.

Harking back to the New World experience of creating one state after another all across a continent, Americans assume that a new government may be created to meet the needs of any people who are sufficiently united to govern themselves in a recognizable geographical area — even an area so spread out as the islands of Indonesia. Ours is the modern doctrine of nationalism, which influenced China long before the rise of Communism.

These two principles point toward an ideal world order of free peoples sovereign within their respective nations and enjoying freedom of access among nations. These are still valid goals of American policy in Taiwan, even though they are rejected by the mainland. The argument for the independence of Taiwan rests on these ideals, which can be realized there.

For us Taiwan offers the only access to a Chinese area where Chinese cultural studies, political and social institutions, and economic life can develop on a non-Communist basis. We believe in pluralism, not a monolithic centralized society, and have an interest in seeing that not all Chinese life is monopolized and manipulated from Peking.

The 10 million Chinese on Taiwan are a geographically distinct unit. The minority of refugees from the mainland and the majority who were freed from Japanese colonialism are developing the basic elements of a democratic political process, albeit beneath a continuing superstructure of Kuomintang dictatorship. The Chinese on Taiwan deserve an opportunity for self-determination, to join the mainland or remain free of it as they wish. There is little doubt today that they would seek freedom from the mainland.

2

ON THE other side of the impasse, the Chinese political tradition assumes that China is a single centralized state embracing all persons of Sinic culture, who are united under a common social order and a common political dispensation, with no exceptions.

This Chinese polity is the oldest continuous one which has survived among a single people since ancient times. The Son of Heaven has been supplanted since 1912, with increasing vigor, by Sun Yat-sen, Chiang Kai-shek, and Mao Tse-tung in succession, each of whom has met certain old and certain new criteria while claiming the central personal role in reuniting China.

This Chinese tradition of the unified empire, ruled from one central source which claims a monopoly of all political organization, is still a factor in Chinese politics. As for thirty years past, it drives Chiang Kai-shek and the Nationalists to cling tenaciously to their claim to rule all China and so today to represent all China in the UN. It also motivates Peking to extirpate its rival. Previous changes of the ruling power in China have all seen a determined effort by the new rulers to annihilate any remaining vestiges of the preceding dynasty, no matter how long it might take or how feeble the defeated claimant to the central power might have become. Thus the Mongols of the Yuan Dynasty (1271–1368) finally wiped out the last Chinese claimant to the Sung throne off the southeast coast in 1279, the Chinese founders of the Ming Dynasty

(1368-1644) led their armies across steppe and desert to destroy the remnants of Mongol power before and after 1400, and the Manchu conquerors who founded the Ch'ing Dynasty (1644-1912) demolished the last Chinese naval resistance, based on Taiwan, in 1683, forty years after their seizure of Peking.

In looking at Peking today, of course, we will be in error if we see only a repetition of the motifs of Chinese history, such as reunification under a new dynasty which merely "happens" to be Communist. On the contrary, the age-old patterns have been disrupted and mixed into a new amalgam which is both Chinese and Communist. Modern nationalism and industrialization overlie the age-old ethnocentrism. The resulting revolution is comparable in scope and significance to the French or Russian revolutions — one of the "great" social changes of all time. Not only are the Chinese almost a quarter of mankind situated in a strategic area: the uprooting and reshaping of their social, political, and economic institutions during the modern century have constituted one of the most arduous and cataclysmic processes in the whole human record, more change within a shorter span than anything ever experienced in the West.

Only a century ago China was still "all under Heaven," the immemorial center of culture and politics within the four seas of its known world. Within a lifetime this Middle Kingdom was invaded, humiliated, condemned as backward and proved impotent, while all the ancient balances of the Confucian family system and bureaucratic empire were upset and destroyed. Sun Yat-sen ruefully had to call his countrymen "a sheet of loose sand." Yet within another lifetime a vigorous centralized government has reappeared, and has again organized both the student elite and the peasant masses. This disintegration and rebirth of Chinese state power in modern times has been neither easy nor kind, but we can no longer doubt that it has occurred.

Riding the revolution, Peking now makes use of new forces as well as old, particularly a modern nationalism which is one of the strongest in all history anywhere. The explosive capacity of this new nationalism stems from the ingrained tradition of Chinese superiority and its frustration by repeated foreign humiliations and "semicolonial" subjection ever since the Opium War of 1840. The result has been, I think, to leave a deep sense of grievance in the Chinese mind, which the Communists can focus upon "foreign imperialism" and (by distorting history) the U.S.A.

3

TAIWAN, for Peking's purposes, is a built-to-order irredentist grievance, an invaluable focus of patriotic anti-American resentment. What issue could

be more spectacularly useful? Taiwan is 10,000 miles from the United States but only 100 miles from the Chinese mainland. Far enough offshore to explain the mainland's not seizing it by force, it is still too close for strategic comfort or public apathy whenever Peking wants to sound the tocsin. Its independence preserved only by our Seventh Fleet, Taiwan is a vivid reminder of earlier Japanese imperialism, a present self-proclaimed military threat, a constant challenge to Peking's prestige, a concrete example of American "imperialism" and its alliance with the "traitorous Chiang Kai-shek clique." We well may wonder whether Chou En-lai could afford to part with so provocative a political issue, lying so available on the national doorstep.

For us, the organized wrath of 600 million people in China is not something to go out and seek; yet by our principles we have little alternative. It takes an effort of imagination for us to recognize what we are really defending and confronting in the Formosa Straits.

Our hardest task in evaluating the Peking regime and updating our policy is to transcend our experience of China in the past. The recent century of treaty port privileges and missionary benefactions has left us with happy memories of a China which, however, no longer exists. During the century from 1842 to 1943 the unequal treaties put the most ordinary American in the status of a member of the Chinese ruling class, not subject to local law or ordinary police action. This arrangement helped our various forms of enterprise and subtly contributed to the charm of foreign life in China. Even the least responsible young seaman in Shanghai and the humblest missionary far in the interior had this superior status thrust upon them. Extra-territoriality let the foreigner buy and sell, preach and teach, travel and study, shielded from the reality of Chinese judicial practice, insulated from the normal despotism of the Chinese state. From 1842 to 1949 that state was weak; now it is strong and again despotic.

During the past century of backwardness and weakness vis-à-vis the West, China acquired a reputation for easygoing pacifism among the populace, corrupt incompetence among administrators, and general disorganization, which is no longer true. Twenty centuries of training in bureaucratic government and Confucian ideological orthodoxy seem to have left the Chinese people susceptible to large-scale organization by modern totalitarian methods, even though our modern-minded Chinese friends may deplore both the old laxness and the new rigor as unrepresentative of the best in the Confucian tradition.

If we can hardly overestimate the potential vigor and persistence of mainland opposition to our Taiwan policy, neither can we overlook the stake that Taiwan represents in power politics: it stands

on the trade lanes to Japan and in Communist hands could mount sea-air power capable, with Russia, of squeezing the Japanese islands and their vital commerce. The military potential of Japan, particularly its trained industrial manpower, once under Communist control could soon upset the world balance of power and oblige us to fight or acquiesce in Communist hegemony.

Thinking along this line, one cannot help speculating whether the current relaxation of Far Eastern tension may not sometime be climaxed, dialectically, by a Communist squeeze play. Suppose that we continue to have no UN consensus mobilized in formal support of our Taiwan position. Suppose that on a Saturday midnight Peking announces that the coastal islands now in Nationalist hands, Quemoy and Matsu, are part of the mainland, as any map will show, and that 3000 Soviet-built Chinese jets will provide air cover for an armed recovery operation, which is proclaimed to be no threat to Taiwan but only a local police action. It is not altogether fanciful to suppose that this might leave us the alternatives of holding Quemoy and Matsu by dropping A-bombs again on Asians, thereby losing the rest of Asia from Fukien to Suez, or taking our loss by turning the other cheek.

Such speculations suggest that our position in Taiwan, confronting mainland China's new Communist-led nationalism, is seriously exposed and isolated and may become steadily more vulnerable, so long as it stands on the one leg of American power and lacks the diplomatic support of other and particularly the Asian nations. Indeed we cannot overlook the possibility that, as the mainland builds up, its power of attraction by promise and threat may undermine Taiwan's capacity for independence, which is an American conception, as I have tried to indicate, more than a traditional Chinese conception.

4

OUR policy failure today is less one of purpose than of execution, less the fault of diplomats than of national leadership and the public opinion it represents. The extremist positions, that we can solve our Chinese problem with the toughness of a nucleated MacArthurism, or on the other hand merely by being friendly and admiring like the fellow travelers, are both bankrupt. Yet a policy in the middle of the road is no good unless it goes forward.

Our support of an independent Taiwan must rest on principles we hold in common with neutralist Asia. The first of these is self-determination: that if the Chinese of Taiwan so desire, they may remain independent of the rest of China. This is not an open-and-shut proposition. By Peking it can be compared with the Confederate doctrine of secession rejected in our Civil War, and it is true that India in the case of Kashmir and Indonesia in western New Guinea (Irian) are opposing self-

determination in their peripheral areas. Nevertheless on balance the new post-war democracies of non-Communist Asia cannot easily renounce this principle which gave them birth.

Its application to Taiwan is justified from another angle of practical morality: out of concern for the 10 million people there, whose standard of living, thanks to Japan's material development of the island, is undoubtedly higher than that of the mainland. Meanwhile the thousands of trained and patriotic administrators, scholars, and other leaders of modern China who are refugees with the Nationalist Government are a key group in world strategy — chief fruit of Chinese (and also Western) efforts at modernization, custodians of liberal values now spurned on the mainland, capable of training Chinese talent and pursuing scholarly studies on a non-Communist basis. Theirs is the only Chinese government outside the Communist orbit, the only rallying point where free Chinese political institutions can be developed.

Thus it is understandable that if the United States, because of deep political conviction, has nurtured Philippine independence, defended South Korea, and supported South Vietnam, we should similarly seek the independence of Taiwan, which has hardly been under mainland rule in this century. For Taiwan to have self-determination, including the right to join the mainland if it wishes, is a concrete application of the general rule of law and government by consent on which our society is based and on which we hope the new multistate, international order can be based.

This view also expresses our belief in freedom and diversity rather than conformity. Why should there not be an alternative, albeit small, focus of Chinese political life, creative scholarship, and socioeconomic development, separate from the mainland? How will mankind be better served if all the cultural tradition and creative talent of the Chinese race are monopolized and manipulated from Peking? These questions, which need no asking in the United States, are intelligible to neutralist Asia and also to the Chinese trading communities of Southeast Asia. But can this idea be realized in Asia, where even the strongest Western doctrines may wilt and wither?

Chiang Kai-shek, it seems safe to predict from our very considerable experience, is not likely to accept our view any more than Mao Tse-tung's. He claims all China, nothing less. The eight years of Communist rule have been no longer to date than the eight years of the earlier Japanese occupation. He has survived both, and his supporters retain their hopes.

Yet one thing is sure: if the Peking regime unexpectedly collapses, it is more likely to be followed by a new government born on the mainland than by an old government returning from Taiwan. Perhaps we can agree realistically, as was decided dur-

ing the Korean War, that no American policy can be dedicated to putting Chiang back on the mainland by force. We might well say so more explicitly. We hold a veto over his use of our aid to mount an assault.

How do we engineer an independent Republic of Taiwan, guaranteed as such by the United Nations, when the ruler of Taiwan, the Nationalist Government, will have none of it and claims to rule all China? This problem demands top diplomatic talent of the stature of our Panmunjom negotiator, Arthur Dean — someone of proven capacity and incredible stamina. While insoluble in Western legal terms, the problem can perhaps be dealt with on a *de facto* basis. There is no question what government actually rules Taiwan. As its genuine electoral process continues to develop in scope and efficacy, it can be seen by all Asia to be a government by consent, with participation of the governed, and thus it can validly claim to be a channel of popular self-determination, without recourse to a plebiscite which it would never consent to hold. If with our aid the island's standard of living and degree of political freedom can keep developing well ahead of conditions on the mainland, Taiwan's *de facto* independence can gradually become more firmly established. Full recognition of it can follow a period during which Peking and Taipei, while renouncing no claims in formal, face-losing terms, can tacitly acquiesce in the compromise situation which already exists.

Let us not leap from one illusion to another. An American policy aimed at the peaceful development of an independent Republic of Taiwan will have hard sledding: Communists will continue to flail it (How would Americans feel with Puerto Rico allied to Russia?), the Nationalists and their ardent supporters will denounce it as pinko appeasement (How can we destroy their prestige among overseas Chinese?), neutralists will eye it with suspicion as neo-imperialism, the people of Taiwan may approve it but can offer no votes in American elections. Mainlanders in Taipei may eventually respond to Communist offers and the pull of their homeland, more than we now expect. Yet when all these continuing difficulties are foreseen, it remains a fact that Taiwan's independence has been the chief fruit of our China policy for seven years past and there is nothing on the horizon, except disaster, to alter it.

5

IN THIS context "recognition of Communist China" is an ambiguous phrase. Are we to recognize Peking as ruling the mainland without Taiwan — which Peking can hardly accept as recognition? On our part we certainly will not recognize Peking as ruling Taiwan. Thus terms acceptable to us will be unacceptable to Peking and vice versa. It is simplistic to assume that an avuncular nod of "recognition"

from Uncle Sam can settle anything or persuade the Chinese Communists to act in a more civilized fashion.

Negotiation, however, is a different matter. The argument for dealing with Peking (which we have been doing at Geneva in a small way for more than a year already) is not that Chinese Communism is such a good thing that we must approve it, but rather that it is such a great problem that we cannot ignore it. To negotiate or not to negotiate is a question not of principle but of expediency. Our diehard anti-Communists, even the most romantic, must accept the idea that when an evil becomes serious enough, it must be dealt with. For example, the Russians are so serious a menace to us that we cannot afford not to communicate with them. Indeed, we have got beyond the fear of losing our shirts at a conference table because we sometimes can gain our point.

This need to negotiate gives us a positive reason to see Red China in the UN, which exists as a forum where diplomatic dealings may avert the common danger of nuclear war. Other valid reasons have militated against Peking's admission — chiefly that it would be a defeat presumably transforming Nationalist China into the Republic of Taiwan with a seat in the Assembly but not in the Security Council. While this would make the UN a more comprehensive body, it would be a considerable climb-down for the United States and we could gain from it only as we combined it with other countervailing elements of a general Far Eastern settlement — for example, a UN guarantee of Taiwan with our mutual defense alliance also continuing, the seating of India and Japan permanently on the Security Council along with Communist China, and measures by which Peking is purged of her aggression in Korea.

Taipei has argued that the mere idea of any kind of negotiation or settlement would demoralize the Nationalist position in Taiwan and the overseas Chinese still fence-sitting in Southeast Asia. Certainly a sellout would do so, and quite properly. But an effort to get recognition of the realities which have emerged over the past seven years, both in Taiwan and on the mainland, should be the opposite of a sellout; for it has become plain that the old American traditions of self-determination and mutual access among peoples are not merely Western but world-wide ideals. The Chinese imperial tradition is out of date on both sides of the Straits of Formosa.

Our opportunity and that of our friends on Taiwan is to help develop there an economy, a political process, and a body of trained personnel, within the Chinese world but free of Peking's totalitarian control, as an investment for a happier day when these same ideals may apply to all the Chinese people. A settlement committing us to defend them in the Republic of Taiwan recognizes present realities but surrenders nothing for the future.



For four years TOM LEA, the artist and author of El Paso, has been absorbed in writing and illustrating his incomparable two-volume history of the King Ranch. His hero is Richard King, son of an Irish immigrant, who shipped south as a stowaway in his twelfth year; who made his reputation as a steamboater on the Rio Grande, and who came ashore in his late twenties to become a cattle baron of Texas. Two friends figured significantly in his early career: Mifflin Kenedy, his Quaker partner, and Lt. Col. Robert E. Lee, Second Cavalry, USA, then serving on the Mexican border. This is the first of two installments.

CAPTAIN KING OF TEXAS

The Man Who Made the King Ranch

by TOM LEA

1

IN THE year 1853 when Richard King paid \$300 for his first parcel of land, the settlers who had come to Texas from the east and north were farming, not ranching. To be sure, Texans north of the Nueces River had used a branding iron as early as 1832; they had driven range cattle to markets; but they were by heritage tillers of arable lands, woodsmen, dwellers amidst trees. They had no experience in, or tradition for, the handling of great herds upon great prairies. Now here came a big-shouldered, strong-minded steamboat captain, not yet thirty, but already a man of mark along the wilderness reaches of the Rio Grande. He was buying 15,500 empty acres of grassland in the Wild Horse Desert at a little less than two cents an acre.

To acquire it was easier than to ranch it.

For his cattle he turned naturally to the south, to the haciendas where the cattle were; and for his herdsmen he hired vaqueros, not only for a skill but for a wisdom possessed from long living with the traits of the land and the livestock. Then to this basic Latin material for ranching, he added an Anglo-Saxon dynamic, a new thought. Ranching was not a subsistence, it was a business. It was a financial enterprise, susceptible to an organized efficiency. It could be engaged in not merely for a way of life, but for a systematic yield of profit. Ranching and steamboating were the same; only the materials differed. To improve a method of harvesting grass was as strong a challenge to Richard King as the design of a better steamboat for the risky Rio Grande.

Of course the problem of water was as crucial to a rancher as it was to a riverman. One of the first acts of Rancher King after he had title to a parcel of land was to augment its available water

for livestock by raising a rough dirt dam across the bed of Tranquitas Creek. When the stream ran with rain, its flow was impounded; the lake thus formed made the only place between the Nueces and the Arroyo Colorado where a thousand head of horses or cattle could be watered at one time. The building of tanks by dirt dams across dry creek beds was a common practice on Mexican haciendas where peon labor was plentiful and cheap, but King's tank on the Tranquitas was the first such "engineering" improvement between Brownsville and Corpus Christi. It represented an investment of capital and it hinted early at the enterprise a steamboater could demonstrate in creating the pattern for a ranch. He entered into his creation as a long-term venture without prospect of immediate profit-taking of any kind, and it was characteristic of King's systematic mode of thought that he made his place ready for livestock, plenty of livestock, before he did much about stocking.

The earliest entry on the purchase of cattle is dated January 12, 1854, "for 42 cows taken in by Juan Cantú, \$208.00, with 20% duties, charges and expense on same, \$54.60," indicating that cows were selling at about five dollars a head somewhere near the border in Mexico, and that they cost about six and a quarter dollars a head delivered at King's Santa Gertrudis ranch. The account book reveals that in 1854 King paid out the surprising total of \$12,275.79, a sum considerable enough to indicate that the riverman had scraped from the river all the cash he had, and probably some he borrowed, to risk on the future of his rancho.

When Richard King took his 22-year-old bride to the Santa Gertrudis in December of 1854, she was delighted rather than dismayed by the untenanted

wilderness of the Wild Horse Desert. She was the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman from Vermont, who had come to Texas by way of Missouri and Tennessee, to establish the first Protestant Church on all the length of the Rio Grande. At the first sight of her brown eyes, the big-fisted riverman had been smitten, but it had taken him four years to win her cultivated hand. Nearly six decades later, Henrietta King wrote, "When I came as a bride in 1854, the little ranch home then — a mere *jacal* as Mexicans would call it — was our abode for many months until our main ranch dwelling was completed. But I doubt if it falls to the lot of many a bride to have had so happy a honeymoon. On horseback we roamed the broad prairies. When I grew tired my husband would spread a Mexican blanket for me and then I would take my siesta under the shade of the mesquite tree. . . . I remember that my pantry was so small my large platters were fastened to the walls outside. In those days large venison roasts were our favorite viands."

On a trip upriver during the fall of 1856, Captain King made the acquaintance of Lieutenant Colonel Robert E. Lee, Second Cavalry, USA, a visiting officer of the Army present at Ringgold Barracks to sit on a court-martial in session there.

Colonel Lee was no stranger to the Rio Grande, though it had been nine years since he had last seen it. Since his last ride along the muddy current of the border river, Robert E. Lee had smelled smoke of battle in the Valley of Mexico, built fortifications at Baltimore, been Superintendent of the United States Military Academy at West Point, and, as a prominent career soldier commanding two squadrons of a line regiment, returned for a second tour of duty in Texas.

A man of Lee's perceptive mind doubtless had questions to ask about the borderland and the people he had encountered nearly a decade before, and he doubtless found no man to provide him with more incisive answers than the Captain King he found on the riverboat *Ranchero*. King commanded Lee's interest, then his lasting regard and respect; Lee's character and bearing had such impact upon King that the friendship of Robert E. Lee was a proud possession of, and an influence upon, Richard King for the rest of his life.

Lee's very character made him a mentor. His background of agrarian estate made him also a knowledgeable advisor on land and livestock. Lee was impressed by the illimitable grass, confident that wilderness pastures ought to be developed to sustain huge and profitable herds. He said so to King. Though in private letters the polished Virginian wrote sometimes of the frontier's dreary rawness, he was convinced of the future of the land, and he felt its power.

One thing Lee told King the rancher never forgot. It came to be a cornerstone in the structure of

King's business. Lee said, "*Buy land; and never sell.*"

And in another manner Lee left his mark on the ranch itself. Not only as a warrior but as an engineer, Lee had an eye for terrain. There is every reason to believe that he was asked for advice upon the subject and that he did choose the site on the high ground for the building of the permanent ranch home at the Santa Gertrudis headquarters. From the first meeting, Lee summoned from King an especial esteem. And it is certain that whenever in the course of his duties Robert E. Lee stopped at the Santa Gertrudis, Henrietta King heaped high with "viands" the very largest of her "large platters."

2

AFTER a long honeymoon on the Santa Gertrudis ranch, the Kings moved into a cottage in Brownsville next door to the Kenedys. Mifflin Kenedy was a Pennsylvania Quaker, seven years older than King, whom King had first met in 1843. It was Kenedy who had induced King to come to Texas, and King's partnership with Kenedy, first in steamboating and later in ranching, lasted until 1870. Of all of King's partners, Kenedy was the closest and most esteemed.

The Kings divided their time between the cottage in Brownsville and the ranch. Their trips were interrupted in the spring of 1856 by the arrival of their first child, a daughter whom they named after Henrietta.

Not long after the birth of little Nettie, Henrietta and the baby began journeying with the captain to the ranch. Travelers were often waylaid on the dangerous road; the Kings usually made the trip in a heavy coach guarded by outriders. At times the King family risked the 124 lonely miles without entourage, and upon one occasion, at least, trouble came close.

On an evening, probably late in 1856, when the Kings were making camp by the side of the road, a lone Mexican appeared from the brush and asked permission to join camp for the night. King gave permission and sent him out for wood. As the captain bent over, lighting twigs to start a fire, his wife tended the baby on a blanket spread by the coach. Henrietta King looked up, suddenly frightened in the dusk, and called out, "Captain King! Behind you!" With the practiced twist of a veteran riverfront brawler, King swept back both his powerful hands and grabbed tight — to an arm holding a knife. He jerked swinging the whole weight of his assailant overhead, slamming him to the ground with the knife arm twisted helpless. In that time and in that place most men would have killed the would-be assassin. King only told him — with emphasis not hard to imagine — to get out of camp and stay out.

In a country "menaced by hostile Indians and roving bandits" Mrs. King once suffered a fright within the very walls of the adobe *jacal* at Santa Gertrudis. Nettie was an infant, in a cradle by the door. Her mother, alone and busy setting out loaves of freshly baked bread at the back of the room, turned to see a half-naked Indian standing silent on the threshold. When Mrs. King faced him, he jumped to the cradle and stood over it, brandishing a club. With his other hand he pointed at the bread, grimacing that he wanted it. Iron-nerved Mrs. King gave him all the bread he could carry; he stalked wordless from the door and disappeared.

No roughness discouraged the captain's wife from residence at the ranch. As the headquarters grew, the roughness gradually diminished. The date of the Kings' removal from the adobe *jacal* to the comfortable quarters called the "original" ranch house is not known, but it was sometime between late in 1857 and early in 1859. The location of the building, chosen by Lee, was the site upon which the present great house at the ranch now stands. The "original" was low and rambling, built of frame, with an attic or half second-story and an inviting, bannistered front gallery. The dining room and kitchen, built of stone to avoid the hazard of fire, formed a separate building at the rear and were connected with the living quarters by an unroofed walkway open to the weather. A little to the north of this main house was the stone-built commissary and store, together with a kitchen, eating space, and sleeping quarters for extra hands, teamsters, and those who came seeking work at the ranch. By the commissary stood a watchtower, and a men's dormitory for buyers, visitors, and chance travelers. Farther to the north were stables, corrals, carriage and wagon sheds, a busy blacksmith's shop, and a rough line of small houses where ranch employes lived with their families.

Ranch operation remained primitive. Land itself had value only when it had water. At that time, before the incursion of the mesquite which made brush jungle of much of the country a few decades later, this land was in great part rolling prairie, its treeless open vistas only infrequently broken by mottes of live oak, laurel, and scattered *bosques* of mesquite. Ranching was simply the ownership of branded herds roughly controlled on unfenced prairie near a possessed supply of scarce and precious water. The only cattle a rancher owned were cattle half-wild, quick and fierce, armed with long horns and hard to handle. The only horses a rancher owned were subject to the wildness of open ranging; to be held under herd and used, they had to be incessantly guarded against the feral influence and example of running bands of untamed mustangs. The only herdsmen a rancher hired to work such herds of half-wild cattle and horses were half-wild men, tough centaurs working for wages to the jing of big-roweled spurs and the sing of rawhide lariats.

Herds brought their natural increase as the seasons passed; and as the numbers of livestock grew, it became evident that King's policy of upbreeding horse stock with the blood of good studs, and of choosing only the best available Mexican bulls and range cows for his breed herd, was producing animals of noticeable quality.

Captain King had a sportsman's interest in fast and fine horseflesh, but beyond that, he had clear business reasons for the emphasis he placed on horse and mule raising in the early days at the Santa Gertrudis. He not only needed horses and mules for his own ranch work and for M. Kenedy & Co.'s wagon train business: he found such a constant demand for good stock, especially from the Army, that the sale of horses and mules was in fact the steadiest source of ranch income. The market for cattle was not so dependable. At that time the most profitable outlet was the sale of breeding stock, rather than beef. By the end of the 1850's, King was finding a fair market for good range cows, at from \$12 to \$18 a head, but beeves were in far less demand. The records are missing, yet there are good reasons to believe that King drove some of his beef herds to markets as far away as New Orleans.

3

AS MEN looked about them in the year 1860, there were bodings of violence. Rising far to the north and east of the Rio Grande, a black and storm-filled cloud shadowed the land. Studying it, men used the words "Secession" and "Civil War." The two rivermen, Richard King and Mifflin Kenedy, were not blind to the waters ahead if the black cloud spilled its deluge. Like two good boatmen, they readied their craft for the roiling chutes and snags of floodtime.

Foreseeing the impossibility of replacing M. Kenedy & Co.'s steamers if war came, and aware of the role they might be able to play at a divided country's border port, members of the firm took careful inventory; Mifflin Kenedy went to Pittsburgh to order for immediate construction and delivery another big boat. At the same time he placed orders for two additional upriver mudskimmers, the *Mustang* and the *James Hale*, for future delivery, so that if hostilities opened, the firm would command a flotilla of seven steamboats operating on a strategic border. During the latter half of 1860, the business of hauling trade goods along the Rio Grande was very good. So was the prospect of hauling materials for war.

Yet the boats were only one consideration in making ready for a looming storm. The ranching operation on the Santa Gertrudis needed shoring up to meet the rigors of the business weather ahead. Captains King and Kenedy doubtless had discussed it often; in November of 1860 they became partners

not only on the river but on the ranch. The new arrangement created a ranching firm styled R. King & Co., established on the fifth day of December, 1860. The shares in R. King & Co. were divided three ways: three eighths to Richard King, three eighths to Mifflin Kenedy, and two eighths to James Walworth, another canny riverman who had already invested in King's ranching enterprise.

With this organization among friends thus strongly knit, the three steamboat skippers eyed the increasing portents of rough water ahead and divided their watches. Walworth, busy with the political aspects of the storm, became a Cameron County delegate to the Texas convention for secession. Kenedy stayed in Brownsville, close by the river, manipulating the boats of M. Kenedy & Co. with a sharp weather eye. King had moved his family from the Elizabeth Street cottage to the Santa Gertrudis, where all the Kings could be on deck while the captain made the ranch shipshape under the approaching cloud.

There were five Kings in the family that made its home in the ranch house on the Santa Gertrudis the year the Civil War came. A very blue-eyed sister to little Nettie had arrived in Brownsville on April 13, 1858, and had been given the name of Ella Morse King. Then, almost at the very time of the move away from Elizabeth Street, a son was born on December 15, 1860, to Henrietta and Richard King. They named him Richard King II; when he had children of his own he would tell them that he was "born in a stagecoach while mother was hurrying to Brownsville." The captain's joy in a son and namesake is easy to imagine.

4

MORE than a month before the gunfire at Sumter, Texas had proclaimed in convention at Austin—in spite of dissenting voices—its secession from the Union. Two weeks before that, awaiting no proclamation, Ranger Ben McCulloch, as military commander representing the Rebel convention, had led an armed force into San Antonio. Confronted by it, the antique Major General D. E. Twiggs, of Rebel sympathies himself, had surrendered the entire United States Army Department of Texas to poker-faced Ben McCulloch without a shot. McCulloch's motley men, carrying loaded frontier rifles, had invested the government arsenal, taken possession of its stores. By the hurried terms agreed upon in Twiggs' bloodless capitulation to rebellion, loyal United States troops stationed in the state had been allowed "all necessities for a march out of Texas" and had been promised an unmolested exit.

Lieutenant Colonel Robert E. Lee, arriving by Army ambulance in San Antonio on the afternoon of McCulloch's coup, looking about the Plaza in surprise, had inquired, "Whose are these men?"

"They are McCulloch's," he was told. "General Twiggs surrendered everything to the State this morning."

Lee's eyes filled with tears. "Has it come so soon as this?" Robert E. Lee asked.

While a wartime economy gripped at the border but no warring arrived, Captain King spent most of his time on the Santa Gertrudis. The livestock affairs of the ranch were complex enough to demand the constant care of a hard-driving ranch boss. In 1861, R. King & Co. owned something like twenty thousand head of cattle and three thousand head of horses. Military demands stimulated trade in horses and mules; these were ready assets throughout the war, while a market for cattle dropped nearly to nothing.

By late in the year 1861, the seaports of the Confederacy had felt the first choke of the Union blockade. At the same time, thousands of autumn-brown fields, which had been tended through summer-green by hundreds of thousands of strong black hands, stood harvested of thousands of millions of fluffy white bolls. In country sheds, in city warehouses, and out in the pale November sunlight at the gin yards, the South's baled cotton crop of the war year 1861 waited, with the world waiting for it, and with no accustomed way to go.

Then across Texas on rough roads leading to Mexico, on long inland ways around the tightening coastal blockade, came wagons, a few at first like pathfinders, then a growing tide of rumbling wagons and creaking oxcarts carrying cotton to merchants standing on neutral ground offering foreign gold for the South's packed bales of white fluff.

The maintenance of a huge textile industry across an ocean at Lancashire, Bremen, and Lyons depended upon that fluff. When its delivery was threatened by blockade, the powerful tentacles of trade had reached out, quick to seize at a neutral port where cotton might be delivered to neutral ships and sail, evading the stoppage of the American blockade. Entrepreneurs, brokers, agents, and consuls from Europe had not been long in arriving at Matamoros, that Mexican town with the ancient aroma of devious and extravagant profit, to grease channels for a commerce which could offer gold or fabricated materials of war in exchange for cotton. To initiate this trade, European cargo ships had begun to anchor off the mouth of the Rio Grande in open waters just south of the river. The mouth of the Rio Grande became the Confederacy's back door.

Captain King stood planted by fate in the middle of that door. The road the cotton took came across his pastures to the very threshold of his house on the Santa Gertrudis and moved to the decks of his steamboats on the Rio Grande. Captain King did not go to war: the war came to him. It sought him at home. He fought his part of it on strenuous but familiar ground. By March, 1862, the ranch

headquarters at the Santa Gertrudis was an official receiving, storage, and shipping point for the bales arriving from East Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, and finally as far as Missouri.

Sometime in the spring of 1862, the steamers of M. Kenedy & Co. went behind a front of Mexican ownership and registry which placed titles in the names of some of the firm's Mexican friends and business connections at Matamoros. Flying the Mexican flag, without change in crew personnel or in supervision by Mifflin Kenedy, who soon had a secretive office operating in Matamoros, the boats began a boomtime business hauling cotton under the noses of the Union blockaders.

In late 1862, Richard King labored under the responsibility of maintaining his own guard for the ranch, for the cotton stored there, and for his family. "The disturbances of the time" — that phrase ancient to the Wild Horse Desert — had not yet become disturbing enough to keep Henrietta and the children from the captain's side. As the more disturbing year of 1863 dawned, Nettie King was almost seven years old, Ella was nearly five, young Richard was two — and there was a baby sister at the ranch house built on the rise above the creek. A little girl had been born there on the twenty-ninth day of April, 1862. Part of her name was a memorial to the place where she was born; she was Alice Gertrudis King, with brown eyes like her mother's.

5

THE new year 1863 found South Texas seared by months of drought. The road across the prairies was a tan ribbon of dust. Powdery clouds of it rose from under the churning hooves of twenty-mule teams pulling tall wagons toward the horizon in the south. There were a dozen bales — six thousand pounds of cotton — piled on each rocking, dust-coated wagon bed. As the months of the year 1863 advanced, men and animals suffered increasingly along the lint-marked road. Drought shallowed the water in the Rio Grande and brought further concern to Captain King. His partner Kenedy reported from Brownsville that the *Mustang* and the *James Hale* were navigating up-river with greatest difficulty; cotton which made its way on the Rio Grande City road to the border had to be ferried laboriously across to Camargo and carted down the Mexican side of the river to where a steamer could lade. It finally became necessary to move most upriver freight by wagon, oxcart, or muleback along the droughty river roads. The organization and supervision of these M. Kenedy & Co. overland cargo trains fell mainly to Captain King and made it necessary for him to leave the ranch often.

Important business was afoot. At Brownsville the partners of M. Kenedy & Co. were negotiating

a contract which would make them suppliers to the entire Confederate force stationed on the border; the contract was signed April 28, 1863. To finance these supplies the agreement called for a delivery by the government to the three partners of M. Kenedy & Co. — King, Kenedy, and Charles Stillman — of five hundred bales of cotton per month for six months. At their going price the three thousand bales to be delivered would be worth a total of something like \$900,000 — in gold, not in Confederate notes, which at the time had already depreciated to four for one. If the government managed to deliver all three thousand bales and the proceeds were entirely expended on supplies, the contract on the stipulated cost-plus percentages would bring about a fifth of the cotton value: \$180,000, or possibly \$60,000 for each partner. This rough estimate — no records survive to make any figures more exact — would not include added profits such as those derived from furnishing Santa Gertrudis beef, horses, and mules as supply items, or receipts from the transportation charges for moving the cotton. Regardless of the exact proceeds in prospect for Captain King that war year of 1863, the contract he signed was for a big operation offering a big reward.

If the sum involved was large, so was the toil to earn it. The contract venture demanded of Richard King the sweat of his brow, for it was he who took charge of finding and delivering enough cotton branded CSA to cover the costs of the supplies the quartermaster called for. His task might well have been impossible had not new cotton regulations come in force during 1863 whereby the Confederate government impressed cotton, taking a title of one bale in ten.

Through that summer and fall of 1863, Captain King was a hard rouster of government cotton, pulling it from depots farther north in Texas to the cotton station on the Santa Gertrudis and pushing it from there through the dust of a drought-withered wilderness south to the river. His partner Kenedy hustled the bales into Mexico, where he and his partner Stillman sold it and moved it, on the decks of their steamboats flying the Mexican flag, to the waiting holds of the ships anchored off Bagdad. And the supplies the troops needed came steadily to the stores of Quartermaster Russell at Brownsville, on schedule.

Bad times were on the way. Textile operators in New England understood the importance of an unplugged leak in a blockade, and the governors of the New England states had persuaded President Lincoln that the leak at the mouth of the Rio Grande must be forcibly plugged.

A Union invasion of the Rio Grande and the capture of Brownsville on November 6, 1863, put Richard King, his ranch, his cotton and contracting affairs, his steamboats, everything he had, including his life, into jeopardy. Although Union occupation

slowed Confederate commerce across the Rio Grande, it could not halt it. The measure to have ended it decisively would have been a real blockade of the neutral flag vessels plying from the neutral waters off the Bagdad beach, but this drastic step was one the Lincoln government could not afford to take. With the port at the mouth of the river still open to neutral shipping, the principal effect of the Union presence on the Lower Rio Grande was simply a diversion of the cotton trains westward to Laredo and Eagle Pass for a crossing to Mexico farther up the river beyond the reach of Union capture. Once upon Mexican soil, cotton moved without Union interference through the market at Matamoros to the ships at Bagdad.

Circumstances forged two main keys for the maintenance of that traffic: the Confederate cavalry troops of Major Santos Benavides who protected the cotton crossings upriver, and Richard King who kept the cotton moving in that direction. The Union commander at Brownsville was aware of these keys and tried to destroy them.

Upriver expeditions of Union forces, never large, were never successful. Drought conditions aborted the dispatch of large bodies of troops to the interior, both on the shoaly river and on the parched roads. When Union detachments tried to penetrate far from their base at Brownsville, they were frustrated by their problems of supply and by their ineffectiveness in the face of Benavides' vastly superior mobility coupled with his complete knowledge of every trail and every water hole over every reach of the Wild Horse Desert.

6

THREE days before Christmas, a rider reined a sweated horse at the ranch headquarters gate. The rider wanted to see Captain King. He was a friend.

"Captain," the friend said when they were alone, "tonight a troop of Yankees are coming to your ranch. I know this. They say they are coming to arrest you. I came to tell you."

The old border grapevine — information gathered by friends from the river, the towns, the lonely roads, the enemy camps — was dependable. The captain had to decide, fast.

He had no force on the ranch to resist a troop of cavalry; he might have had, but that day he was caught without it. Earlier in the year he had helped raise a mounted company of Confederate home guards to patrol the ranches and roads of the vicinity. Composed mostly of his own hard-riding *Kineños* and commanded by his own ranch foreman, Captain James Richardson, the company was not large but it was well-mounted and it could fight. The day King needed it most, it was away on other business.

In the circumstances, armed resistance was risky anyway. He thought of his ranch people, his own

wife, his children, their grandfather, Hiram Chamberlain. Henrietta was seven months pregnant; a quick flight from the Santa Gertrudis, over rough and exposed roads with four little children, invited tragedy. On the other hand, his family and all his noncombatant ranch people stood a good chance of being left unmolested in the security of their home if he himself was away when the enemy came and the ranch offered no resistance to search. It seemed to be a chance he must take.

While the best horse he had was being saddled, Captain King sent for the faithful ranch hand Francisco Alvarado, the man who had built the first rough shacks at the cow camp a decade before.

"*Alal, van pacá, Francisco,*" the captain said, very quietly. "Francisco, you go and sleep at my house and take care of my family. I have to leave now and I don't know when I can return."

When the captain had spoken to his family, he came out of the house with his black hat pulled down shading his eyes, and he walked to where his horse stood saddled, with the guns.

"You take care of my family," the captain said. His black beard moved as he spoke. The two men who were to ride with him were mounted, waiting. The captain swung to the saddle and his people watched the horsemen ride out the gate. The road they took wound through shadow toward the darkening line where the winter sky met the earth in the south, toward the river.

Francisco Alvarado went into the house of the captain. *La Madama* told him secretly why the *dueño* had gone, and what might happen. She told him to be careful, and to let her know if he saw anything.

Nightfall came. *La Madama* herself placed a cot in the hall where Francisco Alvarado could rest while he watched. It was a long night.

In the silence of dim daybreak many hooves clattered. There were far yells, then the pop of a shot. Francisco Alvarado heard the wooden wall splinter and a bullet whine. Rifles opened fire with a cracking loud rattle. Francisco Alvarado jumped unarmed to the door and threw it open. He stepped into the ghost light on the covered porch in front of the open door and he shouted with the bull strength of his lungs. "Don't fire on this house! There is a family here —"

A ball smashed into him and he fell dead on the boards of the porch floor. Booted soldiers, their blue coats black in the dawnlight, scuffed across the porch with cocked guns, into the open door. At an officer's command, men lifted up and carried the body of Francisco Alvarado through the door, into the parlor, laid it in front of the fireplace, lit a lamp — and saw they had not killed the man they came for.

Pointing guns, troopers shoved past the white defiant face of the pregnant woman, past the stone-gray face of the old man standing ramrod straight

and silent at the woman's side. A child cried in another room. The wife and sons of Francisco Alvarado came to bend down over his body in the lamplight.

Every cranny of the house was searched. Probing sabers ran through the mattresses of beds. Alien hands did not spare the personal effects in the pregnant woman's room.

Unable to find their man, the troopers turned their search into a ribald plunder of the house where he lived. Men rode horses through all the downstairs. They smashed mirrors, china, and windows, and wrecked furniture. They grabbed clothes from trunks, coverings from beds, hauling out what they fancied and could carry.

Horses and mules were rounded up for a drive. All adult males caught on the ranch — four Anglo-Americans and many *Kineños* — were thrown into a prison pen. A lieutenant came to take Hiram Chamberlain.

"You don't want me." There was ice in the eyes of the Rebel from Vermont. "I am an old man of sixty-seven and a minister of the gospel."

"I will speak to the captain," the lieutenant said, backing down. He did not take Hiram Chamberlain.

The raiders held the ranch until Christmas Eve. They left in a sudden great hurry, without loading any captured cotton, when unidentified horsemen were reported in the vicinity. Before the raiders rode away, Hiram Chamberlain was summoned to the Yankee captain.

"You tell King that if one bale of cotton is carried away from here or burned, I will hold him responsible with his life," the leader blustered. "Colonel Davis is in camp at the Bóveda below here and some more troops will be paying you a visit soon. When they do, you are going to think all hell has broke loose —"

The brag was empty. Richardson's company or a part of it arrived at the ranch that night or next morning. Hiram Chamberlain wrote later, "Friends came to our aid."

Day dawned bitter cold to light a sorry Christmas at the Santa Gertrudis. Henrietta King was helped into a coach, with her father and her children. Not knowing where her captain might be or how he fared that day, knowing only the look of the fresh earth over the grave of Francisco Alvarado and the havoc in her house, she felt the wheels begin to move carrying her away. The coach with its outriders took the turn of the road north, away from the border, to the Nueces.

At the home of friends in the town of San Patricio beyond the Nueces, on the twenty-second day of February, 1864, Henrietta King gave birth to a healthy and strong baby boy. Remembering a scene, with the lamplit body of a brave servant stretched on the hearth of her violated house, remembering a soldier who pointed out the place

for the foundation stones of that house — perhaps remembering a letter, asking her so long ago if she could feel a soldier's blood circling in her own veins — Henrietta King from childbed flung her own defiance. She named the boy she held in her arms Robert E. Lee King.

As soon as she was able to travel, she went with her father and her five children in a coach over the long road to the safety of the city of San Antonio, to wait there while her captain fought his war and her war to the finish the Lord had in store.

Her captain was not idle. What it had cost him in spirit to ride from his ranch leaving the protection of his family to others, he never said. But that ride to the river marked an arrival of full maturity in the personality of Richard King. A formidable-ness, by which men ever after remembered him, at this time entered into the look of his eyes and changed the set of his massive 39-year-old shoulders. During the next eighteen months, while the Confederacy died slowly of its accumulating wounds, Rebel Agent King was a rough and tough rider in rough and tough times. The sun burned his face dark so that his pale eyes seemed paler. The black broad-brimmed slouch hat he wore turned gray with dust. The dirt of the roads in the wind coated his scuffed boots, rusted his sweaty clothes, ground into his worn spur leathers, gritted his lengthening black beard. Never averse to broaching a barrel or a bottle, he damped his Wild Horse Desert gullet with whiskey when he found it and the time. He kept the cotton trains rolling past Yankee patrols and brigands, fought thieves that stole his cattle and horses, delivered beef and supplies to Confederate troops, and served for a while as a private soldier, with blood in his eye, in Richardson's company of black-hatted Rebel centaurs.

During the last months of the Civil War, after the retaking of Brownsville by Confederate troops led by Colonel Rip Ford, Richard King was in a position to recoup any losses he may have suffered during the Union occupation of Brownsville, and to make a great deal of money besides. He did it buying and selling cotton, supplying Confederate troops, running wagon trains and steamboats. He rode a tide of good fortune during a tragedy of war. He rode it in plain view, unlike many of the border operators around him, and all men understood clearly he was a Rebel who trimmed no loyalty for any expediency's sake. He was as ready to take a risk as he was to take a reward. He took both. The Civil War did two things to Richard King. It gave him one of the most formidable characters on the frontier. And it brought him the big stake, in gold from Matamoros, which enabled him not merely to weather hard times of reconstruction after the war but to make the ranch on the Santa Gertrudis into the great enterprise it finally became.



As he looks ahead to the ever-increasing undergraduate enrollment, BEARDSLEY RUML asks whether the teaching load and the deteriorating economic position of liberal college professors are being dealt with as wisely as possible. Mr. Ruml has a long training in financial problems, having served for varying periods with the Carnegie Corporation; as Director of the eighty-million-dollar Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial; as Chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York City and of R. H. Macy Company. He was Professor of Education and Dean of the Social Science Division at the University of Chicago from 1931 to 1933.

PAY AND THE PROFESSOR

by BEARDSLEY RUML

1

THE forward-looking school, the progressive school, at whatever level or however deeply committed to professional and vocational training, is necessarily concerned with what happens to liberal education. The liberal studies are the foundation of the liberal community. They provide the dimension that gives meaning to all other understanding and know-how. They are the explicit liberalizing force, creative in all free men everywhere.

With us, the liberal studies have found a home in the liberal college. But this is by no means a necessary, nor has it been a unique, home. In other times, in other places, even with us, the liberal studies have flourished outside institutional ivy walls.

Even so, the liberal college is a central instrument in expounding the standards and substance of liberal education, and for that reason if for no other, the liberal college is worth attention for its own sake. In this spirit, my remarks here are limited to the situation in the four-year liberal college, independent of university affiliation or responsibility. Nor will I attempt to include the special circumstances of state, municipal, or parochial institutions of a collegiate character. Let us look simply at the traditional liberal college, since to me the liberal college is the mind, the heart, and the conscience of liberal thought in our country — as it has been and as it will continue to be.

My title, "Pay and the Professor," may be judged by many as being a bit vulgar to be used in association with so profound a subject matter as liberal education. But I have looked up the word "vulgar" in a very large dictionary, and I am convinced that my title, even if vulgar, is not inappropriate. All professors have income of some kind, and the common, vulgar form of income is

pay. It is just one of those facts of life, common though it be, that for years and years has not been getting the fullness of attention it deserves.

The facts about what has happened to pay and the professor over the past fifty years are now known with sufficient accuracy for those who formulate policy. A year or so ago the Fund for the Advancement of Education asked Sidney Tickton and me to put together such figures as might be readily available on this subject, and the report which we made to them was published as a bulletin of the Fund under the title "Teaching Salaries Then and Now."

Fifty years ago, a salary of \$3000 a year was good, but not uncommon. Allowing for changes in the cost of living and federal income taxes, and assuming that the professor has a wife and two dependents, in 1953 he would have had to have \$11,200 in order to have equivalent economic status with that of his professorial colleague at the turn of the century. The figures for 1956 would be about the same.

Fifty years ago a salary of \$4000 for a professor was uncommon but by no means nonexistent. Today's equivalent would be \$15,580.

A salary of \$5000 in those days generally went with some administrative responsibilities. Today we still have administrative responsibilities, and the salary would be \$20,345.

In 1904, probably the top professor's salary was paid at the University of Chicago, and there to only a few men. The rate was \$7000, and today's equivalent is \$31,250. In those happy, not too distant days, a first-class professor was considered economically as worthy as a first-class anybody else who was working for pay and not risking his own capital.

I do not attempt to appraise the injustice that

is revealed by these figures, although it must be large and wide. However, about one impression there can be no dispute: the economic position of the top personnel in the liberal college has been drastically downgraded in the past fifty years. Recruitment of new personnel, both in the quantity needed and of the quality which we would desire, is completely out of the question at present pay scales.

In my opinion, for the liberal college professor an average of \$15,000 is required under prevailing cost-of-living and tax circumstances, and top salaries of \$30,000 should be widely distributed among the liberal colleges of the United States. But these tops should be on a merit basis, with merit defined as talent and effort applied in the arts and skills of liberal reading, writing, and instruction.

2

AFTER the Fund's bulletin on teaching salaries came out, there was naturally a considerable amount of discussion as to why what had happened had happened. There is an element of bitter comedy in the hard-won statistical series of the Twentieth Century Fund, the National Planning Association, the Committee for Economic Development, and the Council of Economic Advisors. They show how wonderfully we have done economically, with production per man-hour soaring, the hours of work shrinking from decade to decade, the death rate falling, health rising; and their projections of past trends to the future date of 1976, the two-hundredth anniversary of the Republic, all point to an increase in productivity and a decrease in working hours. But there are no projections for pay and the professor in these economic series. Can it be that at or about 1976 both pay and the professor will have substantially disappeared, along with other antiquities not easily mechanized?

The question of why what had happened had happened seemed interesting and important. Once again the Fund for the Advancement of Education made it possible to collect a few facts, not to do a research by any means, but merely to take a look at the old and new catalogues of a dozen or so of our most characteristic liberal colleges. This helped me to gain and clarify a number of impressions. Unfortunately the data and statistics are not really comparable, and I have no doubt that a truly systematic research might reveal a number of errors of substance and of emphasis as well as bring out much that I have overlooked. For this reason I shall not name specific institutions, much as that would add to the interest of this discussion.

What can be said in general with reference to the dangerous economic situation of the liberal college as clearly revealed in the shocking levels of professorial pay? Has the failure been on the income side? Endowments and gifts have risen greatly,

perhaps not as much as the statistical indicators, but they have risen, particularly regular annual contributions from alumni.

During fifty years, tuition rates have gone way up, far beyond the statistical requirements, averaging increases of more than 600 per cent and going as high as 1000 per cent and 1700 per cent. The number of units required for graduation is virtually unchanged.

Enrollment is up, an average of perhaps 200 per cent, and of course it will go much higher. This increase in enrollment is sometimes given as a reason for a college's economic hardships, but a decrease in enrollment would have been much worse. It is surprising that with large increases in enrollment, very large increases in tuition rates, and substantial increases in endowment income and gifts, there should be any problem about pay and the professor.

When we look inside the college itself, the causes become apparent. Administrative expenses are up, but dollarwise they are not too important, particularly when it is understood that they are largely devoted to money raising and publicity efforts that generally produce a net gain, or for various types of student supervision which an earlier generation probably needed but did not get. In many colleges, a large part of this supervision, particularly for health and guidance, is paid for in student fees. Athletic deficits are frequently large, but are more or less unpredictable.

And so we come to the heart of the matter, the teaching program. The teaching program is incredibly inefficient, and has not made the progress that might have been expected over the past fifty years. The pay that the professor gets today is the direct consequence of what he earns, now as compared with then.

The number of courses offered has doubled and trebled, even though the units required for graduation remain the same. The number of courses offered per member of the faculty has dropped by a third, although in some institutions it is still close to where it was. The ratio of students to teachers is also down a third — it now stands at about ten to one, sometimes less.

Where does the responsibility lie and what can be done about it? The question is more easily asked than answered.

It would appear that if we are to have academic freedom and professorial tenure, the responsibility is with the faculty. But when we examine the realities of the situation, the faculty as we imagine it simply does not exist. True, there is a group of men paid the same day out of the same bank and walking in the same procession at commencement time. But from an operational point of view, we have only a series of departments interested in the size, offerings, and prerequisites of their particular department, meeting together for departmental protection.

Since the faculty does not exist, so neither does the curriculum exist. It is nothing more than a listing of departmental offerings from which a selection is made by the student to add up to the requirements for a degree. The occasional required course and the course requirements for concentration are a consensus of departmental interests. Departments offer their own introductory courses and frequently these are prevocational rather than liberal. This device is useful in forcing selection upon students, increasing departmental enrollments, and justifying the numbers on the department's teaching staff.

Well, if the liberal college has neither a faculty nor a curriculum, the responsibility must be placed on the administration. Theoretically, this might be true, but practically it is completely theoretical. The big job of the administration is public relations. Its job is to put out fires, not to start them. The faculty, departmentalized though it be, will form a defensive circle and moan to high heaven at any aggressive initiative by an administrative wolf. The administration wants the support of the alumni, and perhaps of a foundation or two. Such support is not easily come by, especially if there is a question as to the public morals of the student body or the vocal loyalty of the paid teaching staff.

So we come to the trustees. The trustees have powerful legal rights and, I suppose, the duties that go with them. Will the trustees act? Of course they will — they will back up the administration.

3

THE financial problem of the liberal college is therefore essentially one of internal disorganization. Bluntly, the liberal college is organizationally and financially bankrupt. It has been forced to raise its prices unconscionably, it cannot pay a going scale of wages, it looks to committees of friends to make up its deficits, it talks at times as if it could not supply its growing market.

What the liberal college seems to need is the functional equivalent of a committee in receivership that would be responsible for preserving the body corporate and its liberal purpose. It would necessarily have the power of decision, the authority to tell departments, administrative officers, and trustees where the road to solvency lies. Or else it should dispose of the real estate.

It is my opinion that an efficient receivership committee can be found in the personnel of every liberal college's board of trustees, administration, and faculty. But, if not, a couple of alumni could be brought in.

Frankly, because of the great demand coming along for admission, the basic situation of the private liberal college today is very strong indeed. But it requires administrative discipline — a discipline that is sensitive to the fundamental issues of

academic freedom and professorial tenure, but which at the same time can re-create a faculty with a common purpose, dedicated to re-establishing a curriculum whose central purpose is the advancement and diffusion of knowledge and understanding in the liberal arts.

Of course we will not call it a receivership committee. We will call it a Joint Committee on Educational Policy and Administration. And we will get a few thousand dollars from some foundation whether we need it or not, just to sanctify its work. This is strictly ethical since it does the foundation as much good as it does the liberal college, and it provides at once a responsible outside audience to which the reports of the committee, neatly typed and bound, can be addressed.

The joint committee in each particular college will find particular conditions of their own that require attention. But I venture a guess that three situations will be discussed by all.

First, the number of hours spent by a student in class or otherwise under faculty supervision is too large. The common practice is fifteen hours a week, more if laboratory work is taken, sometimes less in junior and senior years. I suspect that this tradition springs from the Carnegie Unit which was established to equate educational institutions for professorial pension rights. Whatever the history, the burden on the student is too great and the cost of instruction is wasteful. If an hour in class should require two hours of preparation, which seems to me not unreasonable, then a twelve-hour classroom schedule instead of a fifteen would require thirty-six hours a week devoted to the curriculum. This is about all that should be expected of the average adolescent boy or girl, who needs to eat, sleep, and make friends as well as spend many serious hours listening, talking, and writing on the formal subjects offered by the liberal college.

This reform, justified on purely educational grounds, would save some 20 per cent in faculty, which would help in a somewhat lesser amount in pay for the professor.

The second inefficiency that our joint committee will find is in the use of physical plant. A canvass should be made of just how many hours a year each instructional room is used, and a percentage figure should be computed against some definition of "full utilization." It will be found that afternoon, evening, and Saturday use is very light, and that in many if not most of our liberal colleges summer use is for all practical purposes nonexistent. Full summer use may mean a change from a two-semester to a four-term basis of curriculum organization. Full Saturday use might mean the end of intercollegiate athletics, but it need not interfere with intramural sports.

Here the increase in capacity would be substantial and the increase in dormitory rentals from increased use in many cases would finance the

modern lecture hall facilities which so many colleges lack. The yearly professorial schedules of nine months' teaching should not be increased, but within administrative possibilities option should be given as to whether the professor's time off campus would be taken in fall, winter, spring, or summer.

Finally our joint committee will take a detailed look at the proliferation of course offerings, the frivolous causes for many of them, and the shrinking ratio of students to the teaching staff. It will also observe whether tenure and title are being given instead of pay.

It seems to me reasonable that the ratio of students to teachers should be twenty to one. It also seems reasonable that the tuition paid by the students should go into pay for the professor. Such a rule would provide incentive for efficient instruction and would put trustees, officers, and alumni in the tenable position of offering to the faculty and students freely the instruments of instruction. At the present time in some liberal colleges, not one penny of endowment income or alumni gifts, except where specifically designated, goes into faculty salaries. Perhaps this is as it should be, but I do feel that the tuition paid by the students should go to their teachers in full.

This twenty-to-one rule, and 100 per cent application of tuition to teaching staff, means that the tuition rate could be multiplied by twenty to give the average teaching salary for any particular college. In general, this would turn out to be about right as an average and would make possible maxima that would be reasonable as compared with other professions.

The twenty-to-one rule, a ratio of one teacher to twenty students, is not taken seriously at the present time and when discussed is bitterly attacked. Most of the opposition comes as a result of misunderstanding, of a naïve acceptance that a ratio of ten to one makes a better college than a ratio of twenty to one. It is thought that the suggestion depends on an increase in the size of every class. But the increase in ratio could come from restoring the formal lecture to its traditional place as a method of teaching. And very little lecturing will be required. A college with a faculty of two hundred will need only eight lecturers to bring the discussion and seminar groups to a maximum of fifteen students or fewer. The really wasteful

teaching is done in the classes that have between twenty and sixty members.

I have heard it said that a twenty-to-one ratio does violence to the romantic ideal that the best liberal education would be Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other. But if Mark Hopkins had lectured three times a week, which he certainly would have been able and probably willing to do, and if in addition he would have been willing to sit on that log a couple of times a day, he would not only have been grossing his own salary, but he also would have been contributing to the pay of his as yet not so talented juniors.

There is nothing arithmetically or educationally incorrect in an over-all ratio of students to teachers of twenty to one in the liberal college. But it cannot be done under prevailing conditions of departmental organization.

There is one important good development, and that is the inevitable rise in demand for admission. If the joint committee will see to it that this demand is met by curriculum reorganization and without increase in faculty numbers, the problem of pay and the professor will have been largely solved.

Does this mean that the contributions of alumni, friends, corporations, and foundations will no longer be of help and a public good? Not at all. But these contributions will strengthen living institutions with their own intrinsic vitality and will no longer go to the support of the remains of an eroding educational tradition.

The community, national, state, or local, public or private — the community in a free society — has two kinds of interest in the education of its young people in the liberal studies. The first interest is to make sure that a large, a very large, proportion of each oncoming generation knows what freedom for the individual really is, that freedom is valued, that it will be respected, that it will be defended. The second interest is to give an opportunity for some thousands, or even hundreds, in each generation to be creative with respect to human freedom. We have not yet, nor shall we ever, come to the end of the road in our insights and in our institutions widening the frontiers of human freedom. The talent that can take us further along the way must have the education and the opportunity to give to the community the leadership in freedom for which a free society is in being.



THE VOYAGE

by P. TREMAYNE

OH, AND I set my course of air
to seek the lost Hesperides:
star-gold,
burning cold,
ringed round with bitter seas;
and knew that I should find them there,
the hallowed woods, the voiceless bays,
the cool hills where the centaurs graze,
the gold and guarded apple trees.

Many and fair an island shore
my compass luck has raised for me,
star-grained,
summer-stained,
wreathed with the restless sea.
And I have sworn to search no more;
and loosed my limbs along the shade,
and let the spirit go, and played
on every air its melody.

Stinging and sweet the sea-wind blows:
another shore is white for me.
Star-clean,
silver-green,
soft breakers idle free
through fabled archipelagoes;
and the unfailing season spills
upon the salt and singing hills
its scarlet flowered anemone.

Light are these alien airs and kind,
the balm to all adversities.
Heart-calmed,
dolphin-charmed;
who would not long for these?
Yet Ithaca lies still to find;
and brave and brittle as a dream
along the faint horizon gleam
bright wrecks of all my Odysseys.

Time and away I first set sail,
and still the foam breaks over me.
Sun-worn,
weather-torn,
slight shield my craft shall be.
Yet she and I, we shall not fail
to find at length, beyond the seas,
the lost, the true Hesperides,
and learn the last reality.



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



After ten years of writing and rejection, HARRY MARK PETRAKIS hit our target right in the center with this pungent story. Mr. Petrakis is thirty-three years old, married, and has two young sons. "When you are in your early twenties," he wrote, "publication seems a story away. It is only later that you learn the obligations of talent. You learn that no one can really do for you that which has to be done. You learn what it means to try to balance the wanting to write within the normal patterns of life and family. From arrogance you come full circle to humility when for days and weeks and even months there appears to be no sane reason for continuing."

PERICLES ON 34th STREET

by HARRY MARK PETRAKIS

LOUIE DEBELLA's bar was located on the corner of 34th Street and Dart Avenue, the last store in a group of five stores owned by Leonard Barsevick, who besides being a landlord operated the Lark Wholesale Clothing Company across the street.

My name is George. My last name is not important. I'm Louie Debella's night bartender and I count myself a good bartender. I might mention a few of the quality places I have tended bar, but that has nothing to do with this story.

If I have learned anything from fifteen years of tending bar it is that a bartender cannot take sides with anything that goes on across the bar. He has got to be strictly nonpartisan. A cousin of mine in South Bend, also in the business, once tried to mediate an argument about Calvin Coolidge. Somebody hit him in the back of the head with a bottle of beer that was not yet empty, and besides needing stitches he got wet. Now when I am on the job I never take sides. That is, I never did until the episode of Pericles.

As I understand it this fellow Pericles was a Greek general and statesman who lived back in those Greek golden years you read about in the school history books. From all reports he was a pretty complete sort of guy who laid down a set of rules and was tough on everybody who did not read them right.

If you are wondering what a Greek who lived a couple of thousand years ago has got to do with this story, I guess it all started because the storekeepers in our row of stores gathered in the bar in the eve-

ning after they locked their doors for a glass of beer.

The first man in was usually Dan Ryan, who had the butcher shop. Ryan was a heavy beer man and needed the head start on the others. A little later Olaf Johnson, who ran the Sunlight lunchroom, came in with Sol Reidman the tailor. Olaf had a huge belly that was impossible to keep under a coat. Sol liked nothing better than to tease Olaf about when the triplets were expected.

The last man in was Bernard Kloris, who had a little grocery next to Sol's tailor shop. Bernard usually got lost in the arguments, and swung back and forth like a kitchen door in a restaurant. He had a sad thin face and was not so bright, but among our patrons you could hardly tell.

Last Tuesday night after I had served Ryan his fourth beer, Olaf and Sol and Bernard came in together, with Olaf and Sol arguing as usual.

"She told me she was a Republican," Olaf said. "They want some lunk for Congress. I told her to come by you and get her petition signed."

Sol wagged his bald head indignantly. "Who gave you leave to advertise my business?" he said. "A man's politics is a sacred trust that belongs to him alone."

"She only had a petition, not a gun," Olaf said. "I knew you was a Republican so I sent her."

"How can anyone," Ryan said from the bar, "be in his right mind and still be a Republican?"

Sol waved a warning finger. "Be careful," he said. "You are stepping on the Constitution when you ridicule a man's politics."

"I read about the Constitution," Bernard said.

They lined up at the bar. I poured them beer. All they ever drank was beer.

The door opened and Nick Simonakis came in. He was the vendor who took his stand at night on the corner of 34th and Dart. He had a glassed-in wagon that he pushed into place under the street lamp, and from the wagon he sold hot dogs and tamales and peanuts. Several times during the evening he locked up the wagon and came into the bar for a glass of wine. He would sit alone at a table to the side of the room, his dark eyes in his hollow-cheeked face glaring at the room from above the white handle-bar mustache. Every now and then he would sip his wine and shake his head, making his thick white hair hang more disordered over his forehead.

Other men might have thought he was a little crazy because sometimes he sat there alone talking to himself, but like I said, I do not take sides. At other times he gave up muttering and loudly berated the drinkers of beer. "Only Turks would drink beer," he said, "when they could drink wine. One for the belly and the other for wisdom." He would sip his wine slowly, mocking their guzzling of beer, and the storekeepers would try to ignore him.

"The sun-ripened grapes," Simonakis said, "hanging until they become sweet. Then the trampling by the young maidens to extract the lovely juices. A ceremony of the earth."

"Beer don't just grow in barrels," Olaf said. "Good beer takes a lot of making."

The old man laughed softly as if he was amused. "You are a Turk," he said. "I excuse you because you think and talk like a Turk."

"Say, old man," Sol said. "Someone wants a bag of peanuts. You are losing business."

Simonakis looked at Sol with bright piercing eyes. "I will lose business," he said. "I am drinking my wine."

"He must be rich," Ryan said, "and pushing business away. I wish I had gone into peddling peanuts myself."

"It is not a case of wealth," Simonakis said. "There is a time for labor and a time for leisure. A man must have time to sit and think. This made Greece great."

"Made who what?" Olaf asked with sarcasm.

The old man swept him with contempt. "In ancient Greece," he said coldly, "an elephant like you would have been packed on a mountaintop as bait for buzzards."

"Watch the language," Olaf said. "I don't have to take that stuff from an old goat like you."

"A land of ruined temples," Sol said, and he moved from the bar and carried his beer to a near-by table. "A land of philosophers without shoes."

"A land of men!" Simonakis spit out. "We gave the world learning and courage. We taught men how to live and how to die."

Ryan and Bernard and Olaf had followed Sol to the table, drawing their chairs.

"Would you mind, old man," Ryan said as he sat down, "leaving a little bit of credit to the Irish?"

"I give them credit," Simonakis said, "for inventing the wheelbarrow, and giving the world men to push it."

"Did you hear that!" Ryan said indignantly and looked fiercely at the old man.

The old man went on as if he had not heard. "A model of courage for the world," he said. "Leonidas with three hundred men holding the pass at Thermopylae against the Persian hordes. Themistocles destroying the great fleet of Xerxes at Salamis."

"That's history," Olaf said. "What have they done lately?"

Simonakis ignored him. He motioned to me and I took him the bottle of port. He raised the full glass and held it up and spoke in Greek to the wine as if performing some kind of ceremony. The men watched him and somebody laughed. Simonakis glared at them. "Laugh, barbarians," he said. "Laugh and forget your debt to Greece. Forget the golden age and the men like lions. Hide in your smoking cities and drown in your stinking beer."

"What a goat," Olaf said.

Sol shook his head sadly. "It is a pity to see a man ruined by drink," he said. "That wine he waves has soaked his head."

"Wheelbarrow indeed," Ryan said, and he glared back at the old man.

2

AT THAT moment the front door opened and Leonard Barsevick, the landlord, walked in. He carried an air of elegance into the bar. Maybe because of his Homburg and the black chesterfield coat he wore.

The storekeepers greeted him in a respectful chorus. He waved his hand around like a politician at a beer rally and smiled broadly. "Evening, boys," he said. "Only got a minute but I couldn't pass by without stopping to buy a few of my tenants a beer. George, set up the drinks and mark it on my tab."

"Thank you, Mr. Barsevick," Olaf said. "You sure look like a million bucks tonight."

Barsevick laughed and looked pleased. "Got to keep up a front, Olaf," he said. "If a man in my position gets a spot on his suit he might as well give up."

"That's right, Mr. Barsevick," Ryan said. "A man in your position has got to keep up with the best and you sure do."

"Say, Mr. Barsevick," Bernard said. "You know the leak in the roof at my store I spoke to you about last month. It hasn't been fixed yet and that rain the other night . . ."

"Wait a minute, Bernie," Barsevick laughed.

"Not tonight. If I promised to fix it, I'm going to have it fixed. Leonard Barsevick is a man of his word. Ain't that right, boys?"

They all nodded and Olaf said, "Yes, sir," emphatically.

"But not tonight," Barsevick said. "Tonight I'm out for a little relaxation with a baby doll that looks like Marilyn Monroe." He made a suggestive noise with his mouth.

"You're sure a lucky man, Mr. Barsevick," Olaf said admiringly.

"Not luck at all, Olaf," Barsevick said, and his voice took on a tone of serious confidence. "It's perseverance and the ability to get along with people. I always say if I didn't know how to get along with people I wouldn't be where I am today."

"That's sure right, Mr. Barsevick," Ryan said. The others nodded agreement.

"Fine," Barsevick beamed. "All right, boys, drink up, and pass your best wishes to Leonard Barsevick for a successful evening." He winked broadly.

The storekeepers laughed and raised their glasses. Everybody toasted Barsevick but Simonakis. He sat scowling at the landlord from beneath his shaggy brows. Barsevick noticed him.

"You didn't give this gentleman a drink, George," he said. "What are you drinking, sir?"

"He ain't no gentleman," Olaf said. "He is a peanut peddler."

"An authority on wheelbarrows," Ryan said.

Simonakis cocked a thumb at Barsevick. "Hurry, landlord," he said, "your Monroe is waiting."

Barsevick gave him a cool glance, but the old man just looked bored. Finally the landlord gave up and turned away pulling on his suede gloves. He strode to the door cutting a fancy figure and waved grandly. "Good night, boys," he said.

The boys wished him good night. Simonakis belched.

3

ON THE following Thursday the notices came from Barsevick's bookkeeper announcing a fifteen per cent rent increase all along the block. All the storekeepers got a notice of the raise becoming effective with the expiration of their leases about a month away. Louie was so disturbed he called me down in the middle of the afternoon and took off early.

That night the storekeepers were a sad bunch. They sat around the table over their beer, looking like their visas had expired.

"I don't understand it," Ryan said. "Mr. Barsevick knows that business has not been good. Fifteen per cent at this time makes for an awful load."

"With license fees and the rest," Olaf said, "a lunchroom ain't hardly worth while. I was not making nothing before. With this increase it ain't going to get no better."

"Two hands to sew pants will not be enough,"

Sol said. "I must sew with four hands, all my own."

Bernard looked distressed from one to the other. "Mr. Barsevick must have a good reason," he said.

"He's got expenses," Olaf said.

"He should have mine," Ryan said. "Beef is up six cents a pound again."

Simonakis came into the bar pulling off his gloves. He ignored the men as he walked by them to his table against the wall and signaled to me for his bottle of wine.

"I am going to buy a wagon," Olaf said loudly, "and sell peanuts and hot dogs on the street."

"You must first," Simonakis said, "have the wisdom to tell them apart."

Olaf flushed and started to get up. Sol shook him down. "No time for games with crazy men tonight," Sol said. "This matter is serious. We must organize a delegation to speak to Mr. Barsevick. It must be explained that this increase imposes a terrible burden on us at this time. Perhaps a little later."

"Shoot him," Simonakis said. He waved the glass I had just filled with dark wine.

"You mind your own business, peddler," Ryan said. "Nobody is talking to you."

"A Greek would shoot him," Simonakis said. "But you are toads."

"I get my rent raised," Olaf said, "and now I got to sit here and be insulted by a peanut peddler."

The front door opened and the room went quiet. Barsevick closed the door softly behind him and walked over to the storekeepers' table and pulled up a chair and sat down like a sympathetic friend coming to share their grief.

I guess they were all as surprised as I was and for a long moment no one spoke and Barsevick looked solemnly from one to the other. "I hope you do not mind my butting in, boys," he said and he motioned to me. "George, bring the boys a round on me."

"Mr. Barsevick," Ryan said, "the boys and me were just discussing . . ."

Barsevick raised his hand gravely. "I know, Danny," he said. "I know what you are going to say. I want to go on record first as saying there is nobody any sorrier than Leonard Barsevick about this. That is why I am here. My bookkeeper said I did not have to come over tonight and talk to you. I told him I would not stand for that, that you boys were not just tenants, you were friends of mine."

"It is a lot of money, Mr. Barsevick," Olaf said. "I mean if we were making more, things might be different."

"I know that, Olaf," Barsevick said. "Believe me, if there was any other way I would jump at the chance. I said to Jack, my bookkeeper, 'Isn't there any other way?' I swear to you boys he said, 'Mr. Barsevick, if that rent is not increased it will be charity.'" I brought the tray of fresh beer and set the glasses around the table. "Not that I mind a little help to my friends," Barsevick said, "but it is

not good business. I would be shamed before my competitors. 'There's Barsevick,' they would laugh, 'too soft to raise his tenants' rent.' They would put the screws on me and in no time at all I might be out of business."

Everybody was silent for a moment, probably examining the prospect of Leonard Barsevick put out of business because of his soft heart.

"We know you got expenses," Ryan said.

Barsevick shook his head mournfully. "You got no idea," he said. "I mean you boys got no idea. I am afraid sometimes for the whole economy. Costs cannot keep rising and still keep the country sound. Everything is going up. Believe me, boys, being a landlord and a businessman is hell."

"Shoot him," Simonakis said loudly.

Barsevick stopped talking and looked across the tables at the old man.

"He is a crazy man," Sol said. "That wine he drinks makes him talk to himself."

Barsevick turned back to the men but he was disturbed. He looked over at the old man once more like he was trying to understand and then started to get up. "I got to go now, boys," he said. "I'm working late tonight with my bookkeeper. If we see any other way to cut costs I will be glad to reconsider the matter of the increase. That is my promise to you boys as friends."

"We sure appreciate you stopping by, Mr. Barsevick," Ryan said. "We know there is many a landlord would not have bothered."

Barsevick shook his head vigorously. "Not Leonard Barsevick," he said. "Not even his worst enemy will say that Barsevick does not cut a straight corner when it comes to his friends."

"We know that, Mr. Barsevick," Olaf said.

"We sure do," Bernard said.

"Shoot him," Simonakis said. "Shoot him before he gets away."

4

BARSEVICK whirled around and stared in some kind of shock at the old man. I guess he was trying very fast to figure out if the old man was serious.

"Don't pay him no mind, Mr. Barsevick," Olaf said. "He has been out in the rain too long."

"You are a demagogue," Simonakis spoke loudly to the landlord. "You wave your greedy fingers and tell them you are a friend. Aaaaaaaa!" The old man smiled craftily. "I know your kind. In Athens they would tie you under a bull."

Barsevick stood there like rocks were being bounced off his head, his face turning a bright shade of red.

Sol motioned angrily at the old man. "Somebody wants a hot dog," he said. "You are losing business."

Simonakis looked at Sol for a moment with his mustache bristling, then looked at the others. "I

have lost business," he said slowly. "You have lost courage."

A sound of hissing came from Barsevick, his red cheeks shaking off heat like a capped kettle trying to let off steam. "You goddam pig," he said huskily. "You unwashed old bum. You damn peddler of peanuts."

The old man would not give an inch. "You are a hypocrite," he said. "A hypocrite and a libertine. You live on the sweat of better men."

Barsevick's jaw was working furiously like he was trying to chew up the right words.

"Let me tell you," Simonakis said, and his voice took on a more moderate tone as if he were pleased to be able to pass information on to the landlord, "let me tell you how the hypocrite goes in the end. One day the people wake up. They know he is a liar and a thief. They pick up stones. They aim for his head." He pointed a big long finger at Barsevick and made a rattling sound rise from his throat. "What a mess a big head like yours would make."

Barsevick gasped and whirled to the men at the table. "He's threatening me," he shouted. "Did you hear him? Throw the old bastard out."

No one moved. I kept wiping glasses. A good bartender learns to keep working.

"Did you hear me!" Barsevick yelled. "Somebody throw him out."

"He is a crazy old man," Sol said. "He talks without meaning."

"Shut up!" Barsevick said. "You stick with him because you are no damn good either."

"I do not stick with him," Sol said, and he drew himself up hurt. "I am trying to be fair."

Barsevick turned to me. "George, throw him out."

I kept wiping the glasses. "I am underpaid, Mr. Barsevick," I said. "My salary barely covers my work. Any extra service would be charity."

The old man took after him again. "Who likes you, landlord?" he said. "Be honest and speak truth before your tenants. Who likes you?"

"You shut up!" Barsevick shouted.

"I mean really likes you," Simonakis said. "I do not mean the poor girls you buy with your tainted money."

"I'll shut the old bastard up!" Barsevick hollered and started for the table against the wall.

Simonakis stood up and Barsevick stopped. The old man looked tall and menacing with his big hands and bright eyes and his white mustache standing out like a joyous challenge to battle. "You cannot shut up truth," Simonakis said. "And the truth is that you are a leech feeding on the labor of better men. You wish to become richer by making them poorer."

Barsevick stood there a couple of tables away from the old man with his back bent a little waiting for a word to be raised in his defense. No one spoke and the old man stared at him with eyes like knives.

"You old bastard . . ." Barsevick said weakly.

Ryan made a sound clearing his throat. He wore a stern and studied look on his face. "Fifteen per cent is a steep raise," he said. "Right at this time when it is tough to make ends meet."

Barsevick whirled on him. "You keep out of this," he said. "You just mind your own business."

"I would say," Ryan said slowly, "fifteen per cent more rent to pay each month is my business."

"I'll make it twenty-five per cent," Barsevick shouted. "If you don't like it you can get out!"

"I have a lease," Ryan said quietly. He was looking at the landlord like he was seeing him for the first time.

"I will break it," Barsevick said. He looked angrily around at the other storekeepers. "I will break all your leases."

"I did not say nothing!" Bernard protested.

"The way of tyrants and thieves," Simonakis said. "All who oppose them suffer." He raised his head and fixed his eyes upon the ceiling. "O Pericles, lend us a stick so we may drive the tyrant from the market place."

"Stop calling me a tyrant," Barsevick fumed.

Simonakis still had his head raised praying to that guy Pericles.

"I'm going to put every one of you into the street," Barsevick said. "I'm going to teach you all not to be so damn smart."

Sol shook his head with measured contempt for the landlord on his face. "You will not put us out," he said. "First, you are too greedy for the rent. Second, you would not rent those leaking barns again without major repairs, and third . . ." He paused. "Third, I do not admire your personality."

"Amen," Bernard said. "My roof keeps leaking."

"O Pericles!" Simonakis suddenly cried out and everybody looked at him. "They are barbarians and not of Athens but they are honest men and need your help. Give them strength to destroy the common enemy. Lend them your courage to sweep out the tyrant."

"You are all crazy," Barsevick said and he looked driven and disordered. His tie was outside his coat and the Homburg perched lopsided over one ear.

"You are a tiger," Sol said. "Tell me what circus you live in and I will rent a cage to take you home."

"Do not be insulting," Ryan said to Sol. "You will hurt the landlord's feelings. He cannot help he has got a head like a loin of pork."

"You ignorant bastards!" Barsevick shouted.

Ryan got up and came over to the bar. He stepped behind and pulled out the little sawed-off bat Louie kept under the counter. He winked at me. "I am just borrowing it," he said. "I want to put a new crease in the landlord's hat."

Simonakis came back from calling on Pericles. "Do not strike him," he said. "Stone him. Stone him as they stoned tyrants in Athens." He looked

at the floor and around the room as if excitedly searching for stones.

Barsevick in full retreat began to edge toward the door. He opened his mouth to try and speak some final word of defiance but one look at the bat in Ryan's hands must have choked off his wind.

"Tyrant!" Simonakis shouted.

"Vulture," Olaf said. "Stop and eat on me, and I'll grind some glass for your salad."

"Greedy pig," Ryan said, and he waved the bat. "You try and collect that rent and we all move out."

"Judas," Sol said. "Come to me only to sew your shroud."

"Fix my leaking roof," Bernard said.

With one last helpless wail, Barsevick stumbled out through the door.

For a long moment after the door closed nobody moved. Then Ryan handed me back the bat. I put it under the counter. Olaf started to the bar with his glass. Bernard came after him. Soon all were lined up at the bar. All except Simonakis, who had gone back to sit down at his table staring moodily into his glass of wine.

Ryan turned his back to the bar and looked across the tables at Simonakis. He looked at him for a long time and no one spoke. The old man kept staring at his wine. Ryan looked back helplessly at Olaf and Sol and they watched him struggling. Bernard looked dazed. I held a wet towel in my hands and forgot to wipe the bar. When Ryan finally turned back to Simonakis, you could see he had made up his mind. He spoke slowly and carefully.

"Mr. Simonakis," he said.

The old man raised his head scowling.

"Mr. Simonakis," Ryan said. "Will you be kind enough to join my friends and me in a drink?"

The old man stopped scowling. He nodded gravely and stood up tall and straight, his mustache curved in dignity, and came to the bar. Ryan moved aside to make a place for him.

I began to pour the beer.

"No, George," Ryan said. "We will have wine this trip."

"Yes, sir," I said.

I took down the bottle of port and filled a row of small glasses.

Ryan raised his glass and looked belligerently at the others. "To the glory of Greece," he said.

The rest of them raised their glasses.

"To Athens," Sol said.

"To Mr. Simonakis," Olaf said.

"Ditto," Bernard said.

I took down another wineglass. I poured myself some wine. They all looked at me. I did not care I was abandoning a professional tradition of neutrality.

"To Pericles," I said.

Simonakis stroked his mustache and sipped at his wine. The rest of us sipped right with him.



An Irish novelist born in 1882, JAMES JOYCE had a greater influence upon twentieth-century literature than any other novelist of our time. He spent his boyhood in Dublin, was educated in Jesuit schools and colleges, and at the age of twenty broke away from family and church to live and write as a free lance on the Continent. The heartbreaking difficulties which he encountered in writing his magnum opus are revealed in what follows. This is the second of two installments which the Atlantic is privileged to draw from Letters of James Joyce, edited by Stuart Gilbert, to be published by the Viking Press.

THE WRITING OF ULYSSES

Letters of James Joyce

Edited by STUART GILBERT

BY 1917, after incredible frustrations, James Joyce had published his first two books: *Dubliners* and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. He was now at work on *Ulysses*, but trouble with his eyes, which had necessitated several operations, had seriously depressed him. In October he went to Locarno to convalesce in the milder climate.

Throughout the period covered by these letters, Mrs. Harold McCormick, daughter of John D. Rockefeller, gave Joyce a thousand Swiss francs monthly, and this, together with the money sent anonymously by Harriet Weaver, provided a comfortable income for Joyce and his family.

In March 1918, the *Little Review* in New York began to publish *Ulysses* in serial form.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER
18 May 1918

Zurich

Dear Miss Weaver: Many thanks for your letter. As regards the scheme of printing my novel *Ulysses* at a private press and inserting it as a supplement I shall be glad if it is carried out. I had a card from Mr. Courtney saying that if a copy of my novel be sent to him c/o *Daily Telegraph* he will get it noticed but, he adds, the literary page of that paper is much reduced. I am sorry you do not find it possible to accept Messrs. Crès' offer and have your paper printed in Paris. I fear you have lost a great deal of money on my wretched book and so I propose to cede to you, in reversion from Mr. Richards, the book rights and to consider the sums already advanced by you for serial rights as an advance of royalties to be written off, if you agree, in two or three deductions from sums eventually due to me by half yearly accounts of sales. There is little likelihood that Mr. Richards will publish the book.

I thank you for having transmitted to me the kind proposal of my New York publisher. Will you please write to him and say that I could not, for many reasons, undertake to deliver the entire typescript of *Ulysses* during the coming autumn. If the *Little Review* continues to publish it regularly he may publish as a cheap paperbound book the *Telemachia*, that is, the three first episodes — under the title, *Ulysses I*. I suggest this in case his idea be to keep the few persons who read what I write from forgetting that I still exist. The second part, the *Odyssey*, contains eleven episodes. The third part, *Nostos*, contains three episodes. In all seventeen episodes of which, including that which is now being typed and will be sent in a day or two, *Hades*, I have delivered six. It is impossible to say how much of the book is really written. Several other episodes have been drafted for the second time but that means nothing because although the third episode of the *Telemachia* has been a long time in the second draft I spent about 200 hours over it before I wrote it out finally. I fear I have little imagination. This subject I am sure must be rather tiresome to you. However, if all goes well the book should be finished by the summer of 1919. If it be set up before it could then be published at once. It is not quite clear to me from Mr. Pound's last letter whether he is transmitting my typescript to New York or not. However I am sending the next episode also through him. . . .

I think I ought to say in conclusion that if you wish to print any other book as a serial story in the place of *Ulysses* I beg you not to consider any imaginary claims of mine. I made the proposal in this letter partly to allow you to proceed as you may think fit. . . .

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

29 July 1918

Zurich

Dear Miss Weaver: After nine weeks' illness I am at last able to read and write again. I am sorry that the other episodes of *Ulysses* have been delayed. A few days [ago] I sent the sixth episode 'Hades' to Mr. Pound with a copy for you and very soon I shall send the seventh 'Eolus.' I received also *The Voyage Out* by Mrs. Woolf and shall now begin to read it. I beg you to convey my thanks to her for the interest she has taken in the printing of my book. If you are in correspondence with my American publisher I shall feel obliged if you will please tell him that I agree to his publishing *Chamber Music*, in spite of the Boston edition, with a note to say that I authorise the edition. . . . I wish him to know that the fourth episode of *Ulysses* as published in the June issue of the *Little Review* is not my full text and that the excised paragraphs must be reinstated and the altered words restored in any proof he may set up. . . .

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

20 July 1919

Zurich

Dear Miss Weaver: . . . You write that the last episode sent [the *Sirens*] seems to you to show a weakening or diffusion of some sort. Since the receipt of your letter I have read this chapter again several times. It took me five months to write it and always when I have finished an episode my mind lapses into a state of blank apathy out of which it seems that neither I nor the wretched book will ever more emerge. Mr. Pound wrote to me rather hastily in disapproval but I think that his disapproval is based on grounds which are not legitimate and is due chiefly to the varied interests of his admirable and energetic artistic life. Mr. Brock also wrote to me begging me to explain to him the method (or methods) of the madness but these methods are so manifold, varying as they do from one hour of the day to another; from one organ of the body to another, from episode to episode, that, much as I appreciate his critical patience I could not attempt to reply. . . . If the *Sirens* have been found so unsatisfactory I have little hope that the *Cyclops* or later the *Circe* episode will be approved of; and, moreover, it is impossible for me to write these episodes quickly. The elements needed will only fuse after a prolonged existence together. I confess that it is an extremely tiresome book but it is the only book which I am able to write at present. . . .

An interesting feature of Ulysses is the way in which, episode by episode, the style changes in harmony with the theme; one might almost say that the eighteen episodes give the impression of having been written by eighteen different people. Though the handling of verbal rhythms and patterns is fundamentally

Joycean throughout and in any case the recurrence of certain leitmotifs gives the text a certain, perhaps slightly artificial, unity, there is no question that as a stylist Joyce was capable of chameleonlike changes and one would be hard put to it to decide which style was "naturally" Joyce's. We find much the same thing in his letters; the writer's skill in adjusting their tone, not merely their content, to the personality of his correspondents is quite remarkable. Of course we all of us vary the style of our letters according to the person to whom we are writing. But many of Joyce's letters are masterpieces of epistolary psychology; he was never at a loss for "the right thing to say" and the just nuance to impart to it. The cheerful, colloquial letters to his friend Frank Budgen and the informative, whimsical, slightly deferent letters to Miss Weaver make an entertaining contrast.

1920

TO FRANK BUDGEN

3 January 1920

Trieste

Dear Budgen: I hope you are alive, well and sold something in Basel. Your pictures came all right and are up. Machine arrived broken, books safe, total cost about 600 francs. The situation here highly unpleasant. No flat or sign of one. I have refused lessons up to the present but have been appointed to the school again — it is now a commercial university — one hour a day. For six weeks after my arrival I neither read nor wrote nor spoke, but as it cannot go on so I started *Nausikaa* and I have written less than half. Perhaps I can finish it for Feb. 2nd. . . . We now cook for ourselves in this household. Till yesterday I was paying 35 lire a day to my brother-in-law. Now I pay him half rent gas coal and we pig for ourselves. Golly! Apart from this is the damnable boredom. Not a soul to talk to about Bloom. Lent two chapters to one or two people but they know as much about it as the parliamentary side of my arse. My brother [knows] something but he thinks it a joke, besides he was four years in internment, has a devil of a lot to do and likes a gay elegant life in his own set. . . . Perhaps next month? *Nausikaa* will be finished, I hope. To abandon the book now would be madness. . . . *Nausikaa* is written in a namby-pamby jammy marmalady drawersy (alto là!) style with effects of incense, mariolatry, masturbation, stewed cockles, painter's palette, chit chat, circumlocution, etc., etc. Not so long as the others.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

6 January 1920

Trieste

Dear Miss Weaver: . . . I have not yet found a flat and have not as much quiet and freedom as I should like. I am working at the *Nausikaa* episode. It is very consoling to me that you consider me a writer because every time I sit down with a pen in my hand I have to persuade myself (and others)

of the fact. However, I hope to finish this episode during January. . . .

I renew my good wishes to you for 1920 and hope to complete my book during the year.

Carlo Linati was the translator of the Italian version of Joyce's play, Exiles.

TO CARLO LINATI

6 September 1920

[In Italian]

Paris

Dear Mr. Linati: . . . I am working like a galley-slave, an ass, a brute. I cannot even sleep. The episode of *Circe* has changed me too into an animal. Luckily the hero had not more than twelve adventures. . . .

TO CARLO LINATI

21 September 1920

[In Italian]

Paris

Dear Mr. Linati: Concerning Mr. Dessy's suggestion I think that in view of the enormous bulk and the more than enormous complexity of my three times blasted novel it would be better to send you a sort of summary — key — skeleton — scheme (for your personal use only). Perhaps my idea will appear clearer to you when you have the text. Otherwise, write to Rodker and ask him to let you have the other copies. I have given only catchwords in my scheme but I think you will understand it all the same. It is an epic of two races (Israelite — Irish) and at the same time the cycle of the human body as well as a little story of a day (life). The character of Ulysses always fascinated me — even when a boy. Imagine, fifteen years ago I started writing it as a short story for *Dubliners*! For seven years I have been working at this book — blast it! It is also a sort of encyclopaedia. My intention is to transpose the myth *sub specie temporis nostri*. Each adventure (that is, every hour, every organ, every art being interconnected and interrelated in the structural scheme of the whole) should not only condition but even create its own technique. Each adventure is so to say one person although it is composed of persons — as Aquinas relates of the angelic hosts. No English printer wanted to print a word of it. In America the review was suppressed four times. Now, as I hear, a great movement is being prepared against the publication, initiated by Puritans, English Imperialists, Irish Republicans, Catholics — what an alliance! Gosh, I ought to be given the Nobel prize for peace! . . .

TO FRANK BUDGEN

10 December 1920

Paris

Dear Budgen: An eye attack was hanging on and off for a fortnight owing to cold and damp of the hotel so we took this flat for six months. It has about 100 electric lamps and gas stoves but how I am going to pay for it damn me if I know. I am

looking for lessons. Anyhow we are in it and if any wad of money turns up for me perhaps you would like to take a trip across here for a few days. Of course if it would be unpleasant for you say so out. I could fix you at this end and we could have a few days 'rest' from our labours. Do you find these latitudes (London must be worse) dreadful to live in? But for creature comforts it would be hell. Thanks for the papers. Now I want you to do another favour for me and in a great hurry. The whirligig movement in *Circe* is on the refrain 'My Girl's a Yorkshire etc.,' but to unify the action the preceding *pas seul* of S.D. which I intend to balance on the gramophone of the opposite kips should be on the air of that same ditty played on Mrs. Cohen's pianola with lights. I enclose 10 frs. Will you be so kind as to apply to any vendor (a try out) of music hall airs. It was popular between 1904 and 1908. I want words and music. I have a piano here and telephone. I hope to finish *Circe* before Christmas. By the way, is it not extraordinary the way I enter a city barefoot and end up in a luxurious flat? Still I am tired of it. G. is employed on trial — no salary yet but it is experience and he could make a career if we stay on. My mood grows bitterer on account of Trieste and other things. At first I had not thought of the slaughter of the suitors as in Ulysses' character. Now I see it can be there too. I am going to leave the last word with Molly Bloom, the final episode being written through her thoughts and tired Poldy being then asleep. *Eumeus* you know so there remains only to think out Ithaca in the way I suggest. . . .

What about yourself? What are you doing? I hope you have done more than I have who have been botching and patching that bloody old *Circe* since last June. The *Nausikaa* case comes on next Monday. Are you still in Sargent's flat? Now that I have one of my own I don't spend much in buses. In fact I rarely leave the house.

A point about Ulysses (Bloom). He romances about Ithaca (Oi want teh gow beck teh the Mawl Enn Rowd, s'elp me!) and when he gets back it gives him the pip. I mention this because you in your absence from England seemed to have forgotten the human atmosphere and I the atmospheric conditions of these zones.

Can you tell a poor hardworking man where is the ideal climate inhabited by the ideal humans? . . .

1921

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

24 June 1921

Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: . . . A nice collection could be made of legends about me. Here are some. My family in Dublin believe that I enriched myself in Switzerland during the war by espionage work for one or both combatants. Triestines, seeing me emerge from my relative's house occupied by my

furniture for about twenty minutes every day and walk to the same point, the G.P.O., and back (I was writing *Nausikaa* and *The Oxen of the Sun* in a dreadful atmosphere) circulated the rumour, now firmly believed, that I am a cocaine victim. The general rumour in Dublin was (till the prospectus of *Ulysses* stopped it) that I could write no more, had broken down and was dying in New York. A man from Liverpool told me he had heard that I was the owner of several cinema theatres all over Switzerland. In America there appear to be or have been two versions: one that I was an austere mixture of the Dalai Lama and sir Rabindranath Tagore. Mr. Pound described me as a dour Aberdeen minister. Mr. Lewis [Percy Wyndham Lewis] told me he was told that I was a crazy fellow who always carried four watches and rarely spoke except to ask my neighbour what o'clock it was. Mr. Yeats seemed to have described me to Mr. Pound as a kind of Dick Swiveller. What the numerous (and useless) people to whom I have been introduced here think I don't know. My habit of addressing people I have just met for the first time as 'Monsieur' earned for me the reputation of a *tout petit bourgeois* while others consider what I intend for politeness as most offensive. . . . One woman here originated the rumour that I am extremely lazy and will never do or finish anything. (I calculate that I must have spent nearly 20,000 hours in writing *Ulysses*.) A batch of people in Zurich persuaded themselves that I was gradually going mad and actually endeavoured to induce me to enter a sanatorium where a certain Doctor Jung (the Swiss Tweedledum who is not to be confused with the Viennese Tweedledee, Dr. Freud) amuses himself at the expense (in every sense of the word) of ladies and gentlemen who are troubled with bees in their bonnets.

I mention all these views not to speak about myself but to show you how conflicting they all are. The truth probably is that I am a quite commonplace person undeserving of so much imaginative painting. There is a further opinion that I am a crafty simulating and dissimulating Ulysses-like type, a 'jeune jesuit,' selfish and cynical. There is some truth in this, I suppose: but it is by no means all of me (nor was it of Ulysses) and it has been my habit to apply this alleged quality to safeguard my poor creations. . . .

This letter begins to remind me of a preface by Mr. George Bernard Shaw. It does not seem to be a reply to your letter after all. . . . You have already one proof of my intense stupidity. Here now is an example of my emptiness. I have not read a work of literature for several years. My head is full of pebbles and rubbish and broken matches and lots of glass picked up 'most everywhere.' The task I set myself technically in writing a book from eighteen different points of view and in as many styles, all apparently unknown or un-

discovered by my fellow tradesmen, that and the nature of the legend chosen would be enough to upset anyone's mental balance. I want to finish the book and try to settle my entangled material affairs definitely one way or the other (somebody here said of me: 'They call him a poet. He appears to be interested chiefly in mattresses'). And, in fact, I was. After that I want a good long rest in which to forget *Ulysses* completely. . . .

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

7 August 1921

Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: I have had five weeks of delightful vacation with my eyes — the strangest but not at all the worst attack because instead of coming to a head in three weeks it did so in three hours. The people who persisted in regarding me as a foot-in-the-grave young man would have [been] edified to see me rolling over the carpet. The good point was that the attack was shorter in the recovery stage. I am now advised to go to Aix-les-Bains but am in Ithaca instead. I write and revise and correct with one or two eyes about twelve hours a day I should say, stopping for intervals of five minutes or so when I can't see any more. My brain reels after it but that is nothing compared with the reeling of my readers' brains. I have not yet quite recovered and I am doing the worst thing possible but can't help it. It is folly also because the book will probably not repay a tithe of such labour. . . .

I was going to take a forty-eight hour holiday somewhere but decided not to do so. If I lay down in some remote part of the country I am so tired that I should never have the energy to get up.

I have the greater part of *Ithaca* but it has to be completed, revised and rearranged above all on account of its scheme. I have also written the first sentence of *Penelope* but as this contains about 2500 words the deed is more than it seems to be. The episode consists of eight or nine sentences equally sesquipedalian and ends with a monosyllable. Bloom and all the Blooms will soon be dead, thank God. Everyone says he ought to have died long ago. . . .

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

6 November 1921

Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: Since the completion of *Ulysses* I feel more and more tired but I have to hold on till all the proofs are revised. I am extremely irritated by all those printer's errors. Working as I do amid piles of notes at a table in a hotel I cannot possibly do this mechanical part with my wretched eye and a half. Are these to be perpetuated in future editions? I hope not. I am glad the first proofs I sent didn't go astray. . . . I sent you a new batch yesterday. Will you please read them as quickly as you can and send them back as I sometimes need them to refer to. I think it would spoil

the effect of the book for you to read *Ithaca* (in typescript) or *Penelope* (in advance proof) now until you have gone through the rest of the ordeal. . . . An article in the *New Republic* by Mr. Clive Bell has been shown to me. The writer, whom I met once or twice here, in an article on modernity in art excuses himself for not discussing at length the work of Mr. Joyce on the ground that his (Mr. J.'s) talents are unfortunately too mediocre to justify detailed criticism. I hear also that there is a good deal of latent hostility towards the book among men of letters in England and Ireland (Mr. George Russell is reported to have said that it did not contain a single sentence worth reading) but, judging by the type of their mind so far as I know it, their opinion will change several times before definitely settling down. I wish the ponderous volume were launched to see how it and the other craft behave. In any case I shall not be on board.

I am very grateful for your unremitting loyalty to my troublesome self and interminable composition which is at last to be offered to a mystified world.

1922

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER
8 February 1922

Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: Many thanks for your kind telegram. Two copies of *Ulysses* (nos. 901 and 902) reached Paris on 2 February and two further copies (nos. 251 and 252) on 5 February. One copy is on show, the other three were taken by subscribers who were leaving for different parts of the world. Since the announcement that the book was out the shop has been in a state of siege — buyers driving up two or three times a day and no copies to give them. After a great deal of telegraphing and telephoning it seems that 7 copies will come today and 30 tomorrow. A more nerveracking conclusion to the history of the book could scarcely have been imagined! . . .

TO MRS. WILLIAM MURRAY
23 October 1922

Nice

Dear Aunt Josephine: A few days before I left Paris I got a letter from you which seemed very wrathful. The facts are these. *Ulysses* was published on 2 February. When the edition was sold out Nora said she wanted to go to Ireland to see her mother. I did all I could to dissuade her but her friends here and in Ireland told her it was as simple as anything. Finally as my father also wished to see the children I let them go but made them promise to stay a week or so in London and watch. I managed to hold them up in London for ten days by means of express letters and telegrams. Then they suddenly left for Ireland. They stopped a night in Dublin and Lucia kindly suggested that they should visit my father whose address she remembered. This they did and went on to Galway. In Galway my

son was dogged about the streets and as he told me since he could not sleep at night with the thought that the Zulus, as he calls them, would take him out of bed and shoot him. A drunken officer swaggered up to him blocking the path and asked him 'How does it feel to be a gentleman's son?' Meanwhile in Paris utterly exhausted as I was after eight years ceaseless labour I was on the verge of lunacy. Needless to say what I had foreseen took place and the next thing was that I got a telegram from London to say they wanted to come back to Paris. The warehouse opposite their lodgings in Galway was seized by rebels, free state troops invaded their bedrooms and planted machine guns in the windows. They ran through the town to the station and escaped in a train lying flat on their bellies (the two females that is) amid a fusillade which continued for an hour from right and left between troops on the train and ambushes along the line. They fled through Dublin in the dark and so came back to Paris. I then sent Lucia to a summer camp on the coast of Normandy for four months and Giorgio to the Austrian Tyrol. After which I collapsed with a furious eye attack lasting until a few weeks ago — but apparently that does not interest. . . .

The second cause of your wrath seems to be my book. I am as innocent in this case as in the former. I presented it to you seven months ago but I never heard anything more about it beyond a few words acknowledging receipt and an allusion in your last letter. The market price of the book now in London is £40 and copies signed are worth more. I mention this because Alice [daughter of Mrs. Murray] told me you had lent it (or given?) and people in Dublin have a way of not returning books. In a few years copies of the first edition will probably be worth £100 each, so book experts say, and hence my remark. This of course has nothing to do with the contents of the book which it seems you have not read. I sent it however as I sent all my other books and at your request in a letter of a year or so ago. There is a difference between a present of a pound of chops and a present of a book like *Ulysses*. You can acknowledge receipt of the present of a pound of chops by simply nodding gratefully, supposing, that is, that you have your mouth full of as much of the chops as it will conveniently hold, but you cannot do so with a large book on account of the difficulty of fitting it into the mouth. . . .

A second edition of *Ulysses* was published on the 12 October. The entire edition of 2000 copies at £2.2.0 a copy was sold out in four days.

1928

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER
2 December 1928

Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: I have not been able to write to you for a long time for several reasons which

you will easily understand. My wife is getting on very well but we return to the clinic tomorrow as there have to be four or five additional days of treatment to complete the cure after which it is believed that she will be thoroughly well. As regards myself I cannot yet read or write anything except books for infants but I am, with some difficulties, trying to follow a pilocarpin cure which is supposed to restore some kind of vision at some period in the future. Nevertheless I had them re-type in legal size, twice or three times this, with triple spacing, section three of Shaun, and this, when it has been read to me by three or four people, I shall try to memorise as to pages, etc. (there are nearly a hundred) and so hope to be able to find the places where I can insert from the twenty notebooks which I have filled up since I wrote this section. The notebooks, written when I was suffering from my eyes or lately, are quite legible to me as they were scribbled with thick black pencil, but the other ones, about thirteen, I am relying on my improved sight to help me over.

I lunched with H. G. Wells the morning we went into the hospital but my mind was too confused to be able to do him or myself justice. He was very friendly and at his request (he had asked if he could become my literary agent or take that side of my present affairs in charge) I had Miss Beach send him the instalments so far in *Transition*. I enclose a letter of his to me which seems to me — I don't know what it seems to me. It would not surprise me if he greatly modified his opinions as a result of future possible conversations. He told me that he had expected to meet a tall fierce aggressive man in a frieze overcoat carrying a heavy stick and I think that he probably has a similar phantom hovering between his eyes and my pages. For the moment I will content myself by saying in reply to his letter, which is quite friendly and honest, that I doubt whether his attitude towards words and language is as scientific as he himself ought to wish it to be and also whether the extra expressionism of which he complains, whether liberative or simply terminological exactitude, is at all as common in my country as in his, though perhaps I ought to add, considerably to our loss. To the rest of his remarks, however, I could wholeheartedly subscribe and the more I hear of the political, philosophical, ethical zeal and labours of the brilliant members of Pound's big brass band the more I wonder why I was ever let into it 'with my magic flute.' . . .

From H. G. WELLS

23 November 1928

Saint Mathieu, Grasse

My dear Joyce: I've been studying you and thinking over you a lot. The outcome is that I don't think I can do anything for the propaganda of your work. I've an enormous respect for your genius dating from your earliest books and I feel now a

great personal liking for you but you and I are set upon absolutely different courses. Your training has been Catholic, Irish, revolutionary; mine, such as it was, was scientific, constructive and, I suppose, English. The frame of my mind is a mould wherein a big unifying and concentrating process is possible (increase of power and range by economy and concentration of effort), a *progress* not inevitable but interesting and possible. That game attracted and holds me. For it, I want language (and statement) as simple and clear as possible. You began Catholic, that is to say you began with a system of values in stark opposition to reality. Your mental existence is obsessed by a monstrous system of contradictions. You really believe in chastity, purity and the personal God and that is why you are always breaking out into cries of . . . and hell. As I don't believe in these things except as quite provisional values my mind has never been shocked to outcries by the existence of water closets and menstrual bandages — and undeserved misfortunes. And while you were brought up under the delusion of political suppression I was brought up under the delusion of political responsibility. It seems a fine thing to you to defy and break up. To me not in the least.

Now with regard to this literary experiment of yours. It's a considerable thing because you are a very considerable man and you have in your composition a mighty genius for expression which has escaped discipline. But I don't think it gets anywhere. You have turned your back on common men, on their elementary needs and their restricted time and intelligence and you have elaborated. What is the result? Vast riddles. Your last two works have been more amusing and exciting to write than they will ever be to read. Take me as a typical male. Do I get much pleasure from the work? No. Do I feel I am getting something new and illuminating as I do when I read —'s dreadful translation of Pavlov's badly written book on *Conditioned Reflexes*? No. So I ask: Who the hell is this Joyce who demands so many waking hours of the few thousands I have still to live for a proper appreciation of his quirks and fancies and flashes of rendering?

All this from my point of view. Perhaps you are right and I all wrong. Your work is an extraordinary experiment and I will go out of my way to save it from destruction or restrictive interruption. It has its believers and its following. Let them rejoice in it. To me it is a dead end.

My warmest wishes to you Joyce. I can't follow your banner any more than you can follow mine. But the world is wide and there is room for both of us to be wrong. Yours, H. G. WELLS.¹

¹Included by permission of the Executors of the late H. G. Wells.

The Facts of Medicine

The common cold, as DR. DAVID D. RUTSTEIN says, is the most common disease of mankind.

Year after year the American public has been offered miracle drugs, and again and again the people have been disappointed. How does this come about? Head of the Department of Preventive Medicine at Harvard Medical School, Dr. Rutstein is a member of the staff of Massachusetts General Hospital and five other Boston hospitals.

THE COLD-CURE MERRY-GO-ROUND

by DAVID D. RUTSTEIN, M.D.

1

MOST of us would be willing to pay a lot for a sure way to prevent or cure the common cold. In fact, as a nation we do spend millions of dollars every year on highly touted medicines which neither cure our colds nor keep us from getting new ones. Every once in a while we are invited to take a new ride on the old cold-cure merry-go-round, and for a short time we hope that the real answer has at last been found. We have had two such invitations in recent years: first, for the antihistamine drugs, and later for the bio-flavonoids. To be sure, they were not labeled cold cures, but the implication was clear.

The common cold is well named, since it is the most common disease of mankind. Although it may be a seedbed for other infections, it is rarely serious except in small infants and in people with chronic illness, particularly of the heart and the lungs. But it is a terrible nuisance. It recurs in the same person again and again. It is the largest cause of absenteeism, responsible for an annual loss of well over a hundred million workdays and a cost of over a billion dollars to our economy every year.

The symptoms of the common cold we know only too well. A scratchy throat, a runny nose, sneezing, coughing, and an achy or "knocked out" feeling plague most of us three or four times a year. The mere relief of cold symptoms is inexpensive. Drugs such as aspirin relieve the aches, while syrups and lozenges suppress the cough. Bed rest and hot drinks will make us feel better. But we know that none of these either prevent or cure the cold. So we pay a lot more for a new ride on the cold-cure merry-go-round, hoping that this time we will get the brass ring. Since these new cold cures often relieve some of our symptoms the ride may not be too unpleasant, but we always end where we began, in time for the next cold to come along.

The antihistamine merry-go-round which began in 1947 is now grinding to a halt. It is possible to examine the full cycle and try to measure its effect on all of us. As its name indicates, an anti-

histamine drug blocks the effect on the body of histamine and histamine-like substances which are released in certain allergic diseases. When we have the hives these histamine substances are liberated in the skin as they are in the respiratory tract during an attack of hay fever. The antihistamine drugs usually relieve such allergic symptoms.

In the fall of 1947, Dr. J. M. Brewster, then a captain in the United States Navy, made the startling announcement that an antihistamine drug given for colds to sailors and their families had "been found to completely abort 10 percent of such cases and to shorten the course and afford marked subjective relief to 95 percent of all cases." Dr. Brewster explained this benefit on the ground that the early symptoms of the common cold were allergic in nature. This assertion was based on only suggestive evidence from previous research that histamine may be found in the nasal tissues of people suffering from colds. A year later, a report with similar results was published from Charlotte, North Carolina, by Dr. J. S. Gordon.

In 1949, five more reports recommending antihistamine treatment for colds were published in medical journals. The claims varied from those of simple relief of symptoms to actual shortening of the duration of the cold. One of the reports was a second study at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station in Chicago by Brewster confirming his previous findings. Another study not only reported benefit in the treatment of colds, but indicated that colds could be prevented if antihistamine drugs were taken prior to infection. Two of the studies were made in industry, and the new treatment gave promise of a sharp decrease in absenteeism.

There was, however, in 1949 one disquieting report on the use of antihistamines in the prevention and cure of colds. In May of that year the *Lancet*, one of the two great medical journals of England, published a letter from the Common Cold Research Unit at the Harvard Red Cross Hospital in Salisbury, England. The letter indicated that in a small but well-designed experiment this research group

was not able to find any benefit from antihistamine drugs in the prevention or cure of the common cold. This report was particularly important because the research workers were thoroughly experienced. The British experiment contradicted the favorable results from antihistamine drugs which had been reported by relatively inexperienced workers.

In September of this same year, 1949, the Federal Food and Drug Administration certified the over-the-counter sale, without prescription, of three antihistamine drugs to be dispensed in tablets containing not more than one half of the usual dose. This limitation was imposed because there was evidence that with the usual dosage, side effects such as drowsiness occurred. These are potentially hazardous in automobile drivers and in those working with dangerous machinery.

Early in November, newspaper advertising of antihistamines appeared, first for Inhiston, followed within a week by Anahist. According to the New York *Herald Tribune* of November 30, 1949, in the first month of promotion the sales of Anahist increased from zero to one million dollars. Radio advertising began at about the same time. In December, the Anahist company sponsored the radio series "Counterspy" on the national radio network of the Mutual Broadcasting System. The merry-go-round was well under way.

The peak of enthusiasm for the control of colds with antihistamines was expressed by Paul de Kruif in an article in the *Reader's Digest* in December, 1949, entitled "Is This, At Last, Good-Bye to the Common Cold?" He stated that "the new cold-killer is no tantalizing laboratory curiosity; it's available to everybody. It is safe, and it is not limited to expensive prescriptions; the federal government permits its direct sale to the public in drug stores. . . . Thus it seems within the range of possibility at last to wipe out the curse of the cold in the head."

The year 1950 was the big one for sales of antihistamine drugs for the prevention and cure of colds. National promotion of these drugs was begun in magazines. In January an advertisement in *Look* magazine promised "Anahist Can Stop Cold Symptoms in a Single Day." Another in February said "Reader's Digest Reports Clinical Proof That It's Anahist for Colds." *Nation's Business* for February, 1950, carried an advertisement which said "Now You Can Stop Colds in Your Business with the Inhiston Cold Control Plan." This advertisement also offered an attractive Inhiston dispenser of 1000-tablet capacity to be mounted conveniently near a drinking fountain. In 1947, total sales of antihistamine drugs amounted to 2 million dollars; by 1950 total sales reached 30 million dollars. Almost half of this total, or 14 million dollars, came from nonprescription, over-the-counter sales.

In late February, 1950, stimulated by the extreme advertising claims, the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association published a "status report" on the antihistamine drugs. The common cold is a variable disease with unpredictable occurrence, severity, and duration in any particular person. Therefore, the results of prevention or treatment can be evaluated only by careful comparison with results in a group of similar persons, a control group, not receiving antihistamine drugs. The AMA report stated that three of the six favorable studies, including the original Brewster report, made no comparable observations on a control group and that the rest had other faults in their experimental design. In some, the diagnosis of a cold was made by the patient himself. In others the results were based only on the patient's own statement of improvement without actual examination by the investigator. Such subjective statements are known to be unreliable because in other well-designed studies on the common cold many persons given sugar pills disguised as cold tablets claimed great benefit. Mention was also made of the possible toxic effects of the continued use of antihistamine drugs. The AMA committee delivered the Scotch verdict of "not proven" and urged further experimentation.

2

FOLLOWING the American Medical Association report, the Federal Trade Commission in April, May, and June of 1950, on the basis of undocumented advertising claims, brought complaints against five manufacturers of the antihistamine drugs — Anahist, Inhiston, Krypton, Resistab, and Antimine. In June, the complaints were settled and the five companies agreed not to claim cure, prevention, abortion, elimination, or shortening of colds by the use of antihistamine drugs. They were still permitted to claim the checking, stopping, or relief of symptoms.

During 1950, the published reports in medical journals of the use of antihistamine drugs in colds were no longer favorable. Eleven more studies appeared that year, but only two of them showed beneficial effects in the prevention or cure of colds, although some of the others found relief of certain symptoms, particularly sneezing and amount of nasal discharge. By this time, many well-established and experienced common cold research teams had been forced to put aside some of their long-range research on the cause, nature, and control of the common cold, to investigate the antihistamine drugs. Among the nine reports unfavorable to the antihistamine drugs in that year were those from the respiratory disease research teams at the University of Minnesota and Western Reserve University and from the U.S. Naval Medical Research Unit No. 4, and in England

from the research unit under the auspices of the Medical Research Council. The diversion of scientific effort and manpower is corroborated by the statement of the Medical Research Council in the *British Medical Journal*: "In view of the great practical importance of the favourable findings, if confirmed, the Medical Research Council undertook, at the request of the Ministry of Health, to investigate in this country the value of the treatment. A special committee was appointed early in 1950, and the results of the tests arranged by the committee are reported here." That report showed that the antihistamine drugs were worthless for the prevention or cure of colds. The report of the Naval Medical Research Unit was of particular interest. This well-recognized respiratory disease research unit attempted to confirm Brewster's results under the same conditions at the same place — the Great Lakes Naval Training Station in Chicago. In a series of four well-controlled experiments, they found no evidence that the antihistamine drugs prevented or cured colds.

Since 1950, the antihistamine merry-go-round has been slowing down. Most of the scientific reports published thereafter failed to document the early claims, and in 1951, total estimated sales had dropped to 21 million dollars. Of this amount, 6 to 7 million were from nonprescription over-the-counter sales. In 1952, total sales remained at about the same level, but the nonprescription sales were decreased to about 4 to 5 million dollars. These changes probably reflect a decreasing use of antihistamine drugs for the common cold with a continuing or possibly increasing use in those allergic diseases in which the antihistamine drugs are known to be effective.

By January, 1957, only one antihistamine drug, Superanahist, was still extensively advertised. But now reliance is placed on a combination of five ingredients of which the antihistamine drug is only one. The others include vitamin C, which has been repeatedly shown, even in large doses, to be of no value in the prevention or treatment of the common cold. The advertisements make the potentially dangerous statement, again with no scientific evidence, that the five ingredients may take the place of bed rest in the control of colds.

3

IN THE meantime, the bioflavonoid merry-go-round has been picking up speed. This substance has a distinguished ancestry unrelated to the common cold. Dr. Albert Szent-Györgyi, then of Hungary, received the Nobel prize in 1937 for his discovery that it helps to maintain the integrity of the walls of our capillaries. It is found in large amounts in fruit and other foods in the American diet.

The use of the bioflavonoids for the common cold was first suggested in 1954. Drs. S. N. Biskind of

Westport, Connecticut, and W. C. Martin of New York City, in two reports of uncontrolled observations on 22 patients in 1954 and 46 patients in 1955, told of striking benefits in the treatment of colds with an average dose equivalent to the amount of bioflavonoid found, for example, in three ounces of orange juice or in eighteen large grapes.

In December, 1955, using what the *New England Journal of Medicine* has referred to as the "D-Day Technique," the Clayton Laboratories of Saint Louis, Missouri, promoted large newspaper advertisements of Citroid Compound, a mixture of bioflavonoid, vitamin C, and aspirin. Each capsule contains bioflavonoid equivalent in amount to that found in one-half ounce of orange juice or in three prunes. The vitamin C is less than one tenth of the amount demonstrated in 1950 at the University of Minnesota to have no effect whatsoever on colds. Each capsule also contains less aspirin than is found in the ordinary five-grain tablet. These Citroid Compound advertisements promised that starting treatment early with two capsules will "block the cold virus from spreading through the system" and "prevent complications." Even the uncontrolled favorable studies were more modest in their claims. The net result of all this was that sales of bioflavonoids increased about ten times from 1954 to 1955.

In November, 1956, three more studies on the use of bioflavonoids in colds were reported. One from the McDonnell Aircraft Company in Saint Louis showed benefit. Two carefully controlled studies published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* were negative, one from Dartmouth Medical School in New Hampshire and the other from a group of industrial plants in the mid-Atlantic area. The latter study, a very extensive one on 1976 persons, concluded: "No appreciable effects were observed after three days on subjective or objective improvement; on disappearance of running nose, sneezing, cough, hoarseness, malaise, headache, postnasal drip, or sore throat; on decrease in nasal secretions or obstruction or pharyngitis; or in time lost from work."

In the light of this conflicting evidence, one is forced to ask, Should experienced research teams, once again, give up some of their basic research on the common cold in order to investigate, this time, the effects of Citroid Compound on colds? We know that there is no theoretical basis for the use of this material either in the prevention or the treatment of colds. We recognize that all of the evidence for the use of Citroid Compound depends on two uncontrolled studies by the same authors, on one small controlled study, and on the hard-hitting Citroid Compound advertisements. Yet it is likely that research on the common cold again will be interrupted. And when the status of bioflavonoids is settled, one wonders how soon the next "cold cure" will interfere with basic research.

The problems focused by the sale of antihistamines and bioflavonoids have significance far beyond the common cold. "Cures" for other unsolved diseases such as arthritis, asthma, acne, cancer, and obesity are promoted in the same way and are subject to the same abuses.

Who is involved in the chain reaction which permits the hit-and-run marketing of new remedies and which interrupts long-range research? First, there is the doctor who reports a poorly designed study of the proposed remedy. Carefully controlled research is difficult and expensive. But physicians testing new drugs on the common cold or on other diseases where no prevention or cure is available must be responsible for rigorous experimental design and precise interpretation of the results.

The second step is the approval for publication of poorly controlled experiments on new drugs by the uncritical editorial boards of certain medical journals. Medical journals vary in the quality of studies they will accept for publication. The reports of initial uncontrolled experiments always seem to appear in the same group of medical journals. Such publication is an essential, though usually unintentional, step in the chain reaction, and rejection of these articles could block the promotion of useless remedies.

The third, fourth, and fifth steps involve the manufacturer and advertiser of the "cure" and the communications media of press, magazines, radio, and television. It is important to point out that many drug manufacturers never market or advertise drugs until they have conclusive evidence of effectiveness and lack of toxicity. Moreover, many of them provide research grants for basic research not related to the marketing of a specific drug. Other manufacturers take advantage of poor research on preventive or curative drugs. Some even go so far as to warp the conclusions from good theoretical research to fit their product. The questionable techniques and unwarranted claims made by certain advertisers have already been documented. It is of interest here that antihistamine drugs for colds have been recommended by *Parents' Magazine*, and Citroid Compound has received the seal of approval of the *Good Housekeeping* Institute. The press, magazines, radio, and television are not blameless in their uncritical acceptance and forceful presentation of highly questionable material.

A sixth step involves the enforcement agencies — the Food and Drug Administration and the Federal Trade Commission. The Federal Communications Commission also has indirect control over advertising through responsibility for approving or withholding the licenses of radio and television stations. None of these agencies has complete authority for protection of the public against false claims of

drug effectiveness. The Food and Drug Administration, which has the most direct responsibility, has been denied the prestige it deserves and the manpower it needs for adequate enforcement of existing law.

The next step in the chain reaction concerns the United States Congress. Existing law does protect the public against poisoning and short weight, but does not shield it from unwarranted therapeutic claims. Moreover, the Food and Drug Administration has jurisdiction only over the claims made on the actual label on the drug container. Advertising claims are the responsibility of the Federal Trade Commission. It is hard to understand why we see so many claims made in advertising that may not be put on the label of the bottle. It would seem reasonable that since both involve the use of the same substance for the same disease, both should be judged by the same enforcement agency, using the same criteria. Legislative provision has to be made for unified administrative responsibility.

The final step in the chain reaction depends upon the willingness of the consumer to purchase the drug. Extravagant advertising claims and repeated annoying symptoms combine to make it difficult for the consumer to exercise judgment. Sometimes he just is indifferent and says, with S. J. Perelman, "I don't know anything about medicine, but I know what I like." But even if the consumer is well informed and desires protection, it is too much to expect him to have the technical information necessary for precise judgments concerning the value of a new drug.

Where can the chain reaction be blocked most effectively? First, the profession of medicine must put its own house in order. It must apply more rigorous experimental design to the testing of new drugs, and elevate the standard of research publications. It must demand laws which will protect the public and thereby prevent interruption of long-range common cold research.

Most drug manufacturers, advertisers, and representatives of the press, radio, and television will refrain from marketing worthless remedies. But this is not enough. The marketing of worthless drugs by a single combination of these industries can blacken the name of all of them. Past experience would indicate that industry cannot police itself effectively enough to protect the consumer.

But the physician cannot do it alone, and the enforcement agencies seem to lack the legislative authority to do the job. The citizen, who no longer enjoys riding on the common cold merry-go-round, must demand of his legislators laws which will really protect him, and, having obtained such laws, must see that they are effectively enforced.



ELIA KAZAN graduated from Williams College in 1930, studied at the Yale Drama School, and joined the Group Theatre as an apprentice actor. After some years of stage managing and walk-ons, he scored a hit in *Golden Boy*, but then stopped acting to direct, first in the theatre and later in films. Of the twenty-odd plays which he has directed, the best-remembered are *The Skin of Our Teeth*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Death of a Salesman*, *Tea and Sympathy*, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*; of the motion pictures, *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, *Gentleman's Agreement*, *Streetcar* again, *On the Waterfront*, and the current and controversial *Baby Doll*. In preparation is *A Face in the Crowd*, for the published version of which this article serves as an introduction.

WRITERS AND MOTION PICTURES

by ELIA KAZAN

1

I ARRIVED in Hollywood in 1944 to make my first motion picture, *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*. I went from the train to the hotel and then I checked in with my producer, Louis Lighton. He was a fine man, an old-timer, a fine producer, too. His eyesight was failing and I found him bent close over his desk peering through a very large magnifying glass. He was working on the script. He had before him Betty Smith's novel, as well as several earlier versions of the screenplay. These were being cannibalized — as they say at plane repair shops — in a search for usable parts. Laboriously and with practiced craftsmanship, the producer was putting the incidents together into sequences, arranging these for climax, and shaping the whole into what he always called three "acts." Bud Lighton knew what he was doing: he'd done it since the days of the silents.

The screenplay was credited to Tess Slesinger and Frank Davis, but in all the nine months I was in Hollywood on this project, I never met these two people. Years later in New York, I heard of Miss Slesinger's death. I still hadn't met her. Another few years passed, and one night at a party a strange man came up and introduced himself. It was Frank Davis.

I was fresh from the theatre, and this separation of the writers from the director — and from their own work — came as a shock to me. I was to learn that it was regular practice.

I remember my first day at lunch in the Twentieth Century Fox commissary. I was told that Mr. Zanuck ate in state, flanked by his producers, behind the closed doors of the executive dining room. I didn't care about them. To me, the figures of glamour were the famous directors — gods!

There they were, ranged along the best wall, looking out over the enormous dining room, each at his reserved table with his favorite waitress, also reserved. The center tables were taken by the stars. They were surrounded by their favorites and sycophants: make-up men, hairdressers, stand-ins, agents, girl or boy friends. At other prominent tables sat the big men of the back lot, the cameramen. Each had his heads of departments, his gaffers and key grips and so on: a Homeric catalogue.

Only after several weeks did I notice and explore a sorry group at a remote table. Their isolation was so evident that it seemed planned. There was no mixing with this group, no table-hopping to their table. They seemed out of place. Their dress was tamer. Few had the fashionable sun tan that a Beverly Hills success carries right to his grave. They laughed in a hysterical way, giddy or bitter. The writers. . . .

Some of them were admitted hacks and some were unadmitted hacks. Some were top screen writers. There would be an occasional Pulitzer Prize playwright or a famous novelist who had come out to do one screen assignment. Every last one of them seemed embarrassed to be there, and the embarrassment expressed itself in a bitter wit. They specialized in long sagas about the idiocy of the motion-picture business. There was a never-ending competition of appalling anecdote. They razzed everything and anybody — including themselves. A wealth of talent spent itself in mockery.

My education continued on the set of *Tree*. Since I was a total stranger to film, Lighton assigned me one of Hollywood's best cameramen, Leon Shamroy. I was to stage the scenes "as if they were happening in life" and Leon would decide

how to photograph them. He would get onto film various angles that could subsequently be cut together to make an effective cinematic narration. Leon was a new experience to me. As I say, I'd come from Broadway, where the writer was God and his lines were sacred by contract. Now I'm sure that Leon read the script, or most of it, before he started on the picture, but I know he didn't look at the day's scenes before coming to work each morning. This wasn't negligence: it was policy. There was a superstition that to look at the literary foliage would blur one's sense of the essential action.

When I came on the set in the morning, he was usually there, a victim of sleep (*too much or too little*) and ready for the ministrations of the set porter. In those halcyon days, each set had its porter. In a daily ritual, Leon was presented with coffee, a Danish, the Hollywood *Daily Variety*, and the Hollywood *Reporter*. While he read, I would earnestly rehearse the actors. In time, Leon would lower his *Reporter* and ask, "Well, what's the garbage for today?" The garbage was the dialogue. If he had a criticism, it was always the same one: "What do you need all those words for?" On his benign days, he didn't say "garbage." He said "nonsense."

2

THE writers were in a humiliating position. The motion-picture makers insisted on referring to themselves as an industry. An industry aspires to efficiency. They were supplying fifty-odd pictures per major studio per year to the market. They tried to supervise the manufacture of scripts by methods that worked splendidly in the automobile and heavy appliance industries. Their system, with variations, went something like this:—

An "original property" (a novel, a play, a "story idea") was bought outright. By this act, a studio acquired material and at the same time got rid of a potential troublemaker, the "original author." The next step was an executive conference about the property and, usually, the casting of the stars. The original property was then turned over to a "construction man." His job was to "lick the story." In other words, he was to bring the material into digestible shape and length, twist it to fit the stars and to eliminate unacceptable elements. These last included elements banned by the Code, elements which might offend any section of the world audience, unentertaining elements such as unhappy endings or messages ("Leave them to Western Union!"). There was a word that governed what went out: the word "offbeat." This covered anything, really, that hadn't been done before, that hadn't been, as the marketing experts say, pretested. The construction man, to put it simply, was supposed to outline a hit. (For some reason, at this time, Middle Europeans were highly

regarded for this job. Their knowledge of our language and country was slight, but they were thought to be hell on structure.) After the construction man, a "dialogue man" was brought in. (The verb "to dialogue" was added to the writers' glossary of Hollywood words.) After the man who dialogued it, there frequently followed a "polish man." The script was getting close. (They hoped.) There was a good chance that an "additional dialogue man" would spend a few weeks on the job. His instructions might be very simple, as, "Put thirty laughs in it."

What was wrong with hiring a specialist in each field? It should have been efficient.

Trouble was, the final shooting script was so often preposterous. Characters went out of character. Plot threads got snarled. Climaxes made no sense because the preparation for them had got lost somewhere on the assembly line. If it was a "B" picture, they usually shot it anyway. But if it was a "big" picture, the producer, like Lighton, would find himself late at night compiling a *last* final shooting script out of bits and pieces of all the previous versions. More often it was the director who did this. Or sometimes a brand-new writer was called in. The Screen Writers Guild put in a lot of time ruling on which writers were entitled to what screen credit for a picture that none of them could altogether recognize.

It was all pretty confusing, as I said, to a director fresh from the theatre. The theatre was Eugene O'Neill and Sidney Howard and Robert Sherwood and S. N. Behrman and Thornton Wilder and Clifford Odets and twenty others. The least, newest, greenest playwright shared the aura and the rights that the giants had earned. The rest of us — actors, directors, and so on — knew that our function was to bring to life the plays they wrote.

But, I was told, pictures are different. . . . Film is a pictorial medium. The strip of celluloid ought to tell the story with the sound track silent. There are crucial artistic choices that can't possibly be anticipated in a script. They have to be made hour by hour on the set and in the cutting room. A director stages plays; he *makes* pictures.

This was all true, and I must say that I took to it rather readily. I was disinclined to quarrel with a line of reasoning which thrust power and pre-eminence upon the director.

I was a good while longer learning certain other facts. I learned them tripping up on inadequate scripts — including some that I vigorously helped to shape. I can state them with painful brevity:—

There can't be a fine picture without a fine script.

There can't be a fine script without a first-class writer.

A first-class writer won't do first-class work unless he feels that the picture is *his*.

I doubt if the writer's place in pictures will —

or should — ever be exactly the same as in the theatre, but I've been thinking a lot lately about what happened in the theatre. It's relevant and salutary.

Take 1900–1920. The theatre flourished all over the country. It had no competition. The box office boomed. The top original fare it had to offer was *The Girl of the Golden West*. Its bow to culture was fusty productions of Shakespeare. Either way, the plays were treated as showcases for stars. The business was in the hands of the managers and the actor-managers. The writers were nowhere. They were hacks who turned out new vehicles each season, to order. A playwright had about as little pride in his work, as little recognition for it, as little freedom, as a screen writer in Hollywood in the palmy days. And his output was, to put it charitably, not any better.

Came the moving pictures. At first they were written off as a fad. Then they began to compete for audiences, and they grew until they threatened to take over. The theatre had to be better or go under. It got better. It got so spectacularly better so fast that in 1920–1930 you wouldn't have recognized it. Perhaps it was an accident that Eugene O'Neill appeared at that moment — but it was no accident that in that moment of strange competition, the theatre made room for him. Because it was disrupted and hard pressed, it made room for his experiments, his unheard-of subjects, his passion, his power. There was room for him to grow to his full stature. And there was freedom for the talents that came after him. For the first time, American writers turned to the theatre with anticipation and seriousness, knowing it could use the best they could give.

3

WELL, now it's 1957 and television is the "industry." It's a giant — and a growing giant. It's fated to be much bigger than pictures ever were. Even now, it's overwhelming. We've all seen that. Television has shaken up the whole picture business. It's our turn now. We in pictures have got to be better or go under.

When TV appeared, the motion-picture people put up a struggle. They didn't give up easily. First they pretended that it wasn't there. Then they tried to combat it with every conceivable technical novelty. They tried big screens in all sorts of ratios of width to height. They tried the third dimension, with and without goggles. They tried multiple sound sources and bigger budgets. As I write, the novelty is long long long pictures. They tried just about everything except the real novelty: three-dimensional material, new and better stories.

There are signs that they are being forced to that. It was hard to miss the meaning of the most

recent Academy Awards. In 1954, *From Here to Eternity*; 1955, *On the Waterfront*; 1956, *Marty*. Of these, only the first came from a major studio. All three used ordinary old-fashioned screens. All three were shot in black and white. And different as they were, each of them was plainly, undeniably, offbeat. People simply didn't care what size the screen was. They went to see those pictures because they had life in them.

The writers rejoiced in a recognition that went beyond their awards; and, notice, in each case the writer carried through from start to finish, working actively with the director. James Jones had written a hot novel out of his war experience. Daniel Taradash made the material his own, turned it into a fine screenplay, and worked closely with Fred Zinneman, the director. Budd Schulberg did an original screenplay out of long research and conviction and feeling, consulting with me often as he wrote, and standing by during much of the shooting. Paddy Chayevsky expanded his own television sketch into a picture and was consulted by Delbert Mann as it was being shot.

To get back to the picturemakers, they're in trouble. The box-office barometer dipped down, recovered, dropped again. Picture houses are closing, going dark. There is a rumor that one of the big studio lots is to be sold for a real-estate development. In such moments of confusion and panic, executive imaginations make unaccustomed flights. It has begun to occur to them that the writer — that eccentric, ornery, odd, unreliable, unreconstructed, independent fellow — is the only one who can give them real novelty.

The first sign that the old order was changing came in an odd but characteristic way: there was a certain loosening of the industry's self-imposed censorship code. There were departures from the frantic and crippling rule that *you must please everybody, you can't offend anybody*. An older law was operating at the box office: if you try to please everybody, you don't please anybody.

At the same time, the unwritten taboos began to be relaxed. The superstition about offbeat material took a new turn. There seemed to be some mysterious plus in the offbeat. Warily, story departments were instructed to look for subjects with this peculiar quality.

So now the writers — the fellows who used to sit in that caustic clump in the farthest corner of the studio commissary — are being brought forward. A number have been moved "up" to nonwriting jobs. They have been made producers and/or directors. Since it would seem obvious that writers are needed as writers, this may sound as inscrutably silly as some other Hollywood behavior — but it is at least a fumbling recognition that writers "have something" that's needed now. More reasonably, books and other stories that used to be thought unsuitable for pictures are being bought. In a

surprising number of cases, the original author is being asked to make his own screen version. Above all, writers are being invited, cajoled, and very well paid to write original and serious pictures. This last is the big step and the big hope.

Another sign of change is the growing number of small independent units being financed by the big studios and operating with a freedom that was unimaginable ten years ago. The mood is "Let them try." I'm one of the ones who's trying. I've formed my own company, Newtown Productions. I like being my own boss. I make my own pictures the way I want to make them. Also, I make my own mistakes. One of the things I've done is to upset the traditional balance and make the writer more important than the stars. I don't think it's a mistake.

I think we have a wonderful chance right now. The breakdown of the old standardized picture-making has made room for creative people. It is a boon to anyone who has something personal and strong to say. For art is nothing if it is not personal. It can't be homogenized. By its nature, it must disturb, stir up, enlighten, and "offend."

I'd like to make one last point about the writers, because it's important. The Academy Award winners, Dan Taradash and Budd Schulberg and Paddy Chayevsky, don't sneer at pictures. They don't think that screen writing is beneath them or that it's somehow an inferior form. The first time I met Budd, he had published three important and successful novels, but he said to me, "God, I'd like to write a really good picture some day." I heard Paddy use almost the same words back in 1951 when he was a young TV writer. They have both done it.

I think that Budd has done it again in *A Face in the Crowd*, which we are now completing. We have made it together, every step of the way. I never worked more closely with a writer in the theatre.

For as the theatre once freed itself from stale routines, so now pictures are beginning to make room for the best that a writer can bring to them. It follows that for the first time American writers are turning seriously to pictures.

What happens next may be as exciting as what happened in the twenties in the theatre.



THE ROCK POOL

by ERIC BARKER

WHAT have you brought back from that clear and sea-rinsed day
Beside the unblurred vision to the far horizon;
A pelican's catapult ripping the bright water-skin;
Arnold at Dover and every beach to say
Live true and deep, time shortens every summer?

Yet at a chance encounter why should I wonder at all,
Knowing your mind but little, your heart even less —
But there was a pool of coral and glistening pearl
Brimmed by the tide, asleep in timelessness,

And deep enough for a group of sirens singing
Their lost time back across that famous sea —
The pelican struck close by as the hot sun dried us,
Flat as the slap of an oar in the Odyssey.

What have you brought back from that clear and sea-rinsed day?
For me the tide of memory flows so deep
Day cannot follow where blind fathoms drown
All but what brightens through remembering sleep.



MARK DEWOLFE HOWE, who has been Professor of Law at Harvard since 1945, was Secretary to Justice Holmes during the year before the Justice's death in 1935. He has edited two collections of Holmes's letters — the correspondence with Sir Frederick Pollock and that with Harold Laski. He is the "authorized" biographer of Holmes, and *Justice Holmes: The Shaping Years, 1841–1870*, the first volume of his projected three-volume biography, was published by the Harvard University Press last month. The following brief memoir opens up a glimpse of one aspect of Holmes's maturity.

MR. JUSTICE HOLMES SEEKS HIS FRIENDS

by MARK DEWOLFE HOWE

1

ON MARCH 25, 1887, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., wrote the following note to Owen Wister, a young student from Philadelphia then in his second year at the Harvard Law School: —

"If you would like to dine at the vile hour of 2½ at Parker's pothouse tomorrow with the Saturday Club — which is supposed to consist of great swells, and is sometimes pleasant and not infrequently dull — meet me in the hostel at that hour sharp."

This note may serve to carry the weight of a miniature — a slight sketch of the Justice against his Boston background. In Holmes's invitation were reflected, I believe, two aspects of his taste, or, if you will, two facets of his prejudice. The invitation, in the first place, was tendered to a young man, not to a contemporary. In the years of his full maturity the men with whom he was most intimate were not his contemporaries. The nourishment of his mind and spirit came from such younger men as Felix Frankfurter, Colonel Wigmore, Lewis Einstein, Walter Lippmann, Arthur D. Hill, Robert S. Barlow, Harold Laski, and John C. H. Wu. It would not be unfair, perhaps, to suggest that similarly his vanity found more satisfaction in the devotion of such younger women as Lady Scott, Mrs. Charles P. Curtis, and Lady Desborough than in the affection of ladies of his own generation.

The names which I have listed may suggest the character of that other basic taste or prejudice which I find reflected in the invitation to Owen Wister. Over the years Holmes seems, in his search for friendships, to have turned away from Boston. He did not, of course, reject entirely — perhaps he did not even consciously spurn the place of his birth, his education, and his first private and public careers. A few Boston contemporaries, a few Yankees of a later vintage than his own, were close

and intimate friends until the end. Yet it is surely significant of some restlessness in his spirit that his closest intellectual companions included the Irish priest, Canon Sheehan, the Japanese statesman, Kentaro Kaneko, the English radical, Harold Laski, the Chinese intellectual, John C. H. Wu.

Writing to Harold Laski, Holmes once spoke of his admiration for "the men who have made life seem large and free." Such men, he suggested, were neither recognized nor appreciated in Boston. In referring to Lord Bryce, Holmes mentioned with some scorn his capacity to take "pleasure . . . in the society of admirable people like Charles Eliot." Is it not probable that finding that same capacity among Bostonians (particularly, perhaps, at the dining table of the Saturday Club) Holmes felt that his contrasting taste for men who "open the romantic perspectives of life" was suspect in a Yankee? The suspicion, doubtless, was there, for we know that one Bostonian spoke for others when he said that "the trouble with Wendell is that he likes to play with his mind." Holmes himself admitted that his "male friendships . . . make a queer company," adding that his friends have "included a fair share of cranks." Doubtless he had in mind such intellectual playmates as Brooks Adams, who according to Holmes was happy to accept "the position of crank," and an obscure publicist and professor, Franklin Ford, who seemed to Holmes to be "half crank" yet to "have ideas." It was in the company of such men as these and amidst the unorthodox writing of such younger men as E. A. Ross, Richard T. Ely, and Herbert Croly that Holmes liked to allow his mind and curiosity to kick up their heels.

This weakness for the crank — this liking for the heretic if not for the heresy — may have set Holmes apart from certain of the traditions of Boston. It

is well to remember, however, that heresies have been planted and have blossomed on Beacon Hill. Holmes's renunciation of the stodginess around him was not, accordingly, the rejection of everything familiar. It was not, in particular, the total rejection of his father. In 1926, acknowledging that he did not think that Dr. Holmes "was a great poet or had a great deal of charm," the Justice insisted, nevertheless, that his father "had more intellect than most of the crowd at the Saturday Club." To couple these reflections with another aphorism of the Justice's — "an ounce of charm is worth a pound of intellect" — is fairly to suggest, I think, a good deal about the Justice's attitude not only to his father but to the city of his birth. The Doctor's mind was lively, adventuresome, and original; the spirit of Boston had been the same. The man and the community, however, by the time Holmes had reached his middle years had allowed their overvaluation of propriety and learning to stifle the romantic zest. "Knowledge," Holmes once said, "is a dangerous diluent of thought." Boston had allowed its regard for learning to breed distrust of creative thought, and its respect for character to produce hostility to cranks. These, I believe, were important elements in Holmes's liking for the young, for the outlanders, and for the surviving rebels within the walls of Boston.

2

TO GIVE this emphasis to Holmes's rejection of certain aspects of Boston's tradition would be most misleading if conflicting loyalties were not identified. Though it seems to me that these loyalties contributed to his disappointment in his father, they were a part of his Yankee inheritance and, as such, were characteristic of the Bostonian. What I have in mind is the Justice's strong feeling that Dr. Holmes's failure was not a shortcoming of his mind, but a failure in his morals. The Doctor had not, to the Justice's way of thinking, taken life and its responsibilities with sufficient seriousness. He had allowed a considerable genius to dissipate itself in trivial talents.

It seems to me quite clear that this Puritanical conviction that each man is responsible to make the most of his endowment — to fulfill his responsibilities to the universe — was strengthened by the bad example of Dr. Holmes's frivolity. "If he had had the patience," the son observed, "to concentrate all his energy on a single subject . . . he would have been less popular, but he might have produced a great work. . . . But . . . it is the last five percent that makes the difference between the great and the clever." One of Holmes's chief objectives in life, I suggest, was to make that difference the dividing line between himself and his father.

If the structure of temperamental loyalties were fixed by principles of logic alone, Holmes's dis-

approval of his father's frivolity might have been expected to lead him to admire the sober virtues of the "squaretoed . . . anglicized Yankees" with whom he had grown up. Yet, as I have suggested, he seems to have turned eagerly from their company to that of younger, more romantic spirits. Holmes's departure from what might appear to be the logical consequence of Puritanism will always interest the students of his character. I have discovered no easy formula by which it may be explained, but I should like to suggest that it was not wholly irrational. Intellectually he was the child of nineteenth-century positivism — a child who believed, perhaps somewhat naïvely, that science would ultimately solve the mysteries of the universe. If that solution were ever to be achieved, men must shake themselves free from the shackles of their inherited superstitions and timidities. A society that translated its standards of propriety into principles of morality, that was fearful of boldness and originality, would not be concerned with the extension of the boundaries of science. It would not, accordingly, excite the devotion and loyalty of a child of positivism. He would find his satisfaction in the companionship of the crank, of the young, and of the outlander whose horizons, if not necessarily wider than those of a Bostonian, were at least different from those of Beacon Hill.

These intellectual commitments of Holmes's surely do much to explain his rejection of the ruling elders of his father's generation. They also help us to understand his irritation that his father, trained and qualified as a scientist, had allowed his great and adventuresome capacities to lie neglected while he made bright talk and wrote light verse. In the eyes of his son, Dr. Holmes was a worse sinner than most of his contemporaries, for his mind was by nature and training suited to the fulfillment of his responsibility. Though the son did not find himself pursuing in medicine or philosophy the vocation of a scientist, he had come to believe that the law could be dealt with in the scientific spirit. He saw it as his responsibility to bring that spirit to the subject matter of his profession, and to make his profession the center of his life.

When Holmes was appointed to the Supreme Court of the United States in 1902 he was a man of sixty-one. In the Civil War he had proved his capacity for action. In his career at the bar he had achieved notable distinction as a scholar. As Associate Justice and as Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts he had made his learning and his philosophy something more than an influence on his contemporaries: he had made them an element in the structure of the society around him. In such circumstances the new appointment might be seen as nothing more significant than a concluding and decorative honor to a notable career. Holmes, perhaps, saw it in this light when he wondered, as evidently he did, whether he should

accept the appointment. Within a month after his arrival in Washington, however, he wrote to Mrs. John C. Gray in Boston saying that he profoundly rejoiced that he had taken the chance which Roosevelt had offered him. The office, he wrote, "is so solemn and august and vast that I feel that had I declined I should have been refusing pusillanimously an opportunity that destiny does not repeat. It calls on all one's energies and has so much that is new that in a way it is beginning over again." What evidently impressed him most was that his responsibilities were now imperial and no longer parochial. "All my interest and energy," he told Mrs. Curtis, "have been taken up in the mighty panorama of cases from every part of a great empire involving great interests, raising questions I have never heard of, argued by the strongest men the country can show. . . ."

That Holmes accepted the new challenge thus thrust upon him is surely not surprising. The old longing for the larger scene and the wider horizons combined with the Puritan's desire for another test

of capacity to make Holmes's acceptance of the new responsibility almost inevitable. The miracle was that thirty years were given him to prove anew his strength. In those extraordinary years his curiosity did not diminish. He turned in Washington, as he had in Boston, toward younger men, seeking their guidance in his new adventure.

It may, perhaps, be some consolation to those Bostonians who, admiring his zest, are none the less unable to emulate it, to see indications that, transferred to another city than that of his birth, Holmes had more affection for Boston than he had known when he was an inhabitant. The grass of New England looked as green from Washington as had the fields beyond Beacon Hill when Holmes lived and worked upon its slopes. The heart of an old man, perhaps, found charms in Boston which had not been revealed to the young man's mind. Though his choice of the Arlington cemetery as his final resting place symbolized his commitment to the Nation, he died, as he had lived, a questing and restless son of New England.



SPRING DAY

by MAY SARTON

BEAUTIFUL is this day that brings us home
From our domain of cold, and winter bower,
From iron earth to trees in tasselly flower,
And gentle airs, and the soft-springing loam.

Offhand and royal, we are the carefree lords
Of these sumptuous rooms where light flows green,
These corridors of air, these feathery swords
Under a sky-blue ceiling, high and clean.

We lie on the enormous grassy bed
Sheltered as princes under the mothering air,
Where the anemone shines like a star
And rivers flow through veined leaves overhead;

And hold each other close in the green chance,
Hold each other against time and waste,
Come home here in the spring that is only once
And watch how the birds are swift, yet without haste.

At last we inhabit the dream, are really floating
As princes of the hour, while these green palaces
Glide into summer, where we too are going
With all the birds, and leaves, and all the kisses.



to popularize religion. But recently, as CURTIS CATE points out, the glorification of commercial success has been added to godliness in a way to make us somewhat skeptical of the new piety. Mr. Cate, who was born in France and educated at Harvard and Oxford, is now on the editorial staff of the Atlantic.

GOD AND SUCCESS

by CURTIS CATE

1

WHETHER or not the historians of the future will agree with Norman Vincent Peale's verdict that "America is the first great nation in history to be established on a definitely religious premise," it is perhaps a little premature to say. But when they come to bend their magnifying glasses over the confusing paradoxes of the present, there is one symptom at least which they are likely to single out for special study as constituting, for better or for worse, an unquestionably American innovation in the field of contemporary religion. This is the new style, or perhaps one should say the new pace, which has been set by those rugged captains of faith, by those trail-blazing religionists, who have sought in the last ten years to give a new and unprecedented impetus to religious predication in this country.

The American *religionist* — the title is a relatively recent one — has no exact counterpart in any other country. He is not a saint or a holy man, with his staff and his bowl, as we have been brought up to imagine them. There is none of the monk or the mystic about him, though there is quite a touch of the missionary. He is not a man of meditation but an activist; not a man of faith and prayer himself so much as a man who assiduously instructs others in how to acquire faith and how to pray. A religionist does not even need to be a clergyman. His mission is simply to popularize and sell religious health. He is a zealous promoter of psychic comfort, a supersalesman of salvation who has revolutionized the traditional methods of propagating piety by learning to peddle faith with all the *élan* of a Madison Avenue advertiser plugging a new barbiturate.

The new faith has little to do with the old-fashioned faith as Saint Paul conceived it — the faith of the contrite Christian humbly imploring the mercy and guidance of the Almighty to fight off sin and temptation. That is a negative approach to faith which our pioneer religionists have repudiated as unworthy of the Century of the Common Man. The new faith is a positive faith in man's power to have faith and to use it to conjure up the coopera-

tion of God; it is a confident faith in the latest "prayer techniques" that are guaranteed to get results; it is a streamlined faith in the tried and tested spiritual formulas that will win us those earthly rewards which the Baptist faith-healer, Oral Roberts, assures us are our due, because "Christ has no objection to prosperity."

One of the easiest ways of acquiring this twentieth-century approach to religion is to dip into a few of the inspirational books which have added luster to our literary output. Lay hold of the master key to the life within you, Marcus Bach recommends in a recently published book, and you can acquire *The Will to Believe*. Just learn to think well of yourself, Dr. Hyman Schachtel urges, and you will get *The Life You Want to Live*. You can achieve spiritual sovereignty, Dr. Roy Burkhardt assures us, by acquiring *The Freedom to Become Yourself*. Harness *The Magic Power of Your Mind*, Walter Germain encourages us, and you can live twenty-four hours a day. Learn to pray while at work, George Murran insists, and you will find that *There Is a Place for God in Business*. Forget the "ifs" in your life and you will discover, according to Alexander Lake, that *Your Prayers Are Always Answered*. The last three authors, incidentally, are not gentlemen of the cloth. Mr. Germain is a former Michigan police inspector who has made a specialty of juvenile delinquency; Mr. Murran is a New York business consultant and the funder of the Spiritual Guide for Business Institute; and Mr. Lake has been an African big-game hunter and guide as well as a writer.

But the most important source books of the new faith are, of course, the great classics of Dr. Norman Vincent Peale. Get rid of your inferiority complex, Dr. Peale urges us, and you will possess *A Guide to Confident Living*. Learn to believe in yourself and you will find that *You Can Win* and that you can enjoy *The Art of Living*. With Dr. Smiley Blanton (Dr. Peale's coauthor and psychiatrist colleague at the Marble Collegiate Church in New York) you will discover that *Faith Is the Answer* to all your

problems, and you will develop *The Art of Real Happiness*. Learn to break that worry habit and you will be able to tap the miraculous reserves of hidden energy stored up in *The Power of Positive Thinking*.

The latest masterpiece in this impressive series has just been published by Prentice-Hall under the confident title *Stay Alive All Your Life*. Like its predecessors, it is an anthology of success stories. Its author assures us that it goes even further than *The Power of Positive Thinking* in "emphasizing how to achieve well-being, vitality, enthusiasm, and effectiveness in life."

2

REDUCED to its essence, Dr. Peale's philosophy is this: the mind of man is like an eight-cylinder motor. If it feeds on "defeat thoughts," it splutters and chokes, like a Cadillac that has been filled with bad gasoline. Weighed down by negative thoughts, man loses his self-confidence and his power to act. Everything in him turns gloomy, somber, sour. The sourer he gets, the more he alienates his friends and associates, thus exacerbating his initial feeling of rejection and insecurity. To escape this vicious cycle, he must cleanse his mind of negative thoughts and inject new positive ones. This will act on his spiritual metabolism like high-octane gasoline on a coughing engine, turning his mind into a "power-producing plant." And how do you go about getting these "positive thoughts"? The answer is simple: by praying (prayer is an essential ritual in the "power-producing process"), by going to church (going to church also ensures a longer life), and above all by dipping into the Bible.

"The words of the Bible," says Dr. Peale, "have a particularly strong therapeutic effect. Drop them into your mind, allowing them to 'dissolve' in consciousness, and they will spread a healing balm over your entire mental structure." For example, as you get up in the morning, repeat the following Biblical phrase three times: "This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it." (Psalms 118:24.) And the Doctor adds: "Only personalize it and say: 'I will rejoice and be glad in it.' . . . If you repeat that one sentence three times before breakfast and meditate on the meaning of the words, you will change the character of the day by starting off with a happiness psychology."

There is, of course, nothing radically new about this kind of morale-boosting technique, variants of which can be found in a number of our religious cults. It is reminiscent of the technique of "conscious auto-suggestion" which was popularized just after the First World War by Dr. Émile Coué. But the method prescribed by the genial French doctor from Nancy had almost no religious overtones, and it contained suspicious symptoms of negative thinking. You could, if you wished, add the phrase "By

the Grace of God" after you had made the ritual incantation (twenty times repeated) of "Every day in every way I am getting better and better," and thus turn it into a prayer. But this addition was not essential to the success of the formula. Furthermore, Dr. Coué's pocket reader, *Self Mastery Through Conscious Auto-Suggestion*, is studded with negative warnings, like the fine print in an insurance contract. "Of course, the thing [desired] must be within your power," or "Don't discuss things you know nothing about, or you will look ridiculous."

When we move from Dr. Coué's modest book to those of Dr. Peale we move from a timorous to a confident universe. Dr. Peale's many formulas are altogether positive and guaranteed to work for all sorts of situations, and above all, for hard-pressed business executives down on their luck. Get rid of your negative-thinking friends and learn to have faith, and you will soon be moving mountains of dollars. Invoke God's divine assistance through "deep prayers that have a lot of suction" and you will get what you want in life, or at any rate you will *potentially* be in a position to get what you want. (This is, fortunately, the only shadow of negative thinking haunting Dr. Peale's books.)

A typical case cited by the Doctor as an example of the success of this method is that of a saleswoman who has been unable to sell vacuum cleaners. One day she breaks down and pours out her tale of woe to a sympathetic customer, who, taking pity on her, gives her this encouragement: "Repeat this formula before every call. Believe it and then marvel what it will do for you. This is it. 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' [Romans 8:31.] But change it by personalizing it so that you say, 'If God be for me, who can be against me? If God be for me, then I know that with God's help, I can sell vacuum cleaners.'" The upshot of this story is that the saleswoman goes out and sells vacuum cleaners. And Dr. Peale concludes: "Now she declares, 'God helps me to sell vacuum cleaners,' and who can dispute it?"

The beauty of this moving story lies, of course, in the ingenious way in which Saint Paul's exhortation to his fellow Christians in their desperate struggle against the pagan authorities of Rome has been "personalized" and adapted to the everyday usage of the harassed saleswoman. The new formula is thus ready-made for secular use and has no religious implications whatsoever. This is, indeed, the signal originality of Dr. Peale's works. They are great religious books with a minimum of religion in them. You can search their pages in vain for moral injunctions or guidance as to the kind of good or bad actions you should or should not undertake in life. These books are not much concerned with morality; their essential concern is success. What matters is that you should get what you want.

The new, confident approach to religion has been objected to by some theological traditionalists on

the ground that it inevitably implicates God in the seething ebb and flow of human fortunes. It is all very well to say that if you have faith in God, He will never let you down. But what happens if your good luck fails to materialize or suddenly ends? Are you to conclude that God has broken His part of the bargain? To this objection our forward-looking religionists, like Dr. Peale, have a ready answer: you simply didn't try hard enough. Go out and try again. They are equally unperturbed by such judgments as this one of Henry L. Mencken's: "All great religions, in order to escape absurdity, have to admit a dilution of agnosticism. It is only the savage, whether of the African bush or the American gospel tent, who pretends to know the will and intent of God exactly and completely." Mencken was notoriously one of the most negative thinkers this century has produced, and his past pontifications have simply been ignored by our pioneer religionists, even supposing they have ever bothered to read them.

The new fashion, on the contrary, is to see God everywhere and at least potentially succoring everyone in his secular pursuits — except, of course, Communists and fellow travelers. Today the idea of partnership with the Divine is no longer seriously contested, except perhaps in a few last strongholds of resolutely negative thought. Everywhere else it is expanding and triumphing prodigiously. In Dr. Peale's books we find God everywhere, lending a hand in the most mundane occupations. We find Him helping to sell vacuum cleaners and running a beauty parlor; we find Him on the football field, the athletic field, and out on the golf links; above all, we find Him in the business office, helping the enterprising to get ahead in the world. For nothing succeeds better in business, Dr. Peale assures us, than "effecting a merger with God." God is everywhere in the universe, the source of all energy, like a cosmic battery that any believer can plug into with the live wire of faith.

This, of course, is pantheism — a new breezy kind of pantheism in suede shoes and a gray flannel suit. The new cult has gone to the extreme of sporting a rakish-looking zoot suit, as happened last July when the International New Thought Alliance held its annual convention in Washington, D.C. I doubt if there has been a religious convention in modern times that has been as positively inspired as this one. For before it was over, the delegates had swept away all the old distinctions between God and Mammon, celebrated the mystic marriage of the Cross and the Dollar, and plunged into ecstatic dithyrambs over the distribution of a pamphlet,

written by one cleric present, which bore the electrifying title: *Money Is God in Action!*

Getting God into the business office, and even out on the golf links, is the surest way of making Him popular in a period of prosperity. It is the easiest way of divesting Him of his former aloof, paternal attributes, of "bringing Him down to earth" and "democratizing" Him, in order to make Him more palatable to the success-seeking, Freud-ridden, leisure-loving generations of the present.

Thanks to our pioneering religionists, we can now take comfort in a new God shaped "in the image of Man"; a really friendly, companionable, democratic God, who doesn't mind having His back slapped in a spirit of pious partnership; a God who, as Jules Masserman has put it, has become "man's omnipotent slave."

In the "dynamic" religion that we are being promised for tomorrow no ascetic discipline or special humbleness will any longer be required. It will be a hot-water bottle kind of piety with none of that gritty old morality in it. It will be a brand of faith that has been synthetized, vitaminized, homogenized, and capsulized, and it will be as ready-made for effortless consumption as that magically bleached, cottony, crustless, already sliced white bread which is the symbol of the modern American's massive superiority over the pagan bushwhacker.

Did I say tomorrow? I was being overcautious and almost guilty of negative prognostications. For our boldest pioneers have already left even as enterprising a religionist as Dr. Peale far behind. A harbinger of the great things to come was the recent Gospel Boogie craze, in which jazzed-up fragments of the New Testament were offered to jam-packed audiences munching popcorn and sipping soda pop. Another is the wave of religious songs that has recently swamped the juke boxes with such immortals of sentimentalized piety as "It Is No Secret What God Can Do," "Are You Friends with the King of All Friends?," "If Jesus Came to Your House," and "The Man Upstairs."

Some of the verses in these songs are, it is true, a trifle sticky; and referring to God as "The Man Upstairs" may be hard to swallow for the old-fashioned among us. But this is the price we must pay for the privilege of bringing God into the drug-store as well as the business office. We can all rejoice, with Dr. Peale and his fellow pioneers, that the Good Lord has heard the call and condescended with such debonair grace to be One of the Boys, a Hundred Percent American, and a valuable Member of the Team.

This trick's on you!

A bucket of water over the door is one of the risks of April Fool's Day. But being tricked on *other* days is something else again.

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Next time you hear someone talk in favor of federal government electricity, ask him about the trick it plays with your taxes (and his). Chances are, he'll stop talking and start thinking. *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies**.

*Company names on request through this magazine



THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

GREENWICH VILLAGE in the autumn of 1923 was a convenient and inexpensive Bohemia for young bachelors. It had an assortment of basement restaurants with thumb-worn menus in French and Italian; a real French bakery where one could get *croissants* and large square rolls with poppy seeds on top, two for five; one-man bookstores run on a very personal basis where you just might bump into Sherwood Anderson or Maxwell Bodenheim; Webster Hall, where the costume party New Year's Eve was the nearest thing to the Beaux Arts ball; Washington Square, where you could loaf in the sunlight of a Sunday morning; the Provincetown Players on McDougall Street, where I was to see *Desire Under the Elms*; and it had walk-up apartments (three flights, please) such as a twenty-five-dollars-a-week man could afford. The cheapest were those whose windows gave on the Sixth Avenue El. That is where I was living with two of my Harvard classmates, Elliott Cabot, who was acting in *White Cargo*, and Berry Fleming, who was writing humorous sketches for *Life* and *Punch*.

I did the housekeeping, and it was a Box and Cox arrangement, for Elliott seldom returned from Broadway until long after we were asleep, and he was never up at the time that I had to leave for the office. I only saw him Sundays when we breakfasted late. Breakfast was my dish and it never varied. On my way home I would pick up the big square rolls at the French bakery. Next morning while the coffee was boiling, I'd heat them in the oven with a big chunk of butter melting in the center. On top of this I would introduce a three-and-a-half-minute egg, with paprika to taste. All on one plate and very good.

We came to gradually on Sundays, and in a bathrobe or sweater Elliott would spend some time before the mirror on facial exercises, while Berry, if urged, would show me the skits he was preparing to

submit to Oliver Herford, one of the *Life* staff, on Monday.

Our apartment was the top floor of an old brownstone dwelling and it trembled like jelly each time the Elevated roared by. Our landlord, a mysterious Greek doctor, conducted an enormous, silent practice on the first floor. The second floor was occupied by a fading Italian countess and her professorial husband who had been reduced to serving as a translator at the near-by municipal court. Their rooms were heavy with ancient velvet portieres, massive gilded furniture, books on shelves and on the floor, and dust everywhere. She cooked their meals on a gas ring on the window sill. The third floor was ours and, as we had an extra cot and were only one year out of college, we were a favorite last resort for friends looking for a free night.

I took the Sixth Avenue El uptown to reach Liveright's office on West 48th Street, and at the office, where Bennett Cerf and I had desks side by side, I was beginning to know — at least by sight — some of our more famous clientele. I recognized dour Theodore Dreiser with his ponderous manner, and Ludwig Lewisohn, bright-eyed and animated, whose *Up Stream* had been a sweeping success and who was now about to publish his novel, *Don Juan*. I must have been out selling books when Eugene O'Neill called; we were publishing his plays that autumn, but if he had any business to transact, it was probably down at the Algonquin where the more desirable authors were entertained. But I did see Sherwood Anderson, who was Mr. Liveright's latest acquisition and a legend in the Village. Anderson had soared into our thinking with his *Winesburg, Ohio*, and his short stories were acclaimed even in London, where they were published by Jack Squire. Mr. Liveright coveted his future books, and he got an option on them by the simple expedient of tracing Anderson to his lair in the Village. All we knew at the time was that Horace had returned with a signed contract and a smile on the face of the tiger. The other side of the story was told to me by Mr. Anderson years later. The furnished room on the third floor back where he received the publisher was threadbare, and Mr. Liveright, a born gambler when it came to advances, lost no time.

"Mr. Anderson," he began, "I am a great admirer of your work, and I want to make it easier for you. What I propose is to send you a check for one hundred and fifty dollars every Monday, and

The author of THE STONES OF THE HOUSE

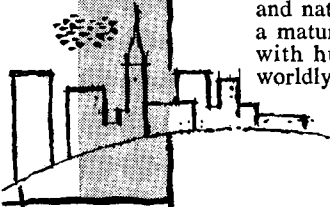
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THE ROOTS OF AMERICAN COMMUNISM

The man who reads dictionaries



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MARK VAN DOREN, poet, critic, story-writer, Professor of English at Columbia University, says:

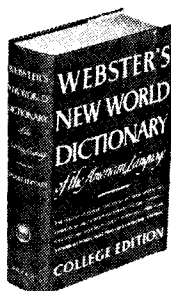
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regard this as an advance against your royalties on your next novel."

"Every Monday?" said Sherwood, thoughtfully. "One hundred and fifty dollars?"

"Every Monday," said Horace, and the deal was made.

"That next Monday," continued Sherwood, as he reminisced, "I couldn't wait for the postman. I was down there in my bathrobe when the letters came through the slot. Sure enough, there it was. The check. I certainly ate well that week, took some friends out and we had steak. The checks kept right on coming. But somehow it would get around towards Friday, and I wouldn't have done even as much as half a new chapter of *Dark Laughter*. By the end of the month I knew this couldn't go on, so I went up to see Horace at 48th Street.

"'Horace,' I said, handing him back the contract, 'I don't want this any more.'"

"'Who's offering you more?' he asked.

"'No, it's not that,' I said. 'I just can't work that way. You'll get the book, but give me back my poverty.'"

To read the face of America

It was in Westport, Connecticut, in a cottage not far from the old post road that **Van Wyck Brooks** settled down for his first serious writing at the end of the First World War. He had resisted the temptations of Europe, where so many of our expatriates were then working, for like Thoreau he feared "to lose the feeling of his 'native woods and pastures.'" This conviction that American writers flourish best on their own soil is a major theme both in his criticism and in this book. "Westport," he writes, "was to witness many of the types of this time of discovery and youth; for there came Sherwood Anderson and Scott Fitzgerald, along with the New England poet Robert Frost. There, too, lived Paul Rosenfeld, of all our Westport circle of friends the most aware, I think, of the promise of the country." From Westport he commuted to the offices of *The Freeman*, where he served as literary editor, and here in free time and the weekends he cultivated the friendships with people like Lillian Wald, Malcolm Cowley, Lee Simonson, Hendrik Van Loon, about whom he writes with such perceptive affection in the second volume of his mem-

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oirs, *Days of the Phoenix: The Nineteen-Twenties I Remember* (Dutton, \$3.95).

His warm-spirited volume with its candid self-evaluation is the pleasantest form of literary history. He catches the liberal fervor of *The Freeman* and the brilliance and perversity of its editor, Albert Jay Nock; he causes us to remember with gratitude that witty scholar and skillful translator, Ernest Boyd; he examines the motives which drew Americans like Henry James and Edith Wharton abroad, and explains why their work became orchidaceous as a result; he has a fascinating chapter on those others who had found escape in Polynesia, such as his brother-in-law John Francis Stimson and James Norman Hall; he tells of the self-doubts which he encountered as an interpretive critic of Mark Twain and Henry James; and most movingly of the irresolution and mounting pressure which resulted in his nervous breakdown in 1929. "I was always," he writes, "'straining to read the face of America,'" and in this disarming and discerning book one feels how right he has been in most of his evaluations, how happy in his friendships.

Sitting ducks

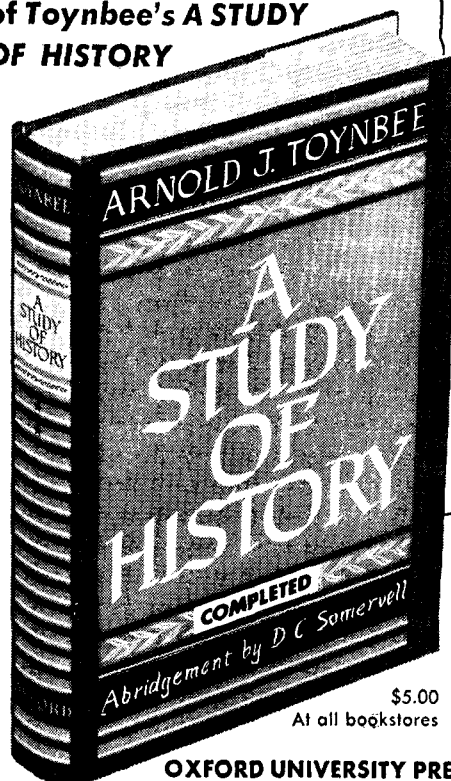
In *A Night to Remember*, Walter Lord wrote a terse and epic account of the sinking of the *Titanic*; and the loss of that great ship, as he rightly says, marks the end of an era — an era of class distinction and unlimited luxury. The English heiress whose American lover had been among the drowned and who chartered a ship from Halifax in order to drop a huge wreath on the watery grave is an epitome of the extravagance and independence which were dealt a body blow by the iceberg and killed forever by the First World War. The swift, graphic detail with which Mr. Lord built up the disaster and his personal touches about the passengers and crew were a device so successful that it was sure to lead to other assignments. *Day of Infamy* (Holt, \$3.95) is the carefully planned hour-by-hour recording of the surprise assault on Pearl Harbor, and I must say at once that it is as engrossing as the story of the sinking of the *Titanic*, though less romantic and more harrowing.

I remember that on Saturday night, December 6, 1941, an American admiral, who shall be nameless, delivered a lecture at a famous club in

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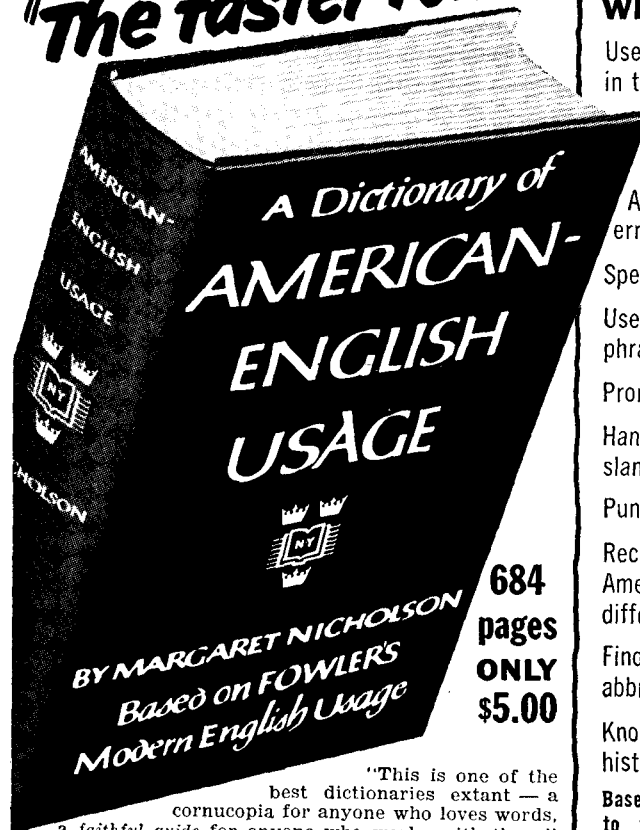
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Both books have been exceedingly handsomely produced, *Men & Gardens* in addition being graced with a lavish number of illustrations. It is priced at \$5.00; *An English Year* at \$3.50.

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ALFRED A. KNOPE, *Publisher*

New York City in which he made it clear that the Japanese had neither the audacity nor the striking force with which to hurt us at Honolulu. The news which reached us the following afternoon put an end to that sublime complacency which seems to have imbued all ranks of all services on duty at Pearl. As Mr. Lord's title suggests, this is a book of accusation, and the casualness and complacency of the individuals he quotes make up a damning total. Five of the battleship captains and 50 per cent of the destroyer officers spent that fateful Saturday night ashore. There were no barrage balloons and the battleships were without crinolines: the antitorpedo net was opened at 6:30 A.M., and because it was easier to keep it open for a little casual traffic, it so remained. The efforts of the *Ward*, which had intercepted the first Japanese submarine, to get through to Naval District Headquarters wound up in a maze. At 6:45 A.M. plots began to show up on the radar interceptor screen, but at 7:00 the operators knocked off and went to breakfast. The first Japanese bombers to be heard overhead were cursed out as buzz-happy American pilots — a man said some poor Navy pilot would get into trouble for that. And even when the bombing began and the call for General Quarters was sounded, certain officers like Commander Stout were annoyed because he had left standing orders never to test General Quarters before 8:00 on Sunday.

The bare-handed heroism with which the officers and crew rallied to their crippled and sinking ships, the plucky resourcefulness with which the *Nevada* was piloted into open water, the point-blank persistence of the antiaircraft crews who fought back through the strafing (the ammunition was old and there were a lot of misfires), the angry desperation of the few pilots who could get aloft — this is the pathetic last half of the story, and, as Mr. Lord tells it, the magnificent epitaph of those who went down. The multitude of personal incidents and the difficulty of distinguishing between the Japanese names make *Day of Infamy* a less intimate chronicle than that of the *Titanic*; what we feel is the overpowering sense of shock, the rising indignation, the questions that are still unanswered. Pearl Harbor, too, was the end of an era, and Americans will never be so cocksure again.

Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



The second installment of D. C. Somervell's masterly Abridgement of *A Study of History* (Oxford University Press, \$5.00) by Arnold J. Toynbee covers the last four volumes, VII-X, of Toynbee's magnum opus. Since its publication in 1947, the first part of Somervell's Abridgement has sold more than 300,000 copies; and in the United States — where his impact has been much larger than in England — Toynbee has acquired the approximate standing of a contemporary prophet.

What is perhaps most striking about Toynbee's position is the extraordinary disparity between his reception on the middle-brow and on the scholarly levels. The reviews addressed to the general reader have averaged a pound of admiration to every ounce of criticism. In scholarly studies, on the other hand, Toynbee's work has generally been strongly, even scathingly, condemned. The distinguished Dutch historian, Pieter Geyl, has courteously summed up a frequent criticism in the aphorism "*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas l'histoire.*" A. J. P. Taylor of Oxford has said more bluntly: "Toynbee's method is not that of scholarship, but of the lucky dip, with emphasis on luck." The revivalist sonorities which are so insistent in Toynbee's work have led a Chicago historian to call him "a sort of Billy Graham of the eggheads."

Some of these scholarly critics acknowledge that *A Study of History*, whatever its faults, is an achievement of great magnitude. Toynbee has certainly come closer than any other modern historian to writing a Universal History. The mere dimensions of his work — 6290 pages, more than 3 million words, 332 pages of index with 19,000 entries — arouse the awe inspired by almost superhuman energy. Toynbee's learning is probably unmatched in range, and his thought is rich in moral and psychological insights. He has had the courage to tackle, head on, the largest questions that can be put to history, and has come up with provocative answers. But respect for the mightiness of



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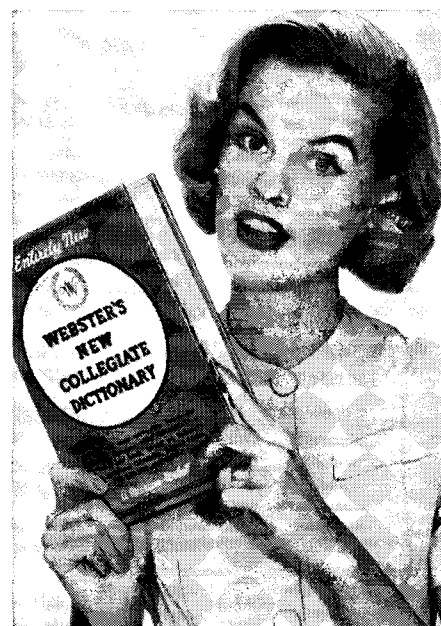
his edifice and for his titanic knowledge should not place Toynbee beyond criticism by the layman. There is much in his argument and procedure which the intelligence is competent to judge without the aid of encyclopedic erudition. In fact, being a system builder he is more open to challenge than the conventional historian.

The over-all objection to Toynbee's history is that its claim to be based on "the scientific approach," to have arrived at its interpretations via the road of "English empiricism," is utterly untenable. Take, for example, Toynbee's formulation that civilization originates as a response to the challenge of "special difficulties." In the first place, the admission that special difficulties can prove so severe as to be insuperable leaves one wondering what degree of challenge produces the appropriate response and reduces the formulation to a homily on the uses of adversity. More importantly, the fourteen examples cited of the origin of civilization merely show that civilized societies have arisen under "hard" rather than under "soft" conditions. This does not necessarily prove what Toynbee's thesis requires him to prove, namely that it was the hard conditions *exclusively* which caused the emergence of civilization—other factors may have played a decisive part.

Time and again, Toynbee concludes that a hypothesis has been vindicated by "the empirical method," when all that he has done is to select instances which happen to fit the pattern he wishes to impose upon the past. He does not, as he should, go out of his way to examine evidence which appears to conflict with his theories; and sometimes he blatantly flouts inconvenient facts—on one occasion at the cost of gross self-contradiction. In the chronological table (Abridgement, Vol. I) which refers to universal states, the years 1797–1814—the period of the Napoleonic wars—are placed under the heading: universal peace. In the table (Abridgement, Vol. II) illustrating a later theory about the "War-and-Peace Cycle," the same period appears (more realistically, at any rate) under the heading: general war.

A second major weakness of Toynbee's—a fatal one for a system builder—is that his procedure is highly inconsistent and unsystematic. Although his study of Western Christianity concludes that it suffered its decisive breakdown about four cen-

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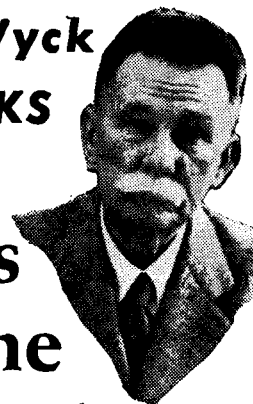
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turies ago, we subsequently find him suggesting that Christianity may well be "left as the heir to all the philosophies . . . and to all the higher religions." He sometimes supports his argument about the growth of civilizations by referring to the experience of units (Holland and Switzerland, Venice and New England) which are *not* civilizations — and this after emphasizing that no unit smaller than a civilization is an intelligible field of study.

In the essays published in *Civilization on Trial* and elsewhere, Professor Toynbee has shown that he can write with a clarity, grace, and eloquence rarely found in the highest echelons of learning. But all too often in *A Study of History* the style is overburdened with multiplicity of allusion, cumbrous Latinizations, and esoteric terminology. The following is a not extreme example of the Toynbeean gobbledygook which causes the reader to feel, at times, that he is being addressed by a magician describing happenings in an Enchanted Forest: "In the field of encounters in the Time-dimension an Antaeus rebound that wins from Necromancy an anticipatory communion with the Future has its antithesis in an Atlantean stance in which a Necromancer who has yielded to the legendary Epimethean impulse of Lot's wife is petrified by the hypnotic state of a resuscitated corpse's Medusan countenance into the rigidity of a pillar of salt pinned down by the incubus of the Past."

Similarly, Toynbee's doctrines force him into positions in the face of which the mind boggles, so outrageously do they violate common sense. That rational and humane Victorian, Sir James Frazer, is equated, by virtue of his paganism, with the barbaric Nazi, Alfred Rosenberg. The thesis that a "schism of the soul" ended the growth of Western Christianity some time before 1600 commits Toynbee to the view that since that date the history of the West has been entirely one of decay. The development of the American continent, the advances in medicine, science, material prosperity, social justice — all this is dogmatically rejected as "a vain repetition of the heathen." The fantastic assertion is made that the West's artistic genius has been sterilized since the fourteenth century, and all painting and sculpture from Giotto to Cézanne is blandly dismissed as "a resuscitated Hellenic naturalism."

Van Wyck BROOKS



Days of the Phoenix

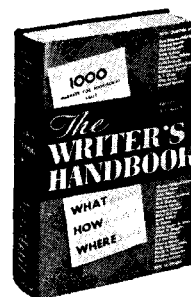
THE NINETEEN-TWENTIES
I REMEMBER

SINCLAIR LEWIS, Dreiser, Paul Rosenfeld, Thomas Wolfe, H. L. Menck-en, Diego Rivera, the staffs of *The Freeman* and *The Dial* were among Van Wyck Brooks' friends and West-port neighbors in the turbulent twenties. He delightfully combines personal reminiscence and literary history in this continuation of *Scenes and Portraits*, the book which Lionel Trilling called: "A work of notable charm and unquestioned interest . . . his life in letters has been of the greatest significance, of a significance that, for our time, is perhaps unique."

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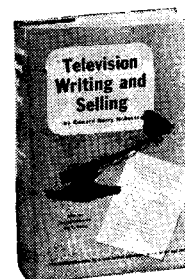
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Everywhere it is apparent that Toynbee is what Burckhardt referred to as a "terrible simplifier." Art, philosophy, economics, science, and technology and the material changes they bring are clearly not regarded as important in themselves to the historian. Only religion is held to be creative; and Toynbee, though he often inconsistently speaks as a liberal in the political sphere, shows so little regard for freedom on the secular plane that he diagnoses Western democracy and Russian totalitarianism as basically similar aberrations. Toward the end of the *Study* he makes the astonishing statement that he finds the current trend toward regimentation encouraging: if men are prevented from thinking for themselves about politics and economics, they may then devote their psychic energies to affairs of the spirit.

Much that invites attack in Toynbee would be immune to criticism if *A Study of History* were presented and phrased as the product of an inner vision, a work in the tradition of St. Augustine's *City of God*. But Toynbee's grotesque claim that he is using the scientific method is not abandoned even when, in Volume VII of the original, he announces that to him history has become "a vision of God's creation on the move," a revelation of "man's mysterious spiritual ascent on the wings of material catastrophe." Hereafter Toynbee moves unabashedly in the domain of intuition and prophecy, drawing even more copiously than before on myth, allegory, and theology. The system of the first six volumes is turned upside down. Churches replace civilizations as "the protagonists" of history. Previously churches were the source of the spiritual energy that carried forward the chariot of civilization; now civilization is demoted to the status of a wheel, "whose descending movement [is] the means of carrying forward the chariot of Religion."

Since "the law of spiritual progress" is that "we learn by suffering," it is self-evident to Toynbee that civilizations of the second generation came into being solely to provide, by means of their disintegration, opportunities for "fully fledged higher religions to come to birth." In Toynbee's eyes, civilizations, except insofar as they minister to the progress of religion, "have forfeited their historical significance." Thus our modern Western society has only one way of justifying itself: with its uni-

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versal communications, it could provide a meeting ground for the four "higher" religions and thereby enable them to unite in a universal religion, to which, one gathers, Christianity would make the major contribution.

As a "City of God," *A Study of History* is a powerful and fascinating work, a stupendous achievement. As a rational interpretation of history it seems to me totally unacceptable; and the way in which Toynbee uses religion has been as sharply criticized by believers of various faiths as it has by skeptics. The explanation of its popular success in the United States is, I believe, that it is curiously in tune with the spirit of the times. It appeals, to begin with, to the contemporary veneration of the colossal which has produced the four-hour movie, the giant screen, and the oversized, overpowered automobile; Toynbee has brought to history the Cecil B. de Mille touch, backed by impeccable credentials. More importantly, he manages both to articulate the pessimism of the age — the fear that our civilization may be headed toward destruction — and at the same time to oppose to such fears a vague religiosity which creates a glow of optimism. He leaves us with the assurance that history is, at bottom, a success story — that man is moving upward as he moves onward into the dark beyond.

The Battle of Budapest

In record-breaking time, **James A. Michener** has written the first book-length account of the Battle of Budapest, pieced together (with the aid of a team of researchers) from interviews with hundreds of Hungarian refugees in Austria. Mr. Michener himself helped to lead many fugitives across the frontier footbridge at Andau which was the escape route taken by 20,000 of the nearly 200,000 Hungarians who left their country. Where it was necessary to protect relatives, Michener has changed names or has fused the experiences of several individuals into a composite story. But his book, *The Bridge at Andau* (Random House, \$3.50), sticks to fact throughout, and he has spared no effort to make his report as reliable as possible.

The Battle of Budapest may well be lastingly commemorated as one of the historic stands against impossible odds. Michener's account of the fighting — the defense of Killian bar-

racks, the factory workers' bitter-end resistance on Csepel Island, the exploits performed by teen-agers in attacking Russian tanks with home-made explosives — is a masterly job of re-creative chronicling: precise, vivid, and immeasurably stirring. When the Russians — using a full-sized army and 4000 tanks — eventually crushed the revolt, they added a hideous chapter to the crowded annals of contemporary barbarism. Freedom fighters who surrendered were massacred; women in shopping queues were machine-gunned; even nurses and Red Cross workers who were attending the wounded were executed.

Michener's central point is that it was the Communist elite which led the revolution — young intellectuals favored by the Party and the industrial workers of Csepel, who were considered the hard core of the Communist movement. An arresting and encouraging aspect of the revolt was that the youth of Hungary, indoctrinated with Communism from its earliest school days, was solidly in the vanguard of the fight for freedom. What caused the uprising? Hatred of Russian domination and of the thought control and ruthless economic exploitation that went with it; the terrorism of the AVO (the secret police), of whose bestialities Michener gives some horrendous examples; and the abysmal failure of the puppet rulers to make good any of their promises.

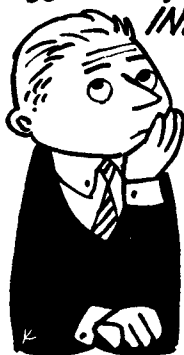
In his concluding observations, Michener notes that only one per cent of the Hungarian refugees were participants in the fighting, and he warns that it would be a grave mistake for the United States to support a government-in-exile. Finally, Michener focuses attention on a tragic failing in American policy. The Hungarian freedom fighters are bitter at having been misled by our radio propaganda (beamed at them via Radio Free Europe), which insistently played up the theme of "liberation" and encouraged them, or so they feel, to expect help in the event of a showdown. Now that the structure of satellite society is so obviously under fire, the United States, says Michener, cannot go on promoting revolt without being in any way prepared to respond to an uprising.

Fiction chronicle

My score for the five titles I settled on, after a fairly wide sampling of the

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new novels, is two disappointments, two (predictable) comedy hits, and one attractive discovery. The sharpest disappointment was *A Distant Drum* (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.50) by Charles Bracelen Flood, whose first novel, *Love Is a Bridge* (which I did not read), met with an extremely favorable reception. The story hinges on the overworked theme of the young man who leaves a conservative home in order to become a writer, and it is inflated with odds and ends which contribute little or nothing to the three main lines of the plot.

Flood's hero writes a novel, supposedly a pretty good one, but it does not get published. He falls in love with an exquisite girl and she with him, but she balks at marriage and their relationship breaks up. He enlists in the army at the outbreak of the Korean War, concealing the fact that he has a defective arm, and struggles heroically to get through basic training; but the bad arm finally forces him to ask for a discharge. Whether or not it is autobiographical, the book reads like a record of undigested experience and leaves an impression of pointlessness. It is written with a great deal of earnestness, a streak of sentimentality, and enough competence to sustain the fallacious hope that it will eventually get somewhere.

Stacking the cards against his protagonists has always been a compulsion in the case of Charles Morgan, whose new novel is entitled *Challenge to Venus* (Macmillan, \$3.50). There are few living novelists with a finer command of the English language than Mr. Morgan; but it is hardly an exaggeration to say that he has devoted his considerable talents to forever rewriting the same story. The setting changes, the incidentals vary, but the heart of the matter is always love in the romantic stratosphere between two beings from different worlds — and always the twain must part. In the current novel, the setting is an ancient hill town in Italy. The lovers are a young Englishman on his way to a job in Aden and an Italian princess of surpassing beauty, who behaves as though endowed with the power of a goddess — there are moments when she is the very embodiment of Racine's line: "*C'est Venus toute entière à sa proie attachée.*" If I count the book a disappointment, it is only because I naïvely imagined that there might be some departure from the too familiar mixture as



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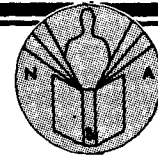
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before. Mr. Morgan is certainly in fine form, and he remains one of the few contemporary masters of the novel in the key of high romanticism.

It might also be said of P. G. Wodehouse that he has forever rewritten the same novel, with incidental variations. But when one shifts to the domain of farce, it becomes irrelevant whether the mixture is new or old: all that matters is whether it is entertaining. For this reader, time has not withered nor custom staled Wodehouse's infinite hilarity. His latest opus, *The Butler Did It* (Simon & Schuster, \$3.50), is superlative Wodehouse. The point of departure is a tontine started in 1929; a group of American millionaires set up a trust fund which will go to the son who is last to get married. The plotting is intricate and ingenious, the prose crisp, the wit entrancing. And the proceedings are masterminded by a butler who, as one of the characters observes, is "a vintage butler of obviously a very good year."

The other comedy hit in this month's lineup is Richard Bissell's *Say, Darling* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.95), a Book-of-the-Month Club selection. Mr. Bissell, whose novel, *7½ Cents*, was turned into a successful musical, *The Pajama Game*, has chronicled the ordeal of an innocent from Indiana, Jack Jordan, who has been summoned to New York to adapt his best-selling novel into a musical comedy. The story follows Jordan step by step along the *via dolorosa* that leads from the first blank page on the typewriter to the morning after opening night on Broadway. Bissell's derisive eye ranges beyond the theatrical madhouse over divers aspects of the Manhattan scene—the antics of society columnists; the \$20 midtown lunch; the sheep waiting to be herded into Radio City Music Hall; the jargon of the avant-garde; the rituals of de luxe barbershops; commuter-manship; and the mystique of the Brooks Brothers look.

All this is territory which a posse of humorists has already assiduously explored. But Bissell has the authentic comic touch—a salty turn of phrase and a flair for rendering what is humorous in strokes that shrewdly blend realism and caricature. Even when he tackles types who have been done to death, he often manages to come through with some delightful stuff—notably in his portraits of a



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souped-up theatrical press agent, a big play-backer who is both a Hollywood mogul and a manufacturer of exotic shirts, and a song writer with a No. 1 juke-box hit to his credit and a fancy case of satyriasis.

One of the protagonists says to Jack Jordan, "You overplay the hick sometimes"; and I feel that Bissell is guilty of this himself. There is no doubt, though, that his book is fast, funny, and at times tellingly satiric. I suspect that Bissell will again find himself in Jack Jordan's shoes — *Say, Darling* would surely make a socko musical.

The King of a Rainy Country (Knopf, paperbound, \$1.25) introduced me to a young English writer, Brigid Brophy, who is well endowed with the quality which is all-important to the novelist and is currently in short supply — a distinctive individuality. Her way of seeing, feeling, and thinking — and therefore of writing — is decidedly her own.

Miss Brophy has described her theme as "the romantic temperament," and the story in which she develops it is a curious sort of comedy. Her heroine, Susan, has fallen in love with a young man called Neale and has gone to live with him *à la Bohème*; but Neale has kept their relationship platonic. They discover, in the disreputable bookstore in which Susan is working, a nude picture of a former schoolmate of hers, who was the adored idol of her adolescence. This beautiful girl, Cynthia, has to them an aura of romanticism which launches them on a quest to find her; and learning that she is in Venice, they work their way there as escorts to a party of American tourists. When finally they meet up with Cynthia, their romantic image is dissolved. But another and more compelling one takes its place; and that one, too, finally eludes them.

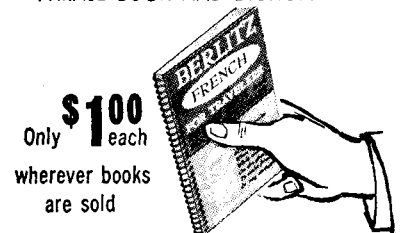
Taken as a whole the novel is far from being a success: it is somewhat disjointed, lacking in coherence, and at times not sufficiently convincing. But it has, throughout, qualities which I found extremely attractive. The prose is first-rate; fresh, spare, and assured. There is dead-pan comedy of the choicest order, especially in the scenes involving the dealer in pornography, who is a truly inspired creation. There is hilarious caricature and farce in the description of the trip with the American tourists. Above all, there is a genuine youthfulness of spirit, a glow of independence.

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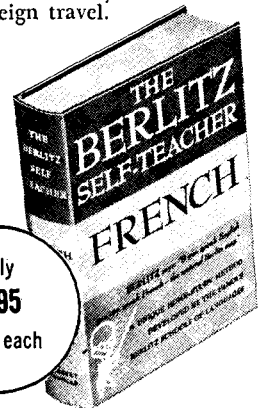
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ACCENT ON LIVING



I HAD hoped to be a member of that extremely small, select group of journalists who stopped smoking and who did not, in consequence, write an article about their feat. Fifty cigarettes a day for forty years, the measure of my addiction, tots up to 580,000 cigarettes, and stop smoking them I did. But the reasons for saying something about it seem to me stronger than the case for reticence. I am uncomfortably aware, as I make this admission, of the disdainful little piece which I wrote for these pages about "the swear-off article" and how one man's swear-off was after all too much like another's. But the propaganda for smoking and the myth of failure and misery for those who would try to stop are sufficiently preposterous to claim space here for comment.

In my own case the rewards of shifting from fifty cigarettes a day to none at all so far outweighed the difficulties and came so promptly that the great issue of "will power" never arose at all: the choice was a state of comfort and well-being or a state of near-invalidism and acute discomfort.

That choice is not nearly so hard to make as the mythology of the subject might lead one to believe. An asthmatic, who has been breathing noisily for a score of years, finds suddenly that he can lie down and sleep the night through, breathing deeply and quietly. "Suddenly" in my case means by the end of the first week of nonsmoking, and if I did a certain amount of fumbling during that week for cigarettes that I was no longer carrying and the lighter that I used no more, I am more than willing to trade a week of fumbling and fidgeting for the genuine luxury of more normal breathing. The fumbling faded rapidly, for every time I realized what I was fumbling for, the massive awareness of my state of physical comfort put me at ease, and by the end of a week I fumbled no more. Any habit or mannerism of long standing calls for some effort if it is to be broken, and I doubt that tobacco is any harder to terminate than any other habit. The test is not how hard it is, but

whether or not the results warrant the doing.

There are, of course, many other consequences when anyone with respiratory trouble stops, after smoking excessively. Tobacco and asthma combined in my case to make me hypersensitive to all sorts of other substances such as ragweed pollen and a variety of commonplace foodstuffs — sea food of any sort, chocolate, pineapple, peas, spices, nuts, melons — and an encounter with any of these set me to wheezing and sputtering within the hour. But without the irritation caused by tobacco, I can take any and all of these in stride with considerable enjoyment and no perceptible ill effects.

Even more enjoyable than sleeping so comfortably was the sudden access of energy for the working day, the disappearance of afternoon fatigue, the resumption of a far more active way of life than I would have believed possible for myself even ten years ago, let alone today. (These findings are not intended, and I should have said so at the beginning, for those who are not troubled by the

use of tobacco, but I feel obliged to add that although not all smokers are asthmatics, most of the asthmatics I have known were heavy smokers.)

I have indeed been worried by the tendency to take on weight, of which the anti-stopping mythology makes so much. For a couple of weeks I munched butterscotch wafers or tried chewing gum to dull the edge of mounting appetite, but these substitutes were so unsatisfying that I dropped them altogether. Overeating does call for protective strategy. So does oversmoking, and a ten-pound gain in weight seems to me a good deal less formidable problem than the progressive consequences of anoxemia.

The propaganda for cigarettes on the airwaves is transcribed ecstasy on a 24-hour basis, with its hymn of jubilation over the latest filter, the new cigarette, or the old cigarette with its newly discovered richer-milder-smoother-finer — where have we heard those words before? — qualities. The hymn fades suddenly into the voice of the high priest, who repeats in the voice of hysteria the inanities of the ritual: Don't miss the fun of smoking. Smoke *real*. Smoke modern. Smoking is a pleasure. Togetherness. Be a real American. Come along with the rest of us. Don't be an outsider. Smoke, smoke any old thing just so long as you smoke

something and don't try to be so different from other folks.

As if the cigarette advertisers were needing outside help, the New York *Times* editorial page gave them a lift by devoting its Topics of the Times column, a few weeks ago, to a despondent account of what befalls anyone trying to give up smoking. The gist of the case, developed in a vein of wistful facetiousness, was that the agonies aren't worth the effort, and it can't be done anyhow.

I am perfectly willing to take the role of bigot, reformed sinner, and bore for the purpose of arguing the contrary.

CHARLES W. MORTON

MEN AND MACHINES

by DONALD HALL

Now a Junior Fellow in the Society of Fellows at Harvard, DONALD HALL was previously at Christ Church, Oxford. His book of poems, Exiles and Marriages, was published in this country in 1955.

TOWARDS the end of my first year at Oxford, I was invited to dine at high table in New College by a young professor whom I had recently met. I was pleased to be offered the occasion to eat in the great oaken hall, filled with gowned undergraduates, and especially in a position of eminence. New College is not the oldest of Oxford's institutions, but there exists a tradition that the dining room is the oldest great hall in Europe which still performs the function for which it was built. The hall was constructed, for similar gowned undergraduates and scholars, in the fourteenth century.

I met my friend in the Senior Common Room, the first time I had ever invaded one of those sanctums of scholarly society. We drank a glass of Dry Fly in the company of aged and bearded scholars, while I looked briefly over the large, dark room. A brown carpet, dark walls covered with portraits of former dons, brown straight chairs with plush seats, and at the end of the room a large window overlooking the decaying stone of some New College buildings. Conversation was soft and restricted to small groups. No one came up to us, and no one seemed to notice me as a stranger.

A tightly winding iron staircase led to the great hall directly above. We filed up the narrow stairs, the eldest leading the way, so that my friend and I were the last to emerge into the hall. The other members of the high table were standing behind their chairs while we found our places, and a few feet below us three hundred undergraduates stood at attention. When we were finally in position, the Warden of New College said a brief Latin grace, and three-hundred-odd



chairs scraped as we sat down to dinner.

Dinner at high table was large, less badly cooked than the usual Oxford fare, and consisted of fabulous items for the British menu. Oysters — exotic in Oxford as if each contained a pearl — started us off, and to the accompaniment of three wines we proceeded to have a thick soup, some real venison, and asparagus. There were two desserts — pudding for a

“sweet,” and mushrooms on toast for a “savory.”

My friend sat on one side, and on the other I encountered a bearded man who introduced himself as a lecturer in human anatomy, and who discoursed gently on Republicans and Democrats, Jaguars at Le Mans, and the Wardenship of All Souls. He told me also about the oak roof of the hall. Late in the nineties (“the *eighteen-nineties*,” he pointed out) the New College Warden had asked an architect to examine the roof of the hall, still unaltered from its erection in the fourteenth century. The architect reported what the Warden had feared: that the Spanish oak had been eaten to a shell by the death-watch beetle and needed immediate replacement.

The financial problem seemed immense, until the Warden remembered that there was a stand of ancient oak on some property belonging to the College, a forest with which William of Wykeham, founder of New College, had endowed it. The Warden summoned the woodsman, an elderly man, and asked him if there were enough oak on the land to replace the old roof. The woodsman laughed and said, “Aye, and it's 'igh time, too.”

Months later, on an incidental trip outside Oxford, the Warden took a special side journey to ask the woodsman what his words had meant, for he had been puzzling over them. When he returned he told his astonished colleagues what he had learned: when William of Wykeham endowed

New College with the forest, he had told the first woodsman to plant a grove of oak, because by the time the wood had grown to maturity, New College hall would need a new roof. The old roof had endured longer than William had expected, but each retiring woodsman had told the origin of the oak grove to his successor. For five centuries the story was repeated, until the purpose of the planting was finally fulfilled.

When we had eaten the last mushroom, we returned down the winding stairs to the Senior Common Room. The undergraduates, whose fare had been less extended than ours, had long since vacated the hall, and we had been left on the raised ledge alone. The S.C.R. now looked totally different. Fifteen small tables had appeared, and were set in a horseshoe with the open end in front of the window overlooking the buildings of the quad. At each round table were two chairs, and the tops were furnished each with two glasses and a bowl of fruit. In the back of the room I saw a large square table bearing decanters of Port and Madeira. A servant whom everyone addressed as Arthur stood neatly beside the decanters.

My friend and I found a table and sat down. We had begun to discuss the rather muddy oils that covered the walls, when I noticed an apparatus under the window, running from one end of the horseshoe to the other. It was about six feet long and higher at one end than at the other. I understood its purpose when a decanter of Port, passing clockwise from table to table, reached one end of the horseshoe. The don who had just filled his



glass deposited the decanter in the wicker basket on the elevated end of the machine next to him. By its own weight, the decanter in the basket slid across the room to the other end of the horseshoe, pulling as it did the

other, empty basket from the lower to the higher end of the plane; a grayish string attached the two receptacles. It was a small funicular.

My companion noticed the direction of my stare. "Rather American, isn't it?" he said. "A 'labor-saving device,' I believe you call such things." I reassured him, and he went on. "Visitors usually are quite taken with it. One of our number observed something similar in a coal mine, I believe in 1820 or thereabouts, and reproduced it in scale. No other college has such a thing. Quite astonishing, I suppose."

I supposed so too, and abandoned myself to the sipping of Madeira with only occasional glances at the academic coal cart. Arthur appeared periodically from the shadows at the back of the room, unobtrusively clearing the remains of our third dessert and replacing empty decanters with full. He had a heavy, humorous face, adequate to any emergency — as he soon proved; for that was the night the string broke.

Later conversation established that it was almost certainly the original string, a product which had endured from the last year of George the Third's reign to the last year of George the Sixth's. It happened when the don nearest the apparatus gave the decanter and basket an inadvertently sharp push. The empty basket remained in place, while the full sped too swiftly to the bottom of its track, and a decanter of wine tipped out of its basket and glug-glugged indecorously on the carpet.

Conversation, which had been subdued and limited to each table of two, grew suddenly public and alarmed. "Extraordinary," said the lecturer in human anatomy. We had all arisen, and stood in a perplexed circle around the machine. A professor of chemistry knelt and examined the gray string lying uselessly out of its track. "Broken," he said, "broken quite through." "Evidently," said the occupant of a chair in philology. Someone found a full decanter of Port and we filled our glasses, but still we circled the defunct machine, vexed and loquacious. With a tiny silver knife the professor of chemistry cut a sample of the string, bent on analysis.

Arthur then appeared rigidly at an opening among us and took a rapid look. "Excuse me, if you please, gentlemen," he said generally, and squatted beside the machine. He un-

did the lace from his right shoe, quickly, and tied the two ends of the broken string to it, testing to keep a proper tension. He tried his repair job with a decanter and it worked smoothly. "'Twill do for now, gentlemen," he said.

"Extraordinary," said the lecturer in human anatomy. Arthur disappeared again into the shadows at the back of the room. The rest of us wandered back to our chairs and round tables, to spend the rest of a



spring evening sipping Port and Madeira, conversing easily and without further interruption about Republicans, Democrats, Jaguars, irregular verbs, and coal carts.

IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING

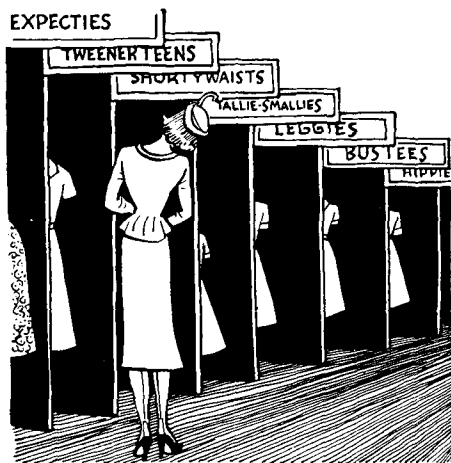
by LOUISE ELLYSON

WHEN I'm in the North
No moth
Is more silent than I.
In New York
I balk
At arousing hilarity
Over disparity
Of speech when I've something to buy.

Since people smile
When I speak of my child
And nearly retch
If I say I've a train to catch,
I reckon I'm right smart
Not to open my mouth
When I'm out of the South.

But remember this,
Hear?
My life would be gayer
If you weren't so hell-bent
On correcting my accent.

So will you all please
Not tease?



DEPARTMENTALIZED

by RUTH ALDRICH

RUTH ALDRICH teaches at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. This is her first appearance in the Atlantic.

DURING the hurry of my life for the past two years, clothes buying consisted primarily of clipping a sketch and a coupon from the newspaper, listing color and size, and wearing what was delivered to the house some days later. Then plans for a leisurely trip with numerous stop-offs suddenly released all my choked buying desires. Visions of short coat, rain-and-shine outfit, suits, and non-crushable dresses lured me to what I fondly hoped would be that mad shopping spree of every woman's dreams.

It had been some time since I had done more than scurry about the street floor of our department stores for special bargains, but as I stepped off the escalator at the second floor all looked as I remembered it in spite of the proud advertisements about remodeling. I passed the first department, maternity wear, and its sign that coyly read "Our Waiting Room." In the next shop I admired a brown cord suit on a rack and slipped on the jacket. It matched only my shoulders. The saleswoman prodded me tentatively. "What size have you been taking, Miss?"

"Twelve — or fourteen."

She sighed. "This is our Between-ers' Division; we carry only half sizes here. You'll have to go to the north side of the floor."

Leaving the sign that read "Yes, We Do Things by Halves," I made a wrong turn and found myself staring at a mannequin which was clearly neither a twelve nor a fourteen. A

pleasant clerk explained that I had wandered into the Niche for Young Chubbies ("Everything Larger but the Price"). "And you certainly don't belong *here*," she said enigmatically. "No, not that way — there's the Juno Figure, Misses and Matrons: 'We Subtract If Nature Multiplies.' Go straight back and to the left."

Having just come from straight back, I arbitrarily moved left. Here a college student who had just begun her new part-time job located me and stayed consolingly with me till I left the store. She too would be happy, she explained, to learn the way about. She was able, however, to remove me instantly from my current spot. "This is Proportioned and Petite," she explained. "It's for Matures under five feet five, but not for Juniors. Juniors and Small Women are back. And Proportioned Plus — for Matures over five feet five — is ahead. Now let's see where you belong."

"I've been told that at thirty-five I'm mature," I volunteered mildly. "And I'm five feet five and a half."

"But you look *normal*," she protested. From her curving gesture I gathered that Proportioneds, Petite or Plus, were not quite normal, and the placard, "We Solve Your Problem Figures," confirmed this.

Golf sticks, tennis rackets, dark glasses, and straw bonnets greeted us before the For the Casually Young Corner. *Casually* young, I learned, did not mean age as much as emaciation: it was sporty, tweedy, and

sandy, and except for some voluminous denim coveralls it promised nothing for my visiting weekends. "The Fifth Avenue Shoppe?" I suggested ("Because *You Demand the Best*").

College looked at me dubiously. In her glance I could see reflected my \$8.95 navy (give second color choice, the coupon had said severely) puckered nylon dress. "Prices start at \$49.50," she said. "And those are cottons. Of course they're *styled*." I had a blurred, dissolving glimpse of myself crawling out of the car after a day's drive in a fifty-dollar cotton dress, even styled. "And the French Boutique," she went on remorselessly, "is formals only." I could see its doorway from where I stood, disguised as an entrance to a continental café, its white wrought-iron sign proclaiming, "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes — And Every One Is on You."

I had never been enamored of the Budget Shop ("So You Don't Believe We Can *Really* Stretch That Dollar Bill"), but I mentioned it. "That's been moved. It's in the base — on the parking level now."

She looked at me appraisingly again, and I could see the words ticking off in her mind: chubby, plus, petite, expectant, halves, casual, formal, tall, expensive. Then she exclaimed in delighted relief, "There's our supervisor! Just one moment, please. Oh, Miss Leland, do we have anything for the *normal* figure?"



IRRITANT INCARNATE

by GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

HE ISN'T malicious, he isn't evil,
But if life were oatmeal, he'd be a weevil.
If life were a shoe, he'd be a tack in it.
If life were a mirror, he'd be a crack in it.

He isn't a brute, a rogue, or a villain,
But if life were a molar in need of fillin',
This innocent soul, so free of depravity,
Would be a berry seed lodged in the cavity!



THE MOZART YEAR

by JOHN M. CONLY

JOHN M. CONLY is a former New York and Washington newspaperman, now editor of High Fidelity Magazine. "They Shall Have Music" is a quarterly feature in the Atlantic.

THE two most prodigious prodigies in musical history, Mozart and Schubert, both died in their thirties. Therein occurred a great loss to us, which certain essayists and biographers have tried to soften with the ingenious notion that it was no mere coincidence, but something ordained: bright flames must burn but briefly.

This particular thesis, I am sure, is nonsense, but I do believe that more than coincidence was involved. I think Mozart and Schubert died of overwork. Despite the shortness of their lives, each of this pair left behind him more completed works than almost any other major composer. Schubert achieved the higher opus numbers, but largely because of some six hundred songs. Mozart bequeathed the greater number of musical man-hours.

Their ways of working were different. Schubert could compose from nine to noon, and again from four to six and from eight to midnight, with complete efficiency, summoning inspiration as the clock struck. Mozart was a deadline-pusher, living busily as a celebrity between incredible ordeals of solitary, forced-draft creation. Both were, in effect, journeymen, perhaps the most gifted that ever lived and among the worst paid.

Last year, however, one of them had a 200th birthday, and by dint of this managed to earn an impressive amount of money, though not, of course, for himself. Johann Chrysostom Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was

born in 1756, and precious few music lovers had much chance to forget this during 1956. There were Mozart festivals from Salzburg to Yokohama; Mozart cycles were concert-season staples everywhere; Mozart records were issued almost at the rate of one a day. It is with the last that we are concerned here.

Two things must be kept in mind. One is that Mozart *was* a journeyman, albeit a genius-journeyman. He composed upon demand, or in the hope of commissions. He had no such realization of his own importance as had Beethoven, for instance, only a few years later, who wrote very few pot-boilers, or Brahms, who published none at all, preferring to burn scores which he thought might infract the purity of his musical testament. The result is that the Mozart legacy is uneven. There is a difference in depth between, for instance, the 26th and 27th piano concertos which would be inconceivable in adjacent works by Beethoven or Brahms. There is never a breach of taste or a sign of carelessness to designate which works are unimportant, but some are. For the Mozart collector of musical discernment, it is safe and even wise to be patient and selective.

The second thing to keep in mind is that the record business, though it stands very high among businesses on the score of conscience, is still a business. The Mozart Year was a temptation. Some records were made which should not have been, and some which should have been made were not.

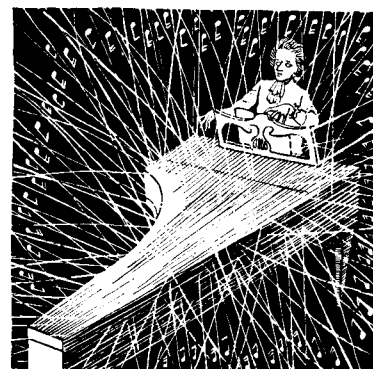
The total tally, to me, was a little disappointing. Of the year's hundreds of recordings, there are only five I can think of that have about them any air of great accomplishment. These are:—

London's *The Marriage of Figaro* (XLLA-35; four 12") conducted by

the late Erich Kleiber, performed by Lisa della Casa, Hilde Gueden, Suzanne Danco, Alfred Poell, Cesare Siepi, Fernando Corena, the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and Staatsoper chorus. Allowing that *Figaro* is the most playable of Mozart operas, this job by Kleiber still exceeds all reasonable expectations; the listener is simply absorbed and forgets to be critical; attention leaps forward from scene to scene; singers and sonics become the unnoticed vehicles of Mozart's characterizations, highlights of humanity.

Decca's *The Magic Flute* (DX-134; three 12"), conducted by Ferenc Fricsay, performed by Rita Streich, Maria Stader, Ernst Häfliger, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Josef Greindl, RIAS Symphony Orchestra and chamber choir, and Berlin Motet Choir. Some of the immense vivacity here is afforded simply by the inclusion of the spoken dialogue, a very great help, but there is much knowledgeable spirit also in the singing of the parts. The people in the cast really know and love what they are doing. Especially notable is the Papageno of Fischer-Dieskau, whom I, anyway, would have thought a most unlikely candidate for the role (how wrong can one get?). The sound is sumptuous.

Columbia's "A Mozart Organ Tour" (K3L-231; three 12"), performed by E. Power Biggs on various Austrian and German organs, with Bernhard Paumgartner conducting the Mozarteum Chamber Orchestra. The seventeen organ-and-orchestra sonatas central to this venture were churchly in origin, or so it is said, but their gaiety is resistless and so is their sound. Mr. Biggs earns further glory, too, in his performance of the great F Minor Fantasia. Here is a



side of Mozart few of us have heard before, and a very, very delightful one.

RCA Victor's Piano Sonatas Nos.

4, 5, 9, and 13 with Rondo, K. 511, and Country Dances, K. 606 (LM-6044; two 12"), performed by Wanda Landowska. This is a source of rejoicing and distress. Apart from Mme. Landowska's promulgation of her theories about ornamentation and cadenza-improvisation, her plain (!) and unmistakable comprehension of Mozart's intent as written puts her playing on a level of beauty above that of any other pianist I have heard. Yet there is almost no likelihood that, at her time of life, she will undertake to record (as did Gieseking and Lili Kraus) the whole Mozart keyboard repertoire, or even any substantial part of it. So here is another deprivation to which we must reconcile ourselves — with gratitude for what we have received. RCA Victor's recording crew have shown appreciation of their high duty by rendering the piano's sound exactly as it should be.

Vanguard's Divertimentos Nos. 1, 2, 3, and Serenade No. 6 (482; 12"), performed by the Solisti di Zagreb, conducted by Antonio Janigro. I hesitated at first to include this, but repeated listenings make it mandatory. Mozart's gaiety and poignancy sometimes alternate, sometimes mingle; it is hard to call either less important than the other. Here we have the gaiety, shaped with all the sophistication that a youthful genius-artist-courtier could apply, and delivered with caressing tonal loveliness fit to bring on a swoon. The Zagreb players must get the credit; even Vanguard's superb engineers could not fabricate this sound. Other fiddles may scrape; these generate pure moonlight. Janigro's taste is everywhere apparent, but especially in the subtleties of Serenade No. 6, the *Serenata Notturna*, a whispering marvel.

There are other records which could be included, barring technicalities — and this brings us into the field of the symphonies. Sir Thomas Beecham contributed, just before 1956 began, a No. 35, "Haffner," and a No. 36, "Linz," which I do not think will be soon surpassed (Columbia ML-5001; 12"). The same temporal qualification applies to Bruno Walter's Columbia album "Birth of a Performance" (DSL-224; two 12"), wherein we hear both rehearsal — again of the "Linz" Symphony — and final performance. Walter also gave us, near the year's end, playings of Nos. 39 and 41, "Jupiter" (ML-5014; 12"), that interpretatively out-

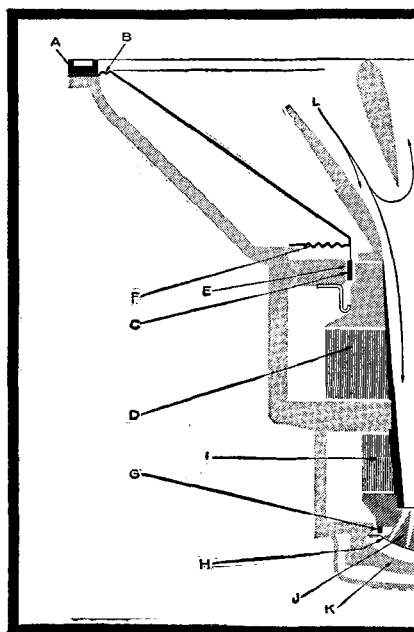
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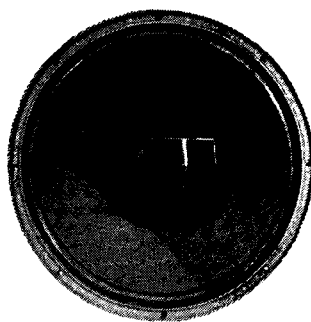


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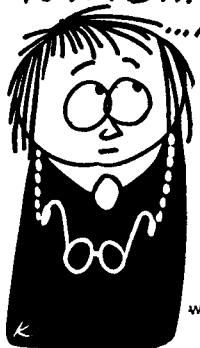
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class any current competition. However, the New York Philharmonic-Symphony sounds a little rougher in the recording than perhaps he would like it to sound, and some listeners might prefer Erich Leinsdorf's "Jupiter" on Westminster's Laboratory Series 7022, presenting what seems to be the London Philharmonic under a pseudonym in a sober performance and silken sound.

Leinsdorf, by the time this is printed, will have come forth with almost half the Mozart symphonies in Westminster recordings, and I have yet to hear him do one badly. His commission, to record all forty-one, almost invalidates another such effort completed this year: Concert Hall's issue of the symphonies in their entirety under various conductors. The most commendable portion of this comprises the early symphonies, Nos. 1 to 25, played by the Netherlands Philharmonic under Otto Ackermann: solid and sonically acceptable, but probably not so good as Leinsdorf's versions will be, if Westminster finishes what it has begun.

Nothing is likely to disqualify Karl Münchinger's beautifully engineered rendition of No. 33 with the Vienna Philharmonic for London (LL-1285; 12"), which is coupled with a No. 40 about as good as there is (Beecham seems indisposed to make a new G Minor, a tragedy truly apparent when one listens to his old one on Columbia ML-4674). It is a sad fact that Beecham and Walter, the one reluctant, the other saddled with a reluctant orchestra, still can make younger conductors of Mozart symphonies sound immature.

In the realm of opera, outside of what has been noted above, there was more effort than success. Three *Don Giovanni*s came out, conducted by Krips for London, by Max Rudolf for Cetra-Capitol, and by Rudolf Moralt for Epic. The London was the best, its chief handicap being the obvious inability of Suzanne Danco to sing Donna Anna intrepidly. Even had she been able to do so, however, this would not have been a topnotch performance; something is missing, as there is also in the alternate versions. Come to think of it, I never have heard a satisfactory *Don Giovanni*.

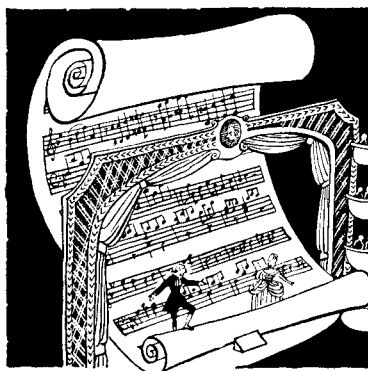
Another good *Così Fan Tutte* appeared, however, produced by London (XLLA-32; three 12"), featuring Lisa della Casa and Anton Dermota, among others, and conducted by Karl Böhm in what could be called effective operatic style. It does not eclipse the Von Karajan effort for Angel (3522-C; three 12"), though I think I prefer it.

Lastly, Decca proffered (DL-9860; 12") a new version of Mozart's first opera, *Bastien and Bastienne* (written at age twelve), with Rita Streich and very high fidelity, also considerable charm.

Three new recordings of Masses appeared to head their respective lists, mostly by virtue of new sound. For Vox (DL-270; 12") Jascha Horenstein led the Vienna Singverein and the Pro Musica Orchestra in the Requiem, K. 626, and for Epic (SC-6009; two 12") Rudolf Moralt conducted the C Minor "Unfinished," with the Vienna Symphony and chamber choir. Decca's entry was Igor Markevitch in the "Coronation" Mass, with the St. Hedwig Choir and the Berlin Philharmonic (DL-9805; 12", with Symphony No. 38 as a bonus).

Songs, so far as I am concerned, were not Mozart's strong point. Even when performed by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf with Walter Gieseking at the piano (Angel 35270; 12") or by Anny Felbermayer and Erik Werba — less renowned, less finished, but

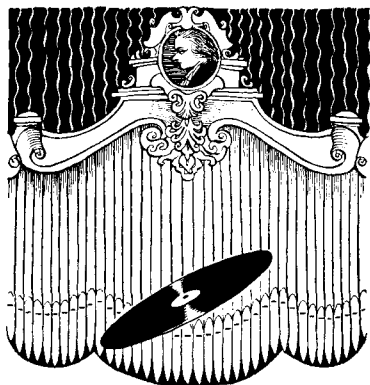
by no means negligible on Vanguard 481 — they display a certain sameness after the first few. As off-beat Mozart repertoire, I prefer novelties that I think also interested Mozart more. There is, for instance, a Decca-Deutsche-Grammophon Archive record, which I have heard



only in radio broadcast, of music for tuned glasses (they squeak) that is somewhat excruciating but fun.

Many piano concertos were issued on disks during the Mozart Year, but there continue to be rather few that could be called definitive. For Angel (35215; 12") Walter Gieseking, Hans Rosbaud, and the Philharmonia Orchestra made Nos. 20 and 25 with a kind of rich delicacy that may never be contrived again, though the big one

of the pair, No. 20, is less dramatic than it could be. For Decca (DL-9631; 12"), Carl Seemann with Fritz Lehmann and the Berlin Philharmonic rehabilitated Concerto No.



26, the so-called "Coronation," long thought of as pompous and shallow, very fetching when addressed on its own terms. Its great neighbor, No. 27 in B-flat, receives the best sonic treatment ever given it on records in London LL-1282, with Wilhelm Backhaus, Karl Böhm, and the Vienna Philharmonic. A good Sonata No. 11 fills out the record. Either piece could have used a little more vigor.

On the other hand, a little more polish could have been applied with advantage to the performances for Epic (LC-3230; 12") of the Violin Concertos Nos. 1 and 7, by Arthur Grumiaux with the Vienna Symphony, Bernhard Paumgartner conducting, which is not to say that they are not very good — especially the soloist. And the four Horn Concertos as played for Boston (401; 12") by James Stagliano and the Zimble Sinfonietta lack neither finish nor vigor, their only handicap being that they were preceded by an Angel recording (35092; 12") featuring Dennis Brain, of equal (great) merit.

In chamber music, it seems to me, Mozart has not thus far been well served. Both the Barylli Quartet for Westminster and the Barchets for Vox have proceeded well into the task of recording all the string quartets. They are conscientious and have been well recorded, but to perceive what they (and their other scattered competitors) lack, listen to the Last Four Quartets (Nos. 20-23) by the Budapest Quartet on Columbia (SL-228; two 12"), which perhaps I should have included among the "greats," since I guess it belongs there. The recording, as well as the playing, is something of a revelation. The same group's earlier album of the Quartets

Dedicated to Haydn, Nos. 14-19, is almost equally distinguished (Columbia SL-187; three 12").

As it happens, Westminster has employed the Barylli to best effect in an entrancing performance of the "Posthorn" Serenade (18033; 12"), wherein they are assisted by a wind group from the Vienna Philharmonic — not deep music, but beautifully nostalgic.

Also from Westminster (18164; 12") comes a convincingly zestful and handsomely recorded "Haffner" Serenade, by the American Chamber Orchestra under Robert Scholz, while Angel has yielded up a Piano and Wind Quintet with Gieseking and Philharmonia windmen (35303; 12") which matches the famous Columbia Serkin-Philadelphia version on ML-4834 (though the latter are better in the Beethoven quintet, the overside offering in both). From RCA Victor (LMI-2001; 12") has come a re-mastering of Toscanini's most successful Mozart recording, the Divertimento No. 15, short one movement but very beautiful. It is backed by a Symphony No. 39 much inferior in sound and oddly rushed in pace,

but with some notable Toscaninian touches.

In Mozart piano music, this listener prefers Landowska to all comers, but the Landowska supply is limited. The Gieseking (Angel) and Kraus (Haydn Society) supply is unlimited. Both recorded the solo piano works entire, and the latter has done most of the concertos as well. I have not heard all of either series; what I have heard I have not liked overmuch. Gieseking is restrained almost to the point of losing my attention; Lili Kraus seems mannered. I prefer Badura-Skoda, who appears (on Westminster 18028) to excellent advantage in the Sonatas Nos. 11 and 14 and the Fantasia in C Minor, but it seems that the company plans a complete piano works series by Reine Gianoli instead. She is not bad, but I think Badura-Skoda would have been better. One cannot have everything, can one?

There are now more than seven hundred long-playing disks containing music by Mozart, so it would be preposterous for anyone confined to a column like this to claim that in one attempt he had covered all the good

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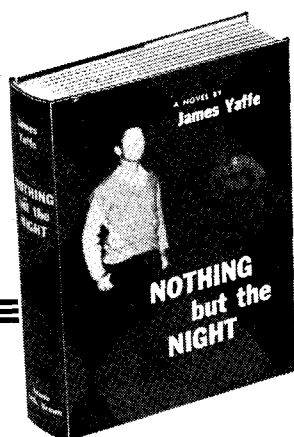


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LITTLE, BROWN

— or even good recent — Mozart recordings. As a matter of cold fact, it has been impossible to listen carefully to all the Mozart records put forth in the last twelve months. And the flood has not ceased. The only possible relevant summary suggestion is: buy what you can be sure of. For the rest, wait patiently. They will be forthcoming.

Record Reviews

Bartók: Piano Music (Béla Bartók, piano; Bartók BR-903: 12"). This is designated Volume I, presumably of a series titled "Béla Bartók at the Piano." He was a good pianist, as he shows here playing four Scarlatti sonatas, Liszt's *Sursum Corda* (from *Années de Pèlerinage*), and fourteen short works, mostly early, of his own. The Liszt especially surprises with its pleasant pomposity. Of the Bartók pieces the most impressive is the *Allegro Barbaro*, and it is enlightening to get this germinal work right from the boss. Most of the recordings seem to be early electricals, sonically thin but not unpleasant. There is, as lagniappe, a little snatch of Bartók talking, mostly about how he came to write *Mikrokosmos*.

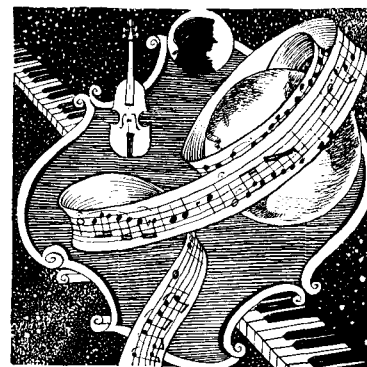
Mozart: Clarinet Concerto; Symphony No. 39 (Bernard Walton, clarinet; Herbert Von Karajan conducting Philharmonia Orchestra; Angel 35323: 12"). Messrs. Walton and Karajan present herewith one of the most attractive readings of the beautiful Clarinet Concerto to come to us by microgroove — neatly articulated, delicate-hued, alive. But there are other very fine recorded performances of this, and on the overside is a *Symphony No. 39* which, although highly respectable, is utterly outclassed by the Bruno Walter interpretation for Columbia. So, a half bargain.

Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade (Eduard Van Beinum conducting Concertgebouw Orchestra; Epic LC-3300: 12"). Word of Van Beinum's *Scheherazade* has been exciting musical circles for some time. The recorded realization is impressive, but not impressive enough for me when I can have Steinberg's marvelous feat for Capitol, which made me hear again a work to which I thought I had become forever deaf. Enough said, I guess.

Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 2, "Little Russian" (two versions:

Georg Solti conducting Paris Conservatory Concerts Orchestra; London LL-1507: 12"; Arthur Winograd conducting Hamburg Philharmonia Orchestra; MGME-3433: 12"). Either of these Tchaikovsky Seconds outpoints all predecessors (even the Beecham version). They are not very different, though Solti uses his superior orchestra to achieve subtleties Winograd eschews. On the other hand, MGM includes as bonus a rather good Mussorgsky *Night on Bald Mountain*, which evens the score. Both disks are handsomely recorded.

Wagner: Der Fliegende Holländer (Joseph Keilberth conducting Hermann Uhde, Astrid Varnay, Ludwig Weber, other soloists, chorus and orchestra of the Bayreuth Festival; London XLLA-42: three 12"). London's engineers pieced this from actual performances at Bayreuth in 1955. The atmosphere is brought across very well, and is exciting. (You get the summoning fanfare, the audience chatter, the orchestra tuning up.) Both as performance and as recording, this probably is the best *Dutchman* around, though not by far: the Fricay version for Decca was very good, and the old Urania (withdrawn) had an unmatched Dutchman in



Hans Hotter. This one, however, will certainly satisfy.

Richard Dyer-Bennet 2 (Richard Dyer-Bennet, tenor, with guitar; Dyer-Bennet Records 2: 12"). Sounds like a lot of Dyer-Bennet, but this is a one-man record company with a one-man artist roster. The record happens to have been made in my living room, in six sessions, so all I need say, I suppose, is that I still can listen to it with delight, except, perhaps, for "The Garden Where the Praties Grow," which began to pall after the thirtieth hearing. As for the rest of the folk-become-art songs: marvelous — the work of a true twentieth-century troubador. I shall never tire of them and neither will you.



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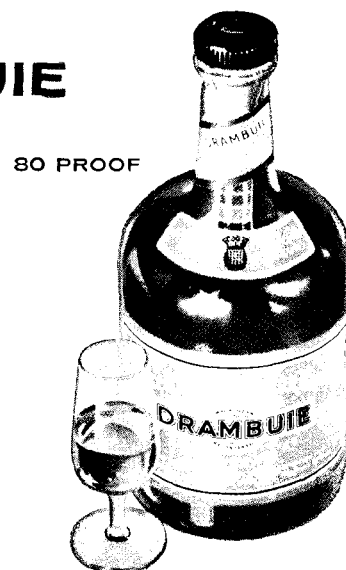
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